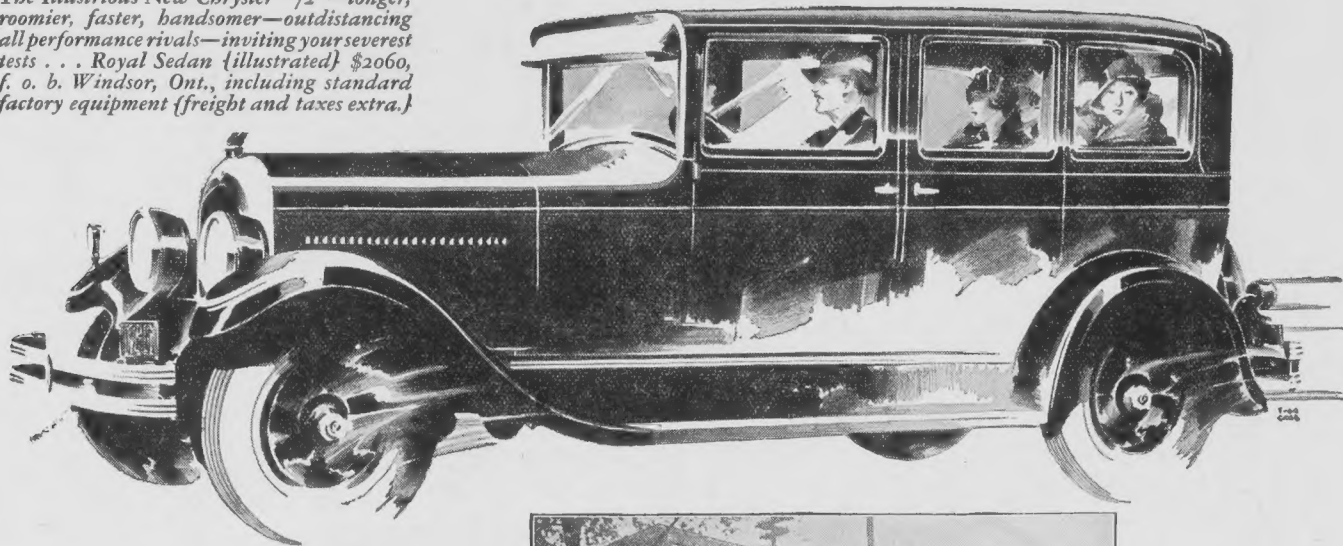


Canadian-Built Chryslers Give So Much More for the Money

The Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—longer, roomier, faster, handsomer—outdistancing all performance rivals—inviting your severest tests . . . Royal Sedan (illustrated) \$2060, f. o. b. Windsor, Ont., including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra.)



Unique Advantages of Standardized Quality Apply to Every Chrysler

The buying public, always eager to award recognition to outstanding achievement, has been most emphatic in its acclaim of the four great Chrysler lines—the New "52," the Great New "62," the Illustrious New "72" and the Imperial "80."

In each of these four great motor car markets, Canadians have found that Chrysler Standardized Quality gives results in performance, beauty, comfort and roadability that are obviously beyond approach by cars selling at or near the same prices.

Chrysler's mastery of scientific engineering, Chrysler's inveterate habit of stepping faster than the procession, Chrysler's ability to marshal features beyond

the resources of the imagination of the ordinary builder and crowd them into a glowingly beautiful vehicle without forcing up the price—that is what Standardized Quality makes inevitable in every Chrysler.

For Standardized Quality extends its benefits to the entire Chrysler production—specifies uniformity in high-grade steels and other materials—sets new close limits of precision manufacture—establishes new standards of accuracy of inspection—cuts down costs, but always raises quality to higher levels.

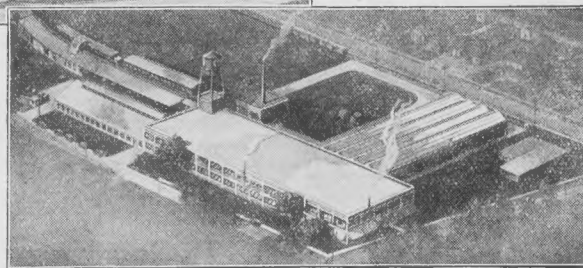
The four great Chrysler cars are themselves the strongest evidence of the new standards and the new qualities of per-

formance, beauty and comfort which have won such immediate and overwhelming acceptance in Canada as throughout the world.

See these new Chryslers—take a ride and you will quickly understand why so many thousands of buyers are turning to Chrysler for supreme value in every price class. Remember: Chrysler cars are made by Canadian craftsmen in the two Chrysler plants at Windsor, Ontario.



Today the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, operates two plants at Windsor, Ontario—(1) the chassis manufacturing plant shown below and (2) the body building plant at left.



CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

WALTER P. CHRYSLER, *Chairman of the Board*

Chrysler "52"
SIX BODY STYLES
\$925 to \$1095
52 miles and more per hour

Chrysler "62"
SIX BODY STYLES
\$1375 to \$1695
62 miles plus—with ease

Chrysler "72"
SEVEN BODY STYLES
\$1930 to \$2270
72 miles plus

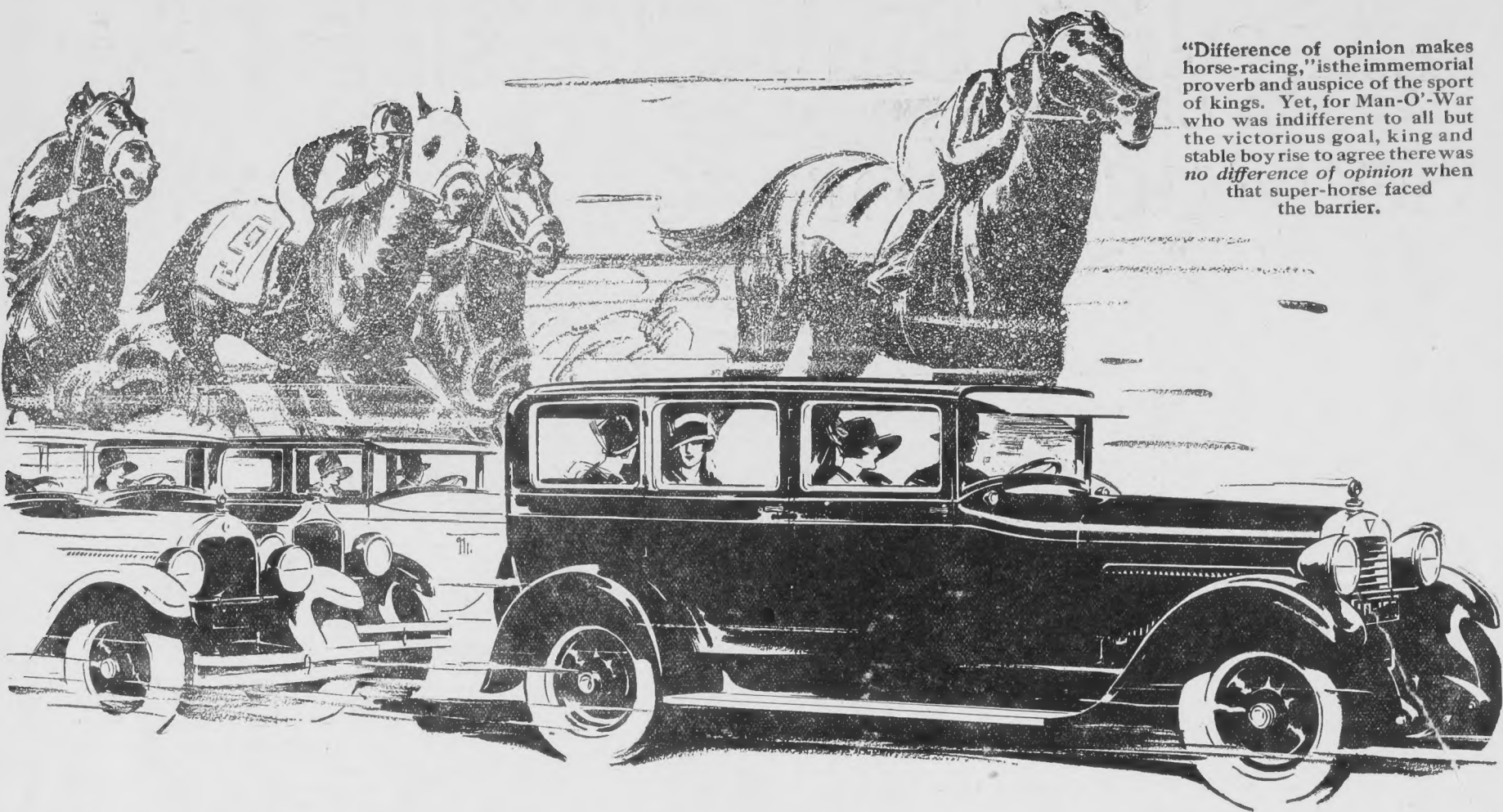
Chrysler Imperial "80"
ELEVEN BODY STYLES
\$3245 to \$5270
80 miles plus—92 horsepower

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra)

CHRYSLER



THE CANADIAN-BUILT CHRYSLER FOR CANADIANS



"Difference of opinion makes horse-racing," is the immortal proverb and auspice of the sport of kings. Yet, for Man-O'-War who was indifferent to all but the victorious goal, king and stable boy rise to agree there was no difference of opinion when that super-horse faced the barrier.

No Difference of Opinion When Supremacy is so Outstanding

In its repertoire of brilliant abilities, the New Hudson Super-Six asserts its supremacy in vivid performance facts that stand free and clear of opinion or debate.

Here is a new power in motordom—totally different in development and expression—totally new in range and efficiency—the smooth and mighty power of the steam engine delivered with silky ease and vivacity.

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Standard Models (118 inch wheelbase)

Coach - - - - -	\$1420
Sedan - - - - -	1650

(127 inch wheelbase)

Coach - - - - -	\$1650
Sedan - - - - -	1780

Custom-built Models (127 inch wheelbase)

Brougham - - - -	\$2020
7-Pass. Phaeton - -	2055
7-Pass. Sedan - - -	2375

All prices f. o. b. Windsor,
taxes extra

From standing start the New Hudson Super-Six takes the full shot of power, with no suggestion of lurch or stagger, mounting to high speed with greater smoothness and rapidity than any stock car we know, regardless of size, number of cylinders or price.

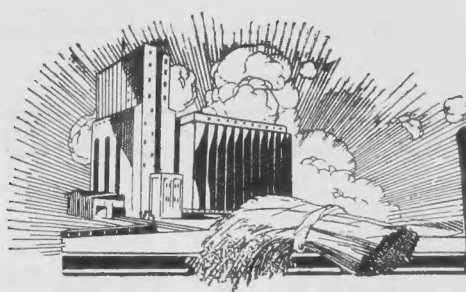
The basis of this great Hudson capacity is a new companion invention to the Super-Six principle which turns waste heat to power. Together they combine the highest efficiency in power generation and transmission ever achieved within our knowledge. It makes Hudson the most economical car per pound weight in the world.

In the new Hudson motor, spark knock heretofore characteristic of the high-compression motor is eliminated.

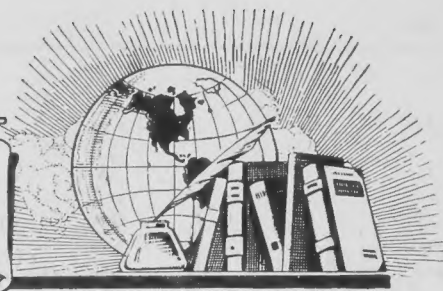
Ordinary gasoline gives the performance results sought through special and higher-priced fuels. By Hudson's method of vaporizing raw gasoline that enters the combustion chamber, oil dilution is prevented, and heat formerly wasted through the exhaust becomes useful power.

It is receiving the greatest public reception in Hudson history, because in all ways it is the greatest Hudson Super-Six ever built.

HUDSON *Super-Six*



EDITORIAL



Our Outlook

WESTERN CANADA is recognized as one of the great grain-producing districts of the world. It is becoming equally noted for its vegetables, its fruit, its furs, its fish, its live-stock. It has an almost unlimited supply of coal, and its water-power reserve is unequalled. The need is development and careful husbanding of resources, and towards this end there must be additional man-power and capital, and careful protective legislation.

The choice of men is important. On the one hand they must be capable of doing the kind of work that is required, and in the second place they must be willing to throw in their lot with us and become good loyal Canadians. The question of wealth on entering the country is secondary; the question of joining heart and soul in development is primary.

Capital is necessary. At first it must be supplied by those who have it. Eventually it will be furnished by workers themselves. The whole world is working and should be working this way. In order that available capital should come, it is not necessary that our resources should be given away. They do not belong to this generation nor to the governments that chance to be in power. They are the heritage of the unborn. We must act so that our children's children will bless us for our foresight and not curse us for our stupidity.

The incoming of suitable settlers and the securing of sufficient capital to undertake great ventures depends largely upon the wisdom of the governments concerned. There are evident dangers to be avoided. For instance, groups of people who are more loyal to foreign powers or class organizations than to Canada and Canadian institutions, may seek to control the political and industrial life of the nation. Ugly rumors are afloat and it becomes governments and people to be ever on the watch. "Canada for Canadians" is a good slogan. It is unthinkable that we should encourage those whose highest allegiance is to outside authority. Then there is the danger ever with us as an actuality, that public resources will be squandered for a song. Esau-like, we have been disposing of part of our birth-right for a mess of pottage—the return gift to the party treasury is very satisfying to the appetite of the needy politician.

Development of the West must be along two lines concurrently: production of raw materials and manufacture. Manufactured material would be a drug on the market if there were no people to make use of what is made, and if there were not markets close at hand to ensure consumption. This immediately suggests the new line to Hudson Bay. Mr. Dunning may be right in deciding to change the port, but if for any reason there is delay in getting the road through to Churchill, he will receive no mercy from those who have trusted him. The West cannot live without markets. It must get its wares across the sea, and the shortest way is the best. If the reduction of railway rates had taken place four years ago rather than last month, there would have been less agitation for the new road. The railways and the ring of financiers in Montreal have been playing "The Dog and Its Shadow," and they are fated to lose all because they coveted too much.

Let not intending settlers hesitate to make a home here if they are prepared to do pioneer duty, but let blood-suckers and profiteers stay away. It is the finest country in the world, and it is being reserved for the workers who make it their home. There are millions of acres of farm lands yet unoccupied, and there are industries waiting development. More than that, the West has got round the turn, and the rest of the road is down-hill.

Freight Rates

THE event of the month has been the lowering of the freight rates. It is a case of tardy justice, but it proves that the West has all along been right in its contentions. Nor will the railways suffer in the end. They will have increased traffic, because much of the grain that now goes by the American route will be shipped by the all-rail Canadian routes to Montreal and other Atlantic ports.

Naturally the American shippers are planning to meet changed conditions, and it is possible that they may do what the American farmers have never been able to accomplish, namely: persuade the Government that the grain growers in the United States need rates that will enable them to raise grain at a profit. It is interesting to note that in both Canada and the United States a few prominent companies are able to get legislative action, when the whole farming community clamors in vain. But times are changing. The grain-growers of Western Canada now control the legislatures of the three prairie provinces—in fact if not in name—and they have to be reckoned with in all Federal action. The West is surely coming into its own.

Harvest

IN THE days of early summer, when everybody was in despair because of continued rainfall, it was recalled that two of the best crops ever harvested in Western Canada were produced during years that were ushered in by late springs. Now it seems that we are this year to have a repetition of good fortune. Alberta has a wonderful prospect and the other provinces are exceeding expectations. The result is not only a good crop, but an increase of confidence throughout the West. Never again will a late spring cause the blues among those who operate the farms. It is no wonder that the eyes of the world are on Canada, and particularly on the grain fields of the Prairie Provinces.

It is gratifying to learn that the production of a new variety of wheat, with a season ten days less than Durum, will assist in overcoming the two dangers that beset the farmer. A grain that matures early escapes the frost that occasionally visits some of the fields in August, and it ripens before the rust has an opportunity to do serious damage.

Altogether the West has abundant reason this year to be thankful.

A Word to Contributors

THERE come to the editor's desk every month so many contributed articles that only a few can be retained for publication. The selection is not easy because so many factors combine to determine choice. The needs and wishes of the readers of the Monthly and the subject-matter and style of the compositions have all to be taken into account.

The articles submitted divide themselves roughly into two groups: general reading and fiction. With regard to the former it need only be said that this magazine is most desirous of getting help from Western writers. There is in every locality something worth describing. It may be scenic beauty, social undertakings, business ventures, or there may be something that suggests reflective study. Among articles which have appeared and which have given satisfaction to our readers are those dealing with the flora and fauna of the West, the hardships and victories of new settlers, the opening up of new areas and new industries, the needs of people in rural and urban districts, and particularly the possibilities that are open to people in this great new land.

Mr. Baldwin and Canada

NOTHING could have been more timely than the visit to this country of Hon. Stanley Baldwin, Premier of Great Britain. He has a

peculiarly receptive mind, and has wonderful aptness of expression, so that he got to know us, and we learned to love him. That he was delighted with what he saw is clear from his speeches here and at home. He was interested not only in the country itself, its resources and its possibilities, but in the people, their characteristics and their relation to the Empire. A few sentences from his speeches indicate his views:

"I was much impressed by the faith that all Canadians have in the future of their country—their buoyant optimism."

"Canada is without many of the troubles that beset us. She has not the number of inherited difficulties which every old country must have."

"The opportunities in Canada for practical advancement, the spirit of her people, the scope for development—these were of the deepest interest to me."

"I shrink from reflecting what the fate of Canada would have been had the original settlers laid the foundation of their Dominion upon the Socialist doctrine of Nationalization instead of relying on the old Scottish qualities which have brought her such prosperity. It is a striking contrast to come back from Canada to our own country, because I find here there are leaders who are not satisfied to seek the Millennium unless they can get it as they think by some method of Communism."

"It is a long way from Canada to Communism, but it is a very short way from Communism to disaster. The chairman of the Independent Labor Party, whom I know, Mr. Maxton, used these words, which I think are worth pondering for a few minutes: 'Better some months of turmoil, than a century of degradation.' I do not know the two things need necessarily be contrasted. I think they go together. Turmoil is a mild and polite word with a not-wholly disagreeable sound, but in this context it is used to conceal facts and not to reveal them. In plain English, turmoil means bloodshed, chaos, war, and the murder of the innocent."

"Have we learned nothing in the last two centuries and a half? Cannot we co-operate with one another instead of fighting the State, which is our own child?"

"They have had a few months of turmoil in Russia, and they have had ten years of tyranny and degradation. The reports we get from that unhappy country of Russia show the degree of desolation which follows in the train of violence. The result in Russia has been to loosen the bonds of social order by which the rest of the civilized world is held together."

"Let us think once more of trying to conserve the nation's resources, to build up instead of to destroy. A fool can set fire to a forest, or a city, who could never plant a tree or build a house. You can wipe out a civilization with a 'few months of turmoil.' That is the crime of the incendiary. That is arson. The task of the statesman is to preserve the slowly-won gains of the thought and the toil of generations of men and to add to them. The worth of the supreme gains is the art of co-operating together for a common and a worthy end, and what more worthy end than the peaceful development of our own British industries? To that masters and men can make equal contribution, and wild and menacing language, if obeyed, can only reproduce disaster."

"It is a matter of amazement to me that Socialists should be so blind to the possibilities of Empire trade, and so fanatical in their insistence on the possibilities of trade with Russia. Blind to the realities, and led on by the Marxian will-o'-the-wisp, they turn their eyes to Russia, rather than to the Empire of their own people, and if they had their way they would lead us into a desert land. That would be their promised land, in which our people would perish. I know it is a fact that when men suffer physically and cure does not rapidly come, they are very apt to fly to quacks, and so it is politically."

She always looked so fresh and lovely that I was forced to ask



.. then I learned her
"Thrice-a-day" Secret.

THE fresh, youthful charm that comes from glowing health made her so attractive at all times that finally I asked what she did to keep so wonderfully fit. The explanation was simplicity itself—"I eat Fleischmann's Yeast."

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food which adds to your diet elements that help to keep you brimful of life and energy.

A living health-food

Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast consists of millions upon millions of tiny living plants. These tiny particles stimulate your digestion and help to clear the system of impurities, thus keeping it clean and fit.

In Canada, hundreds of thousands enjoying good health, eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly as a part of their daily food. Start eating it yourself today. You can get it, always fresh, at your grocer's.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health—Health Research Department MC 107 The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Canada.



"LAST YEAR MY DAUGHTER, who is a high school student, had a terrible breaking out on her face. It was so bad she could not attend school. I started giving her Fleischmann's Yeast. It cleared up the whole trouble and she has had no return of it since. I myself have suffered with a weak stomach. So I also am eating Yeast and find it doing me a lot of good. What Yeast has done for us it will do for others. We are recommending it to all our friends."

Mrs. M. BOND, Toronto, Ont.



I WISH TO ADVISE YOU that for the past five years I have been doing office work, and during this time my system became run down from the need of exercise and also for lack of a good appetite. I was advised to take yeast cakes, and after I had taken three a day for about two weeks I found my condition was certainly improved, and now I would not pass a day without at least one cake. I wish to thank the Fleischmann Company for helping me to regain my health and vigor and I also recommend yeast for anyone who is troubled with indigestion after meals.

WILLIAM MACKAY, Montreal, Canada



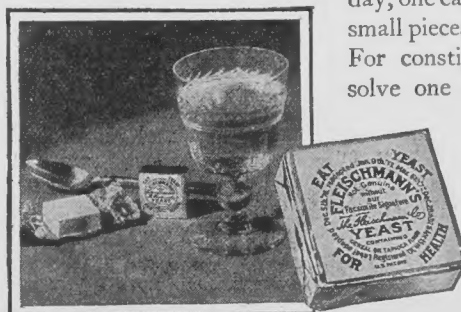
"I WAS EXPERIMENTING in my laboratory with a compound into which entered a goodly proportion of Fleischmann's Yeast. One afternoon the young man who delivered it to me found me in a very distressing state, following one of the frequent acute attacks of indigestion from which I suffered for five years. "Why don't you take some Yeast yourself?" he asked, "I am sure it will help you." He was so sincere that I followed his advice, and took two cakes every day, dissolved in water. The stomach pains soon lessened, my digestion improved, and today I am wholly well. I feel twenty years younger."

Dr. J. A. SEGUIN, D. S. C., Winnipeg, Man.

Would you deprive a baby of milk?

You would not keep one day's milk from a baby. Yet you may be keeping from yourself the simple added elements in your diet that would give you better health.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. Give it more than half a trial. Make it a part of your daily food and almost before you know it you will feel like a new person.



A new easy way to keep well

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain or salted in small pieces or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation, physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada.

THRICE-A-DAY BRINGS HEALTH TO STAY

Illustrations by
Kathleen Allan

THERE are two ways of doing battle against Disgrace. You may live it down; or you may run away from it and hide. The first method is heartbreaking, but sure. The second cannot be relied upon because of the uncomfortable way Disgrace has of turning up at your heels just when you think you have eluded her in the last town but one.

Ted Terrill did not choose the first method. He had it thrust upon him. After Ted had served his term he came back home to visit his mother's grave, intending to take the next train out. He wore none of the prison pallor that you read about in books, because he had been shortstop on the penitentiary all-star baseball team, and famed for the dexterity with which he could grab up red-hot grounders. The storied lock-step and clipped hair effect also were missing. The superintendent of Ted's prison had been one of the reform kind.

You never would have picked Ted for a criminal. He had none of those interesting phrenological bumps and depressions that usually are shown to such frank advantage in the Bertillon photographs. Ted had been assistant cashier in the Citizens' National Bank. In a mad moment he had attempted a little sleight-of-hand act in which certain Citizens' National funds were to be transformed into certain glittering shares and back again so quickly that the examiners couldn't follow it with their eyes. But Ted was unaccustomed to these now-you-see-it and now-you-don't feats and his hand slipped. The trick dropped to the floor with an awful clatter.

Ted had been a lovable young kid, six feet high, and blond, with a great reputation as a dresser. He had the first yellow plush hat in our town. It sat on his golden head like a halo. The women all liked Ted. Mrs. Dankworth, the dashing widow (why will widows persist in being dashing?) said that he was the only man in our town who knew how to wear a dress suit. The men were forever slapping him on the back and asking him to have a little



Ted's good looks, and his clever tongue and a certain Irish way he had with him caused him to be taken up by the smart set

The Man Who Came Back

By Edna Ferber

Author of "Mother Knows Best," "Show Boat,"
"So Big," "Roast Beef Medium," Etc.

something. Ted's good looks, and his clever tongue and a certain charming Irish way he had with him caused him to be taken up by the smart set. Now, if you've never lived in a small town you will be much amused at the idea of its boasting a smart set. Which proves your ignorance. The small town smart set is deadly serious about its smartness. It likes to take six-hour runs down to the city to fit a pair of shoes and hear Galli-Curci. Its clothes are well made, and its scandals are crisp, and its pace as hasty, and its golf club as dull as the clothes, the scandals, and pace, and golf club of its city cousins.

The hasty pace killed Ted. He tried to keep step in a set of young folks whose fathers had made our town. And all the time his pocketbook was yelling "Whoa!" The young people ran largely to scarlet-upholstered roadsters, and country-club doings, and house parties, as small-town younger generations are apt to. When Ted went to high school half the boys in his little clique spent their after-school hours dashing up and down Main Street in their big, glittering cars, sitting slumped down on the middle of their spines in front of the steering wheel, their sleeves rolled up, their hair smoothly plastered down. One or the other of them

always took Ted along. It is fearfully easy to develop a taste for that kind of thing. As he grew older, the taste took root and became a habit.

Ted came out after serving his term, still handsome, spite of all that story writers may have taught to the contrary. But we'll make this concession to the old tradition: There was a difference. His radiant blondeur was dimmed in some intangible, elusive way. Birdie Callahan, who had worked in Ted's mother's kitchen for years, and who had gone back to her old job at

the Haley House after her mistress' death, put it sadly thus:

"He was always th' han'some divil. I used to look forward to ironin' day just for the pleasure of pressin' his fancy shirts for him. I'm that partial to them swell blondes. But I dinnow, he's changed. Doin' time has taken the edge off his hair and complexion. Not changed his color, do yuh mind, but dulled it, like a gold ring, or the like, that has tarnished."

Ted was seated in the smoker, with a chip on his shoulder, and with a sick horror of encountering someone he knew in his heart, when Jo Haley, of the Haley House, got on at Wesport, homeward bound. Jo Haley is the most eligible bachelor in our town, and the slipperiest. He has made the Haley House a gem, so that travelling men will cut half a dozen towns to Sunday there. If he should say "Jump through this!" to any girl in our town, she'd jump.

Jo Haley strolled leisurely up the car aisle toward Ted. Ted saw him coming and sat very still, waiting.

"Hello Ted! How's Ted?" said Jo Haley, casually. And dropped into the adjoining seat without any more fuss.

Ted wet his lips slightly and tried to say something. He had been a breezy talker. But the words would not come. Jo Haley made no effort to cover the situation with a rush of conversation. He did not seem to realize that there was any situation to cover. He champed the end of his cigar and

handed one to Ted. "Well, you've taken your lickin', kid. What you going to do now?"

The rawness of it made Ted wince. "Oh, I don't know," he stammered. "I've a job half promised in Chicago."

"What doing?"

Ted laughed a short and ugly laugh. "Driving an auto truck."

Jo Haley tossed his cigar dexterously to the opposite corner of his mouth and squinted thoughtfully along its bulging sides.

"Remember that Wenzel girl that's kept books for me for the last six years? She's leaving in a couple of months to marry a New York guy that travels for ladies' cloaks and suits. After she goes it's nix with lady book-keepers for me. Not that Minnie isn't a good straight girl, and honest, but no girl can keep books with one eye on a column of figures and the other on a travelling man in a brown suit and red necktie, unless she's cross-eyed, and you bet Minnie ain't. The job's yours if you want it. A hundred and fifty a month to start on, and board."

"I—can't, Jo. Thanks just the same. I'm going to try to begin all over again, somewhere else, where nobody knows me."

"Oh, yes," said Jo. "I knew a fellow that did that. After he came out he grew a beard, and wore eyeglasses, and changed his name. Had a crisp, quick way of talkin', and he cultivated a drawl and went west and started in business. Real estate, I think. Anyway, the second month he was there in walks a fool he used to know and bellows: 'Why, if it ain't Bill! Hello Bill! I thought you was doing time yet.' That was enough. Ted, you can black your face, and dye your hair, and squint and some fine day, sooner or later, somebody'll come along and blab the whole thing. And say, the older it gets the worse it sounds, when it does come out. Stick around here where you grew up, Ted."

Ted clasped and unclasped his hands uncomfortably. "I can't figure out why you should care how I finish."

"No reason," answered Jo. "Not a darned one. I wasn't in love with your ma, like the guy on the stage; and I never owed your pa a cent. So it ain't a guilty conscience. I guess it's just pure cussedness, and a hankerin' for a new investment. I'm curious to know how you'll turn out. You've got the makin's of what the newspapers call a Leading Citizen, even if you did fall down once. If I'd ever had time to get married, which I never will have, a first-class hotel bein' more worry and expense than a bootlegger's whole harem, I'd have wanted somebody to do the same for my kid. That sounds slushy, but it's straight."

"I don't seem to know how to thank you," began Ted, a little husky as to voice.

"Call around tomorrow morning," interrupted Jo Haley, briskly, "and Minnie Wenzel will show you the ropes. You and her can work together for a couple of months. After then she's leaving to make her underwear, and that. I should think she'd have a bale of it by this time. Been embroidering them shimmy things and lunch cloths back of the desk when she thought I wasn't lookin' for the last six months."

TED came down next morning at 8 a.m. with his nerve between his teeth and the chip still balanced lightly on his shoulder. Five minutes later Minnie Wenzel knocked it off. When Jo Haley introduced the two jocularly, knowing that they had originally met in the First Reader room, Miss Wenzel acknowledged the introduction icily by lifting her left eyebrow slightly and drawing down the corners of her mouth. Her air hauteur was a triumph, considering that she was handicapped by black sateen sleevelets.

I wonder how one could best describe Miss Wenzel? There is one of her in every small town. Let me think (business of hand on brow). Well, she always paid five dollars for her nude chiffons when most girls in a similar position got their stockings for ninety-five cents in the basement. Nature had been kind to her. The hair that had been a muddy brown in Minnie's schoolgirl days it had touched with a magic red-gold wand. Birdie Callahan always said that Minnie was working only to wear out her old clothes.

After the introduction Miss Wenzel followed Jo Haley into the lobby. She took no pains to lower her voice.

"Well, I must say, Mr. Haley, you've got a fine nerve! If my gentleman friend was to hear of my working with an ex-con I wouldn't be surprised if he'd break off the engagement. I should think you'd have some respect for the feelings of a lady with a name to keep up, and engaged to a swell fellow like Mr. Schwartz."

"Say, listen, m'girl," replied Jo Haley. "The law don't cover all the tricks. But if stuffing an order was a criminal offense I'll bet your swell travelling man would be doing a life term."

Ted worked that day with his teeth set so that his jaws ached next morning. Minnie Wenzel spoke to him only when necessary and then in terms of dollars and cents. When dinner time came she divested herself of the black sateen sleevelets, wriggled from the shoulders down a la Gilda Gray, produced a powder puff, and disappeared in the direction of the wash-room. Ted waited until the dining room was almost deserted. Then he

went in to dinner alone. Someone in white wearing an absurd little pocket handkerchief of an apron led him to a seat in a far corner of the big room. Ted did not lift his eyes higher than the snowy square of the apron. The Apron drew out a chair, shoved it under Ted's knees in the way Aprons have, and thrust a printed menu at him.

"Roast beef, medium," said Ted, without looking up.

"Bless your heart, yuh ain't changed a bit. I remember how yuh used to jaw when it was too well done," said the Apron, fondly.

Ted's head came up with a jerk.

"So yuh will cut yer old friends, is it?" grinned Birdie Callahan. "If this wasn't a public dining room maybe yuh'd shake hands with a poor but proud workin' grrr. Yer as good lookin' a devil as ever, Mister Ted."

Ted's hand shot out and grasped hers. "Birdie! I could weep on your apron! I never was so glad to see anyone in my life. Just to look at you makes me homesick. What in Sam Hill are you doing here?"

"Waitin'. After yer ma died, seemed like I didn't care t' work fer no other privit family, so I came back here to my old job. I'll bet I'm the homeliest head waitress in captivity."

Ted's nervous fingers were pleating the tablecloth. His voice sank to a whisper. "Birdie, tell me the God's truth. Did those three years cause her death?"

"Niver!" lied Birdie. "I was with her to the end. It started with a cold on th' chest. Have some French fried with yer beef, Mr. Teddy. They're illigent today."

Birdie glided off into the kitchen. Authors are fond of the word "glide." But you can take it literally this time. Birdie had a face that looked like a huge mistake, but she walked like a panther, and they're said to be the last cry in gliders. She walked with her chin up and her hips firm. That comes from juggling trays. You have to walk like that

to keep your nose out of the soup. After awhile the walk becomes a habit. Any seasoned dining room girl could give lessons in walking to the gym. teacher of an Eastern finishing school.

FROM the day that Birdie Callahan served Ted with the roast beef medium and the elegant French fried, she appointed herself monitor over his food and clothes and morale. I wish I could find words to describe his bitter loneliness. He did not seek companionship. The men, although not directly avoiding him, seemed somehow to have pressing business whenever they happened in his vicinity. The women ignored him. Mrs. Dankworth, still dashing and still widowed, passed Ted one day and looked fixedly at a point one inch above his head. In a town like ours the Haley House is like a big, hospitable clubhouse. The men drop in there the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night, to hear the gossip and buy a cigar and jolly the girl at the cigar counter. Ted spoke to them when they spoke to him. He began to develop a certain grim line about the mouth. Jo Haley watched him from afar, and the longer he watched the kinder and more speculative grew the look in his eyes. As slowly and surely there grew in the hearts of our townspeople a certain new respect and admiration for this boy who was fighting his fight.

Ted got into the habit of taking his meals late, so that Birdie Callahan could take the time to talk to him.

"Birdie," he said one day, when she brought his soup, "do you know you're the only decent woman who'll talk to me? Do you know what I mean when I say that I'd give the rest of my life if I could just put my head in my mother's lap and have her muss up my hair and call me foolish names?"

Birdie Callahan cleared her throat and said abruptly: "I was noticin' yesterday your grey pants needs pressin' bad. Bring 'em down tomorrow mornin' and I'll give 'em th' elegant crease in the laundry."

So the first weeks went by, and the two months of Miss Wenzel's stay came to an end. Ted thanked his God and tried hard not to wish that she was a man so that he could punch her head.

The day before the time appointed for her departure she was closeted with Jo Haley for a long, long time. When she finally emerged a bellboy lounged up to Ted with a message.

"Wenzel says the Old Man wants t' see you. 'S in his office. Say, Mr. Terrill, do yuh think they can play today? It's pretty wet."

Jo Haley was sunk in the depths of his big leather chair. He did not look up as Ted entered. "Sit down," he said. Ted sat down and waited, puzzled.

"As a wizard at figures," mused Jo Haley at last, softly as though to himself, "I'm a frost. A column of figures on paper makes my head swim. But I can carry a whole regiment of them in my head. I've been watchin' this thing for the last two weeks hopin' you'd quit and come and tell me." He turned suddenly and faced Ted. "Ted, old kid," he said sadly, "what-n 'ell made you do it again?"

"What's the joke?" asked Ted.

"Now, Ted," remonstrated Jo Haley, "that way of talking won't help matters none. As I said, I'm rotten at figures. But you're the first investment that ever turned out bad and let me tell you I've handled some mighty bad-smelling ones. Why, kid, if you'd just come to me on the quiet and asked for the loan of a hundred or so why—"

"What's the joke, Jo?" said Ted again, slowly.

"This ain't my notion of a joke," came the terse answer. "We're short three hundred."

The last vestige of Ted Terrill's old-time radiance seemed to flicker and die, leaving him ashen and cold.

"Short?" he repeated. Then "My God!" in a strangely colorless voice—"My God!" He looked down at his fingers impersonally, as though they belonged to someone else. Then his hand clutched Jo Haley's arm with the grip of fear. "Jo! Jo! That's the thing that has haunted me day and night, till my nerves are raw. The fear of doing it again. Don't laugh at me, will you? I used to lie awake at night going over that cursed business

Uncle Trouble

By William Thompson

*Uncle Trouble come to visit
'Bout some forty years ago,
And if he's ever goin'
He's movin' mighty slow.
There's a chill gets in my marrow,
Got no sunshine in my heart;
The flowers ain't done bloomin'
'Fore the winter seems to start.
When the weather's good for 'possum,
Then the rain come peltin' down;
When I's hungry for 'simmons,
They is green instead of brown.
When I feels like up and doin'
Mister Lazy makes a call;
When the fat hens roost the highest,
Then I's sure to get a fall.
There ain't weeks enough in summer,
To get warm before it's cold;
When I feel just like a yearlin'—
People say I'm "gettin' old."
And they say I'm "good for nuthin',"
And that "nothin' ain't no use,"
Never get a word of comfort
Always heaped up with abuse.
If the buzzards turned to dollars,
And the blackbirds turned to dimes,
I'd be short of ammunition,
Just about those very times.
When the Master calls out "Jackson!"
On the resurrection morn,
I suppose I'll lose my hearin'
Just as Gabriel blows his horn.*

of the bank—over and over—till the cold sweat would break out all over me. I used to figure it all out again, step by step, until—Jo, could a man steal and not know it? Could thinking of a thing like that drive a man crazy? Because if it could—if it could—then——"

"I don't know," said Jo Haley, "but it sounds darned fishy." He had a hand on Ted's shaking shoulder, and was looking into the white, drawn face. "I had great plans for you, Ted. But Minnie Wenzel's got it all down on slips of paper. I might as well call her in again, and we'll have the whole blamed thing out."

Minnie Wenzel came. In her hand were slips of paper, and books with figures in them, and Ted looked and saw things written in his own hand that should not have been there. And he covered his shamed face with his two hands and gave thanks that his mother was dead.

There came three sharp raps at the office door. The tense figures within jumped nervously.

"Keep out!" called Jo Haley, "whoever you are." Whereupon the door opened and Birdie Callahan breezed in.

"Get out, Birdie Callahan," roared Jo. "You're in the wrong pew."

Birdie closed the door behind her composedly and came farther into the room. "Pete th' pastry cook just tells me that Winnie Wenzel told th' day clerk, who told the janitor, who told the chef, who told Pete, that Minnie had caught Ted stealin' some three hundred dollars."

Ted took a quick step forward. "Birdie, for Heaven's sake keep out of this. You can't make things any better. You may believe in me, but—"

"Where's the money?" asked Birdie.

Ted stared at her a moment, his mouth open ludicrously.

"Why—I—don't—know," he articulated painfully. "I never thought of that."

Birdie snorted defiantly. "I thought so. D'ye know," sociably, "I was visitin' with my aunt Mis' Mulcahy last evenin'."

There was a quick rustle of skirts from Minnie Wenzel's direction.

"Say, look here—" began Jo Haley, impatiently.

"Shut up, Jo Haley!" snapped Birdie. "As I was sayin', I was visitin' with my aunt Mis' Mulcahy."

She does fancy washin' and ironin' for swells. An' Minnie Wenzel, there bein' none sweller, hires her to do up her weddin' linens. Such smears av hand embridery she never see th' likes, Mis' Mulcahy says, and she's seen a lot. And as a special treat to the poor owld soul, why Minnie Wenzel lets her see some av her weddin' clo'es. There never yet was a woman who cud resist showin' her weddin' things to every other woman she cud lay hands on. Well, Mis' Mulcahy, she see that grand trewso and she said she never saw th' beat. Dresses! Well, her going away suit alone comes to eighty dollars, for it's bein' made by Molkowsky, the little Polish tailor. An' her weddin' dress is satin, do you mind! Oh, it was a real treat for my aunt Mis' Mulcahy."

Birdie walked over to where Minnie Wenzel sat, very white and still, and pointed a stubby red finger in her face. "'Tis a grand manager ye are, Miss Wenzel, gettin' satins an' tailor-mades on yer salary. It takes a woman, Minnie Wenzel, to see through a woman's tricks."

"Well, I'll be dinged!" exploded Jo Haley.

"Yuh'd better be!" retorted Birdie Callahan.

Minnie Wenzel stood up, her lip caught between her teeth.

"Am I to understand, Jo Haley, that you dare to accuse me of taking your filthy money, instead of that miserable ex-con. there who has done time."

"That'll do, Minnie," said Jo Haley, gently. "That's a-plenty."

"Prove it," went on Minnie, and then looked as though she wished she hadn't.

"A business college edjication is a grand foine thing," observed Birdie. "Miss Wenzel is a graduate av wan. They teach you everything from drawin' birds with tail-feathers to plain and fancy penmanship. In fact, they teach everything in the writin' line except forgery, an' I ain't so sure they haven't got a coorse in that."

"I don't care," whimpered Minnie Wenzel suddenly, sinking in a limp heap on the floor. "I had to do it. I'm marrying a swell fellow and a girl's got to have some clothes that don't look like a hick dressmaker's work. He's got three sisters. I saw their pictures and they're coming to the wedding. They're the kind that wear 'ball gowns in the evening, and have their hair and nails done downtown. I haven't got a thing but my looks."

Could I go to New York dressed like a rube? On the square, Jo, I worked here six years and never took a sou. But things got away from me. The tailor wouldn't finish my suit unless I paid fifty dollars down. I only took fifty at first, intending to pay it back. Honest to goodness, Jo, I did."

"Cut it out," said Jo Haley, "and get up. I was going to give you a check for your wedding, though I hadn't counted on no three hundred. We'll call it square. And I hope you'll be happy, but I don't gamble on it. You'll be goin' through your man's pants pockets before you're married a year. You can take your hat and fade. I'd like to know how I'm ever going to square this thing with Ted and Birdie."

"And me standin' here gassin' while them fool girls in the dinin'-room can't set a table decent, and dinner in less than ten minutes," cried Birdie, rushing off. Ted mumbled something unintelligible and was after her.

"Birdie! I want to talk to you."

"Say it quick then," said Birdie, over her shoulder. "The doors open in three minnits."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am. This is no place to talk to you. Will you let me walk home with you tonight, after your work is done?"

"Will I?" said Birdie, turning to face him. "I will not. Th' swell mob has shook you, an' a good thing it is. You was travellin' with a bunch of racers, when you was only built for medium speed. Now you've got your chance to a fresh start and don't you ever think I'm goin' to be the one to let you spoil it by beginnin' to walk out with a dinin' room Lizzie like me."

"Don't say that, Birdie," Ted put in.

"It's the truth," affirmed Birdie. "Not that I ain't a perfecty respectable girrul, and ye know it. I'm a good slob, but folks would be tickled for the chance to say that you had nobody to go with but the likes av me. If I was to let you walk home with me tonight, yuh might be askin' to call next week. Inside half a year, if yuh was lonesome enough, you'd ask me to marry yuh. And b'gorra," she said softly, looking down at her unlovely red hands, "I'm dead scared I'd do it. Go back to work, Ted Terrill, and hold yer head high, and when you say your prayers tonight, thank your lucky stars I ain't a hussy."



For, could a man steal and not know it? Could thinking of a thing like that drive a man crazy?

What the Jews are Doing in Palestine

By Harold J. Shepstone, F.R.G.S.

Photographs by American Colony, Jerusalem

THE most striking contrast in Palestine today, the greatest clash between the ancient and the modern, between the methods of Bible times and the twentieth century, is afforded in the case of Jaffa, associated with the Prophet Jonah and where Peter had his vision to call nothing unclean, and Tell-Aviv, the new Jewish town that has arisen a few miles to the north of this ancient port. Jaffa, with its narrow, winding street and Oriental bazaars, has remained unchanged, while Tell-Aviv reminds one of a Western American boom town. It has been aptly termed "the Los Angeles of the East." It is the first purely Jewish city to arise since the days of the Romans. Its mayor, officials, police, and all its citizens are Jews.

Where a few years ago there was nothing but sand dunes there is now a busy, go-ahead and prosperous city of 30,000 souls; and it is still growing rapidly. Its thoroughfares are spacious, lined with trees and gardens, and lit by electric light. There is nothing tawdry or mean about its residences, and many of them are palatial; while its shops, cafes, and hotels are decidedly modern and up-to-date. On the shore there is a casino, and here I took tea overlooking the sea. Tell-Aviv is a striking object-lesson of what Jewish organization and initiative are capable of accomplishing. What surprised me most, perhaps, was to find every post in the place, from the very meanest to the highest, filled by Jews, even the camel-drivers being of that nationality.

Originally, I believe, Tell-Aviv was to have been a garden city, a place for the retired and well-to-do. When that stage was passed many began to wonder what the inhabitants would do for a livelihood. Cynics in Jerusalem assured me it was a case of existence by taking in one another's washing. True, Tell-Aviv has had its ups and downs. It has experienced strikes and labor troubles and its municipality has been faced with finding work for its unemployed. Nevertheless it is fast becoming a busy industrial centre, over seventy different enterprises having been founded within the last few years for the manufacture of various textiles—shoes, hats, thread, stoves, corks, mirrors, electric batteries, leather goods, furniture and a host of other products, and they are all in demand. One of its industrial wonders is a silicate brick factory which I found working day and night in three shifts. At the time of my visit it was turning out between 60,000 and 70,000 bricks a day. The factory is situated on the seashore, and the principal raw material it requires—sand—is at its very doors. The only

other ingredient necessary is chalk or lime, and this comes from Arluf, in the hills of Judea. These two substances are mixed together in certain proportions, pressed by special machinery, and then baked in ovens at high temperature for ten hours. It is during this hardening process that certain chemical changes take place, and calcium silicate is formed, a substance which is as hard and as durable as stone.

Not far away, on the River Audjah, is Palestine's first modern water-power station, another Jewish enterprise, and it is from this station that light and power are supplied to Tell-Aviv, Jaffa, and the surrounding district. When this power station was first mooted, we were told the Arabs and natives would not avail themselves of its use. The station started with two engines of 500 h.p. each. Very soon a third had to be installed of 250

operative principle.

On my way northward I visited several in the Great Plain of Esdraelon, which bids fair to become the granary of Palestine. The plain is triangular in shape, roughly about ten to twelve miles in width, is very fertile, and enclosed by hills. It is historic ground, for it has been in the past the battlefield of the nations—the Pharaohs of Egypt, Hittites, Syrians, Israelites, Midianites, Philistines, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Crusaders, Saracens, and in our own day Turks and British—have all fought here. When I saw it in pre-war days it was very barren, and did not boast of a single tree. Only a little cultivation was done here and there by the Arabs. Today it is like a smiling countryside, and seen from the surrounding hills is a wonderful picture, the cultivated patches of grain, vegetables, and fruits reminding one of a colossal patchwork quilt of many colors.

ALMOST in the centre of the plain is Balfouria, which is occupied by American Jews. It boasts of its hotel, school and little synagogue, and attractive, well-built, modern cottages with red tiles. There are sixty families living here, and they assured me that they were doing well. Many of them had thrown up quite large farms in America, and were staking their all in the new land. It is named after Lord Balfour, and on his recent visit to the country he was entertained here. Not far off is Givath Hammoreth. This is a children's village, and is occupied by orphans from the Ukraine in Poland. It is being maintained by South African Jews. At one settlement I found an agricultural training college for women; while another was maintaining a hospital. At present the Jews have acquired fifty square miles of the valley, and have established some



Scene at the Village Well



A Village Carpenter in Palestine



Three women at a Mill

twenty villages or settlements at an expenditure of nearly a million pounds sterling. They have not only built roads to them, but made the valley healthy by draining the swamps and marshes, while some 800 acres have been planted with trees.

Some of the colonies consist entirely of small holdings, while at others the farms are so extensive that a staff of laborers are needed to run them. Then some devote themselves entirely to the raising of cereals, others to vegetables, fruits, general farming, and so on, according to the nature of the soil and their proximity to the cities. At the colony of Midgal, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, they have established some wonderful orchards, and here they are successfully cultivating lemons, peaches, apricots, dates, figs, and bananas. It is a very prettily-situated settlement; and Mr. Gilkin, in charge, pointed out the spot on the lakeside where Sir Alfred Mond is erecting a private residence. At all the colonies I visited I found the most up-to-date methods and the very latest machinery being employed. Some of the dairy establishments are models of their kind. As a result of these innovations the Jews are reaping crops double the value of those obtained from similar acreage by the Arab farmers. The average yield of milk from the cow of the native is 150 gallons a year, as compared with 440 gallons from the cows of the Jewish farms.

While the Jews recognize that Palestine is first and foremost an agricultural country, and their main aim is to place suitable settlers on its soil, they are equally alive to the possibilities of industries other than that of farming. At Haifa, which is the headquarters of the Palestine railways, and which is destined to become the port of the country, though at present it has not even a breakwater, there is now a fully-equipped modern flour mill. It boasts of the very latest machinery, and I found it working sixteen hours a day, in two shifts. It treats virtually all the grain grown in Palestine, Transjordan, and the southern part of Syria. There is also a large and thriving oil and soap works, a cement factory capable of producing 60,000 to 70,000 tons of cement a year, and a large new power station. Then not far from Haifa, at Ashlit, they are producing some 15,000 tons of salt a year by the evaporation of sea water. Before these works were started 90 per cent of the salt used came from abroad.

ONE cannot travel through the country without realizing that what Palestine needs today to develop it is capital, and the Jews are the only people who are supplying it. They are sinking about \$8,000,000 a year in the country, and all told have probably expended about \$100,000,000. Jewish settlers are

*Jewish Soap
Factory at
Haifa*



been dispersed, and only a percentage of these have returned. Then, whereas in pre-war days the Jews owned some 177 square miles of land in Palestine, the area controlled by them today amounts to 319 square miles.

As the total population of the country is just under 800,000, the Arabs outnumber the Jews by seven to one; and the question arises, is there room for both, and will they settle down peaceably together? We know this, that in Bible times the country supported over three million people, and was a large exporter of grain and fruits to the surrounding nations. Experts tell us that if the country is properly developed there would be room in Palestine for five million people. Only one-sixth of the cultivable area of the land is at present being tilled, while Palestine has only about seventy people to the square mile.

Over and over again I came upon settlements in course of erection and was surprised to discover Arabs working for the Jews. When I approached them and expressed surprise that they were assisting the Jews in this way, they declared that the Jews paid them good wages, and they did not want the Jews to go away. The fact is, there is room for both, and the agitation we hear so much about is fostered and kept alive by a band of extremists—the Effendi class—who were disappointed because on the coming of the British they did not obtain the official posts they held under the Turks, for the very simple reason they were not qualified for such tasks.

*Benjamin Boule-
vard of Tel-Aviv*

An English lady in Jerusalem, who has been many years in the country and speaks Arabic fluently, told me that just before the arrival of Lord Balfour, she went out to see about some property at a native village. She found the villagers very excited, and when she inquired the reason learned that they had been told that Balfour was going to be made king of the Jews, and they would be driven out of their homes. They said they did not want the Jews to go, provided they did not interfere with them. Nor could the Arabs to whom I spoke instance a single case where they have suffered as a result of the incoming of the Jews, neither had they any constructive policy to put forward. When the Arabs finally realize, as they undoubtedly are gradually doing, that their rights and liberties are not being interfered with, then the vexed question of Arab and Jew will automatically disappear.

Much has been said about Great Britain's expenses in Palestine. So far as the actual administration of the country is concerned, that is borne out of the ordinary revenue; and it is gratifying to record that Palestine is now able to balance its budget on the right side, the surplus for the past financial year being \$1,315,000. The only expense that falls upon the British taxpayer is the maintenance of the garrison, and last year that totalled \$3,200,000, which is certainly not excessive. And here we must remember the strategic position Great Britain enjoys as a result of her occupation of the land. It gives her control of the Suez Canal, that vital artery which connects her with India and the Far East. If she retired on the question of expense, she would have to face the fact that Palestine would probably be occupied by a rival power; and that would undoubtedly mean the establishment of fortifications along the banks of the waterway—a far more costly proposition than the maintaining of a

(Continued on page 60)



Girls Hostel at Tel-Aviv. The immigrant girl on coming to Palestine is at home

continually arriving and I must admit that discretion is being exercised in their selection. They are a healthy, sturdy, thrifty class, imbued with the principles of Zionism, and looking upon Palestine as their home. Curiously enough, the Jewish

population on June 1st last stood at 115,151, or about the number that were in Palestine in pre-war days. When Great Britain took over the country, however, there were only some 55,000 Jews in the land. They had

Mrs. Gabber at the Groceteria

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrated by
J. Clymer



"Well, you dug your elbows into my ribs!" retorts the fat one. "If I had elbows as sharp as yours I'd keep them padded for the public safety."

IT IS Saturday afternoon at the Help-Yourself grocery. Mrs. Gabber and her son Georgie have just entered with an empty go-cart. You know them. Mrs. G. is a little woman with an alert eye and a mildly aggressive manner who sturdily elbows her way through the crowds, pulling Georgie after her or else shunting him ahead as she rapidly scans the shelves for bargains. She always does her week-end shopping the self-serve way and brings her son along to help with the parcels.

They park the pram out in front of the turnstiles along with other babyless vehicles and then they proceed to the shopping area which is thronged like a circus midway, mostly with women and children, though here and there a lone man may sometimes be seen looking thoroughly miserable and very much in the way. The customers are being pushed and bumped about by one another in a quite rude and unceremonious manner but nobody seems to mind this very much. What is one to expect? It is Saturday and everybody is either struggling to get into the groceteria or else struggling to get out. Mrs. Gabber wears a crushed-looking blue silk hat that somebody is always knocking askew, and a worried frown. Hers is the perennial problem—what to have for dessert tomorrow! She takes up a shopping-basket from a bin—a big sign says PLEASE DO NOT SHOP WITHOUT A BASKET—and reaching past a large stout lady who has blocked her way she pulls Georgie back by the collar of his shirt.

"Ere, Georgie, you stay close by so's I can keep my heye on you," she admonishes him.

"Lemme carry the basket, ma," he begs.

"Shan't do no such thing. It's going to be 'eavy an' you'll knock it abaht," Mrs. Gabber says firmly.

"Well gee ma, it ain't heavy yet."

"Wot're you stopping for? Come along."

"Looka the stro'bry jam, ma!" cries Georgie, pointing. "Oh look!"

"Well, I'm looking."

"Let's get some o' that for dessert tomorrow."

"It don't agree with your par's stomach. Come on."

"Oh gee, looka the jelly! Look, ma!" Georgie's fascinated gaze rests on a shelf containing rows and rows of the most seductive red and yellow jellies. "Let's get some o' that!"

"No, I'm a-going to get prunes," his mother declares.

"Aw, prunes!" says Georgie with a groan. "Prunes again!"

"Well, we've 'ad rice, an' we've 'ad apple pie, an' we've 'ad stoo'd cranberries, an' we've 'ad

cornmeal pudding, an' we've 'ad—wot was that stuff again? Oh, yes, burnt sugar pudding. We've 'ad burnt sugar pudding. An' we've 'ad rhubarb, an' we've 'ad baked apple. An' your par won't look at cornstarch—"

"Honey!" shouts Georgie, with sudden inspiration.

Mrs. Gabber shakes her head.

"Too dear," she says with finality. "An' besides, it don't set well on your par's stomach."

Georgie's underlip is thrust out mutinously.

"Oh darn pa's stomach," he mutters.

"We've got to get something he likes, an' it's got to be a change, an' it's got to be cheap or 'e'll give me a jawing, you know very well," Mrs. Gabber reminds her son. She takes a scribbled list out of her pocket and examines it. "Now let's see just wot we 'ave to get. Five pounds sugar, B grade, box of macaroni, two cans salmon, two boxes soap-flakes, large size, some new clothesline rope, bag o' salt, 'alf dozen lemmings, five pounds potatoes, box soda crackers, baking soda, washing soda, new washboard, pound o' broken biscuits—ere, don't you be 'andling things! The manager's got 'is heye on us!"

"Mixed biscuits did you say, ma? I'll go get 'em."

"Broken biscuits. They're just 'alf price. An' mind you don't gobble them all up! . . . Ther's Mrs. 'Olmes an' Maudie. 'Ullo, Mrs. 'Olmes."

"'Ullo yourself."

MRS. HOLMES is a thin, tallish woman with a fretful expression of countenance and she holds by the hand a little girl with fair hair who sticks out her tongue at Georgie when he smirks at her.

"J'ever see such a jam? 'Oo says the country ain't prosp'rous!" declares Mrs. Gabber. "An' 'ow's Maudie's adenoids, Mrs. 'Olmes?"

"Well, she ain't 'ad her operation yet, Mrs. Gabber. 'Er father says it's all nonsense, that's wot—I see you've went an' got some canned salmon. Look out you don't get poisoned, Mrs. Gabber."

"I always get Caledonia brand, Mrs. 'Olmes."

"Well, it ain't the best brand," Mrs. Holmes says mournfully. "I'd be careful if I was you. We always get the Walrus. Never 'ad no use for that pale pink kind."

"It suits us," Mrs. Gabber maintains with dignity. "Is that Mrs. 'Arris I see over there at the tinned meats?"

"It's 'er, orl right. She's been an' got two cans o' sparrowgrass, that's wot she's been an' done."

Mrs. Gabber. Think o' that! Extravagant, I calls it, an' 'er man out o' work."

"Awful sloppy 'ousekeeper she always was," agrees Mrs. Gabber.

"Wot I say, Mrs. Gabber, sparrowgrass is a luxury. Am I right or wrong?"

"Well, luxury or no luxury, don't offer me none, Mrs. 'Olmes. Can't bear the stuff. Now if you'd said shelled walnuts—"

"I say, where's Maudie gone?" asks Mrs. Holmes suddenly at this point, looking around her.

"An' where's Georgie?"

"Oh, they'll be orl right," Mrs. Holmes shrugs indifferently. "I say, hear abaht Jim Bicker an' 'is wife 'avin' words the other night?"

"Wot, again!"

"Could 'ear them all over the block. A shame, I calls it. Peaceable neighborhood like ours, too."

They discuss the Bickers pro and con, and pass on to the weather and the chances for a good wash on Monday and then they arrive at what the King said about bobbed hair. No feminine caucus in any circle of society is quite complete that doesn't touch on this ever-live topic. Mrs. Gabber is pro-bob.

"It's like this, Mrs. 'Olmes, if the King 'ad to get up in the morning an' spend 'alf an hour combin' 'is 'air an' stickin' 'airpins in it 'e'd jolly well change 'is mind, wouldn't 'e?"

Mrs. Holmes is anti-bob but "broad-minded."

"I shouldn't criticize 'Is Majesty if I was you, Mrs. Gabber," she reproves her gravely. "Besides, wot else could the poor man say when 'Is own wife still keeps 'er 'air on?"

"Well, it's a free country, Mrs. 'Olmes, thank hevving."

"It's all a question of 'ow you feel abaht it, Mrs. Gabber."

"That's just wot I say. I'm glad I 'ad mine off."

"It's orl right for now, but wait till you get to be fifty an' 'ave a fat neck."

"It don't run in our family to 'ave fat necks, Mrs. 'Olmes."

"Short 'air is sure to go out."

"I don't believe it will ever go out. An' if I 'ad another 'ead I'd 'ave the 'air off it too, just like billy-o, Mrs. 'Olmes."

"Must cost you quite a bit to 'ave it kept in trim."

"Don't cost me a cent, Mrs. 'Olmes. Straight 'air becomes me, so I don't go in for these 'ere marcells."

"But 'ow do you cut it?"

"Gabber cuts it for me. 'E puts a pudding-bowl on my 'ead an' tikes the scissors an' cuts around it as neat as you please. Gabber used to work for a

vet in the Old Country an 'there's where 'e got 'is experience—clippin' dogs."

"Well, you don't catch me 'avin' my 'air off—not while the style's so uncertain."

"Seems to me it's been pretty certain for the past six years."

"Look out for a change in the seventh year then."

"If some people only knew it," observed Mrs. Gabber with acidity, "it might improve their dispositions to get their hair off. It improves the 'ealth."

"You don't look so bloomin' 'ealthy," remarks Mrs. Holmes. "You look worried, Mrs. Gabber."

"An' small wonder. It's more of a strain on me thinking what to 'ave for Sunday dessert than doing the week's wash, so it is. In the Old Country we never bothered about dessert—just snatched a bit o' bread an' spread treacle on it an' sopped it in our tea. But out 'ere it's different. Gabber will 'ave 'is big dinner on Sunday. The worry that man is to me, Mrs. 'Olmes! 'E won't eat this an' 'e won't eat that. Worse than a two-year-old, 'e is."

OTHER shoppers, basket-laden, have been bumping into them all this while at the rate of



Gabber used to work for a vet in Old Country, and that's where he got his experience—clipping dogs

two or three a minute, for when one obstructs the traffic in a grocereria one pays for it.

"That's right—step on all my corns!" mutters Mrs. Gabber to a lady of hefty proportions who has just barged into her. "I don't think you missed one."

"Well, you dug your elbows into my ribs!" retorts the fat one. "If I had elbows as sharp as yours I'd keep them padded for the public safety."

"Think you're smart, don'tcha?"

"Why don't you move on and get your shopping done?"

"None o' yer business."

"'Ere now, Mrs. Gabber," interjects her friend Mrs. Holmes, "don't lose your temperment."

"'Oo's losing it?" Then, as someone else bangs into her, "Knock my parcels off, do. The manners of some people. Look out Mrs. 'Olmes, there goes your sugar."

Yes, the place is indeed crowded and nobody seems to have any politeness whatsoever except the occasional man. Women seldom waste courtesy on each other. While not far away—as the movies might say—Georgie and Maudie play tag among the milling throngs and eventually come to grief. The assistant manager approaches. He pauses in front of Mrs. Gabber.

"Say, your kid's gone and spilled some tapioca over here," he announces to that lady without preamble.

"Wot! Where! Let me get at 'im!" To Mrs. Holmes she remarks: "Ain't it funny 'ow they always know which is the kid's parent!"

As they reach the scene of disaster both women emit cries of dismay.

"You too, Maudie! My word, wot a mess!" exclaims Mrs. Holmes.

"It was all an accident, ma. Honest, it was," protests Georgie. "Me an' her was chasin' each other a little bit an'—an' I guess we bump-

ed into a lady's basket er somethin', eh Maudie?"

"It was both kids all right," agrees the assistant manager. "You two ladies settle it between you and pay at the desk going out."

"Pay!" cries Mrs. Gabber.

"Pay!" shrieks Mrs. 'Olmes. "I like that, I do!"

"Take what's left of the tapioca if you like."

"Tapioca!" cries Mrs. Gabber scornfully. "Wot do I want with tapioca? We never 'ave it at our 'ouse. Bird's feed, that's wot it is."

Mrs. Holmes bristles with indignation.

"S'pose 'e expects us to scoop it up off the floor," she sniffs.

"I'll never shop 'ere agine," declares Mrs. G, and to her son she cries: "If you 'ad to go an' spill something why didn't you spill shelled walnuts?"

Mrs. Holmes to Maudie: "Oh wait till I get you 'ome!"

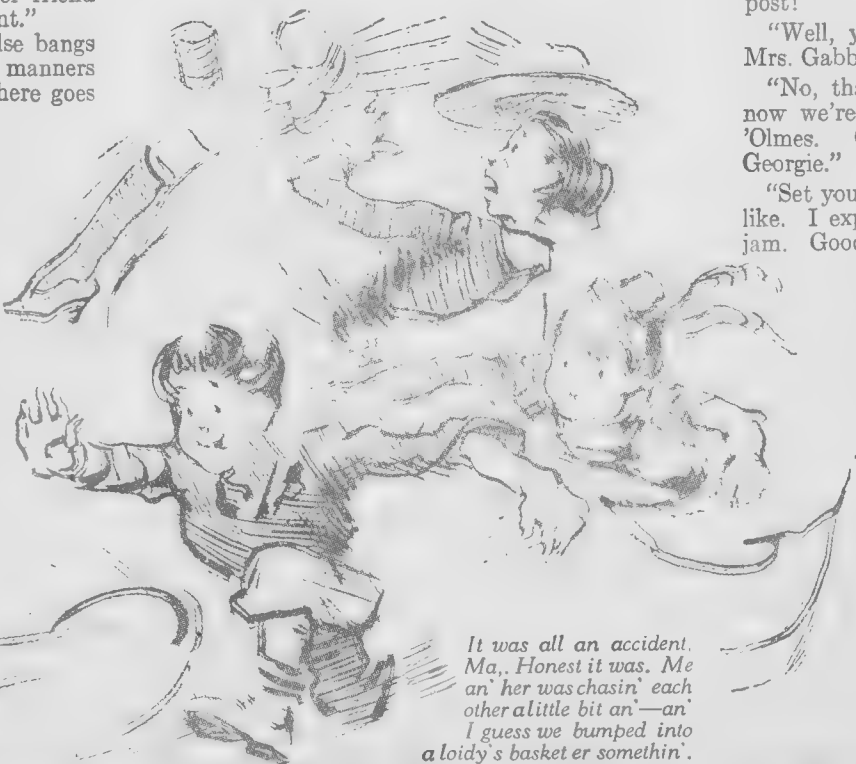
The assistant manager disappears and the ladies view the spilt tapioca with more calm and some speculation.

"Oh, well, it won't 'urt any to scoop it up. It washes," says Mrs. Gabber finally, with an air of virtuous resignation. "I could use some in the soup."

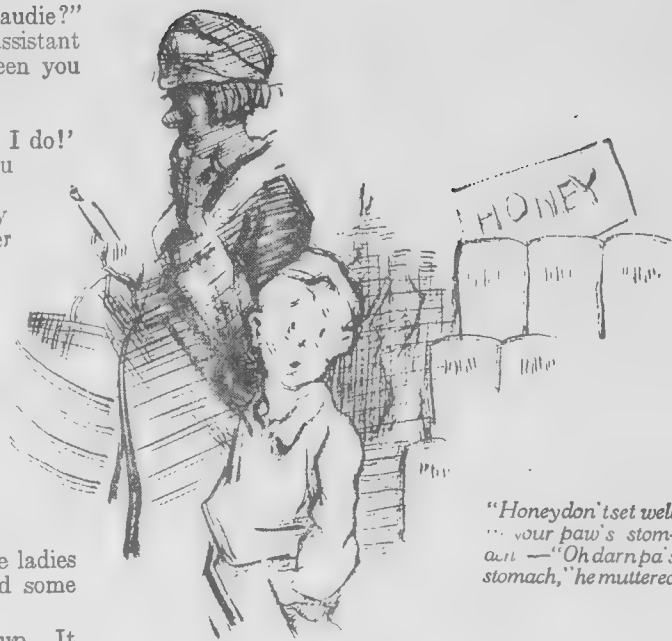
"It don't make such a bad pudding," observes Mrs. Holmes.

They take a scrubbing-brush from a bin nearby and salvage enough for a pudding apiece, Mrs. Gabber maintaining that it gives her 'ousemaid's knee to get down on the floor like that; that the doctor ordered her not to do it, but what's to be done? You can't go and leave good tapioca lying abaht for people to tread on, and if she's got to pay for it anyway she's jolly well going to 'ave it too. And Mrs. Holmes stands over her and advises her not to sweep up any more dust that she can 'elp and calls her "pore thing" and assures her that housemaid's knee isn't a circumstance to what she has gone through this past two year and more what with nerves and indigestion and moving four times and Holmes going on strike from his job.

THEN, in a chastened spirit and with more show of speed they conclude their respective shopping and pass out to the checker's desk where their bills are totted up—not forgetting the two pounds of tapioca—and where a business-like young man puts all their small packages into stout brown paper bags, throwing the now empty baskets over the heads of the crowds with such surety that they land safely, and with the minimum of accident, in their own bin among many others ready and waiting for incoming customers. Mrs. Gabber and Mrs. Holmes and their offspring emerge from the exit turnstile and having located, not without some difficulty, their own go-carts from among possibly a dozen others, proceed to load up for the journey home. When on a Saturday afternoon you chance to see an unusual number of go-carts and baby-carriages trundled abroad it doesn't necessarily indicate a prolific infant population being taken for



It was all an accident, Ma. Honest it was. Me an' her was chasin' each other a little bit an'—an' I guess we bumped into a loidy's basket er somethin'.



"Honeydon't set well 'our paw's stomach—'Oh darn pa's stomach," he muttered

an airing. It probably only means that the customers of the grocerias are returning home after a successful marketing orgy. The self-serve, no-delivery, is an excellent system specially devised for precarious and inelastic incomes and the habit, once formed, isn't easily broken. Though Mrs. Gabber has declared in her haste that she will never patronize the place again this statement may be taken with a little pinch of saleratus. She will be back again as large as life next Saturday. She couldn't keep away. Neither could Mrs. Holmes. They save fourteen cents on every dollar and meet all their friends and neighbors, and as for the tapioca, accidents will happen, and you might as well put the best face on the matter and forget about it as quickly as possible. That is philosophy. That's living.

"Well, 'ere we are," Mrs. Holmes observes. "I wonder if we've got everything."

"Georgie, set that bag of cornmeal straight," orders Mrs. Gabber of her son and heir. "If we 'ave any more accidents I'll tan your hide good—mind that! So long, Mrs. 'Olmes. We go this way."

"Ta-ta, Mrs. Gabber. I 'ope you'll enjoy your tapioca. Fix it up with a couple of eggs well beaten an' a shake o' nutmeg an' I'll wager Gabber'll arsk for more."

"Come an' see me some time, Mrs. 'Olmes."

"I will, Mrs. Gabber."

"Any time, Mrs. 'Olmes. We keep open 'ouse, you know."

"You come and see me too."

"I'll be there. I've enjoyed our chat."

"Yes, we've 'ad a pleasant afternoon," agrees Mrs. Holmes. "Did you get everything you wanted? Seems like your pram could hold more."

"I didn't get 'alf through my list but I don't care. Look out there, Georgie, mind that telegraph post!"

"Well, you don't look so worried as you did, Mrs. Gabber."

"No, thank hevving. My 'eadache 'as stopped now we're out in the fresh air. Good-bye, Mrs. 'Olmes. Good-bye, Maudie. Get along there, Georgie."

"Set your 'at straight, dearie. It's a bit crooked-like. I expect it's got knocked abaht a bit in the jam. Good-bye and good luck."

"Thank you, Mrs. 'Olmes, my 'at ain't worrying me. Wot's wrong with your scarf?"

"Oh, some rude hussy went an' pulled it off and trampled on it. Worse than a bargain-sale here on Saturdays, ain't it? Good-bye."

"Good-bye," returns Mrs. Gabber.

She has forgotten the potatoes and the washboard and the rolled oats and the broom, has lost a glove and had all of her toes stepped upon. Her hat looks as though it had been put through a concrete-mixer and there is a button torn from her jacket and hanging by a thread. But out of the late turmoil emerges one clear and triumphant fact:

The Sunday dessert question has been settled.

Sonny Boy

By Vincent G. Perry

Illustrated by J. Proster

THE private office of John Bryce was suggestive of the man. It was faultlessly furnished, beautifully appointed, yet simple to a marked degree. The walls were bare of pictures, the book cases contained no suggestion of color—just drab, heavy law volumes lined the shelves. The flat-top desk held no papers, no ornaments; save for a brass ash-tray smudged with ashes from one cigar, it would have been as barren as the walls.

The room was warm, yet the waiting man shivered. Malcolm Hughes, president and managing director of Consolidated Chemicals, Ltd., had been there for more than fifteen minutes, and still there was no sound to announce the arrival of John Bryce. Despite his good taste in furnishing and immaculate appearance, to Hughes that office seemed the most unpleasant place in the world just then. It was like Bryce, Hughes could feel that—a cold, calculating place, no real warmth, no symbol of sentiment, just hard business.

From the moment of his entrance Hughes had longed to pace up and down the office. Waiting at a time like this was unbearable; and his nerves were at the breaking point, yet the atmosphere of that office did not permit liberties. In spite of himself it had forced Hughes into a chair in the far corner—and he had not once changed his position. The forbidding front of his surroundings had no control over the mental reaction of the man—he found satisfaction in comparing the room with the lawyer for whom he waited.

Why didn't Bryce come? With this thought Hughes managed to squirm in his chair.

"He's our hireling yet I am waiting for him as if I were a hireling of his," Hughes fumed to himself; scant comfort there was in that, for Hughes knew in his heart that John Bryce was not the hireling of the Consolidated or any other corporation or man. Bryce was that type of lawyer who commands the respect of every client he serves; indeed, it was a thing of prestige to be served by him, a privilege enjoyed by very few, and that few those who were well able to pay the high fees Bryce demanded. It wasn't that the fee mattered—Bryce was a wealthy man without his practice. Those who had studied Bryce claimed the exorbitant fees were reckoned as a tribute to his legal brain—and so it was.

A hand on the knob was the first indication that Bryce had come. Impulsively Malcolm Hughes rose to his feet, a question framed on his lips, but as the lawyer opened the door and stepped in, Hughes' voice failed him. A slight, though agreeable nod was the one greeting the lawyer gave the great man—for as men reckoned it, Malcolm Hughes was a great man. The president of the Consolidated was forced to control his suspense, while Bryce placed his folio in his desk, seated himself in his own chair and lighted a cigar. He was the first to speak.

"Well?" the young lawyer asked. Bryce was young.

The calm attitude of his lawyer was all that Hughes needed to bring forth his pent-up feelings.

"Well?" he half-thundered. "Is that all you have to say—is that all you have to tell me when you must know that I am burning up with suspense—have been burning up with suspense for more than three days. Have we won or have we lost?—that's what I want to know."

Bryce attended to the ashes of his cigar before he spoke.

"We won, of course," he said simply.

Hughes' body relaxed. The suspense had ended. He sighed and wiped his brow erratically with his handkerchief. Bryce watched unmoved.

"You did not expect any other result, surely?" Again it was Bryce who spoke.

"I didn't know," Hughes admitted. "After losing the case once it was hard to tell; and this decision meant a great deal—it was the final judgment." Once more Hughes sighed, but he had himself under better control.

"Of course it was the final one—that's why we couldn't be beaten. I win the last round always." Bryce wasn't boasting, he was sure of himself, however, and just a little proud of what he had achieved.

"I know you do. Why, man, you're wonderful!" The president of the Consolidated was filled with admiration. "And you've been so cool from the first"—he went on—"I believe that's why you have won for us. If you had not unearthed the

technicality that brought a new trial, we would have lost close to a million dollars, probably more, for Miller could have brought a suit for infringement on registered formulas."

The lawyer smiled grimly. "Miller wouldn't have had the courage," he declared bluntly. "There's not much fight in that man—he's a weakling."

Hughes shifted uneasily. After a pause, he spoke:

"He's lost everything now—his place will have to close."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. Hughes' words did not interest him.

Hughes went on: "I think, maybe, that's why I got out before it was over. I couldn't wait for the judgment to be given. Miller's face got me, sort of unnerved me. He seemed to know how things were going to go; he couldn't help but know the way you took hold of it. Every word of your summing up was like the blow of a hammer on his head; he was almost crouching before you had finished. At your last words he was crouched like a cornered, wounded rat, dying hard."

The lawyer laughed. "I don't notice that kind any more, Mr. Hughes," he told the other man. "You've overdrawn it in your mind a bit, I fancy. But even if Miller did take it that hard, what does it matter? If a man isn't big enough to take defeat, he isn't big enough to be in business, is he?"

Hughes found some comfort in what Bryce had said. After all, he reflected, Bryce knew more about these affairs than he did, and Bryce was taking the matter lightly, so why shouldn't he?

"You're used to these cases, Bryce," he reminded the lawyer by way of excusing his own weakness. "I don't suppose you even noticed Miller all day."

Bryce agreed that he had not. "I was too busy on my notes and his lawyer," he confessed. "After all, the case hinged on a technicality, and that was what I had to fight. But even if I had noticed Miller, it would not have changed my attitude. Personalities don't count in law, Mr. Hughes. Tomorrow I will be working on another case, and Consolidated and Mr. Miller won't have a place in my thoughts."

Quite deftly, John Bryce turned the con-

versation to other channels, and for some time the men conversed at ease. But all the while, the business man watched the face of the young lawyer and tried to fathom what lay behind that outward show of stoicism. Was Bryce such a cynic and such a recluse; was he so devoid of sentiment and feeling for the fine things of life, as men said he was? It did not seem possible that a man so young and so handsome could be so hard. There was so much to repel one in Bryce, and yet so much to like; certainly there was a great deal in him worth cultivating an acquaintance for.

Before he left, Hughes had a promise from Bryce that he would spend an evening with him at the Hughes country home. At first the lawyer had begged to be excused, but when the other man mentioned a kennel of handsome sporting dogs that went with his place, he had struck the right angle. Bryce was reticent to meet new people, but dogs were an inward passion—and so it was arranged.

JOHN BRYCE'S heart was jubilant that night as he drove his roadster homeward—jubilant with victory. He had won again. Another case had gone down on the records of the courts in favor of one of his clients, and another triumph in the legal world had been chalked down to the credit of John Bryce.

The garage where Bryce left his car was two blocks from his street. A man was ready to take the car from him, and with a light step Bryce started out on the short walk that separated him from home. He had taken that walk every day for five years—yet, never before had he known such buoyant spirits to possess him.

As he crossed the boulevard that measured one block from his home, he stopped, as he always stopped, and whistled—one long, drawn-out whistle—and then he waited. Again he whistled. Where was Bobs? His dog had never kept him waiting before. For things to run on schedule, little panting Bobs should be racing toward him madly at that minute—by that time he should be almost there, the man reasoned, and yet there was no sign of the dog. Bryce whistled again.

For five years John Bryce had waited on that corner for his little dog to join him, and with the dog biting and jumping at his heels and licking his fingers every now and then, he had made the last block of his evening walk. Bobs had never failed before—something was wrong; and with this thought spurring him to action, the lawyer hurried on, reached his home in record time and swung in at the walk. Here a strange scene greeted him:

There, in the centre of the lawn, hugging the limp body of a small sized Boston terrier, was a little boy, a lad Bryce had never seen before—



Sonny's plaintive voice broke the tension of the scene in an instant and George Miller's fingers relaxed their grip on his revolver

and the child was sobbing bitterly. Bryce hardly saw the boy; the condition of the dog obliterated all else from his view. Almost roughly, he took the dog from the boy and laid it out on the grass. Bobs was quite dead.

"Poor little faithful Bobs," the big man was on his knees, trying as best he could to smooth out the little crushed body. The words he spoke were low, not above a whisper. "I knew some harm had come to you, when you didn't answer my whistle, but I didn't think it was as bad as this." Then as he saw how cruelly the motor wheels had mutilated the little dog, his face purpled with anger, and his voice hardened. "Ran you down, did they—the beasts! I'll bet they never even stopped to see if you were dead or just hurt. The meanest man in the world is he who deliberately kills a dog—and they must have deliberately killed you, old boy, for you had sense enough to keep out of the way if they had given you a chance."

Reverently, John Bryce lifted the body of Bobs the dog and carried it to the back of the house. In a tool-shed he found a spade. In the shade of a great tree in the garden where this man and dog had spent many a happy hour together, he dug a tiny grave. Very, very carefully, the lawyer placed the little dog in the grave he had prepared for it—then, after one long last look and a sigh of sorrow, he lifted the spade to throw in the dirt. A sob broke the silence. With spade still poised, the man turned and saw the child. Until then he had not noticed that the boy had followed him and had been there all the while. Now, as he saw the little fellow, a tearful mourner at this solemn event, interest awakened within him.

"Did you see Bobs killed?" he asked, his voice softened, for there was an ache in his heart he did not try to hide.

"Y-yes," sobbed the little fellow. "Least, I was there when he died. He crawled up on the lawn, and he died just as I got to him, and 'fore I could help him at all. He was *such* a nice dog, and I loved him so." The lad's words were choked off with a torrent of tears—he was a very little boy, you see. Bryce had never known anyone but himself loved the little dog—he had never bothered to know, perhaps. "Were you and Bobs friends?" he asked the child.

"Bobs and me were pals, sir. We played all day long 'cept when this time of day came, and then Bobs would stop play to wait for you." The tears were checked now, and the boy was eager to tell of his friendship with the dead hero.

"And who are you?" Kindness—a quality long absent in the address of John Bryce to a stranger—found its way into this query.

"I'm Sonny Boy. I live next door, least that's where I live now—though I haven't lived there always, and I'm not going to live there longer'n Mother O' Mine can help it. She's going to send for me and take me to live with her again some day.

Bryce knew his neighbors to be well over middle age. Are Mr. and Mrs. Clement your grandparents?" he questioned.

Sonny Boy deliberated. "No," he spoke after a pause. "I don't think they are; I call them aunt and uncle—Mother O' Mine calls them that too."

"Then they must be your great-aunt and great-uncle," Bryce explained to the boy, as he wondered what had made him interested at all. Yet he went on with the examination. "Is your mother visiting here with you?"

"Oh no," and Sonny's eyes opened wide with amazement. He could not understand how Bryce had made a mistake so far from the truth. Mother O' Mine is *away* out west—she's a nurse in a hospital you know."

It was a big thing for Sonny to be separated from his mother like this, Bryce knew it by the child's tone. The mother was training for a nurse—that meant the child's father was dead—no wonder the little lad looked so lonesome and forlorn. The man knew what it meant to be alone like that.

So it was something like a bond of fellowship sprang up between the child and this man, as together they pushed in the soil to cover the crushed body of Bobs, the dog. When it was all over, and the little grave had been packed down tight, John Bryce put his spade away and retired to the house. If he lingered the lump forcing it in his throat might come to the surface, he knew, and he, like Sonny Boy, would stay to shed tears over the body of the departed pal; but John Bryce was too big for that—or was it that he was too small inside?

There isn't any doubt of it, John Bryce was known as the hardest-hearted and most selfish man in public life in that city. There would have

been hundreds ready to swear there was not one grain of feeling or sentiment in his whole makeup. Yet there was.

As he sat before his dinner this night, Bryce realized how alone he really was in that great lonely house. Several days had passed since his dog's untimely death, and the big man missed the patter of tiny feet and the companionship he had had with Bobs.

As he lingered at the table, a vision rose to his mind—a vision not a stranger in this home—it took its form directly opposite him at the table. Bryce drank in that vision with a hungry soul: It was the vision of a woman, young and fair. She was smiling over the tea-things at him, and presiding at his table with an ease that could fall only upon one occupying a rightful place. Not even bitter thoughts could drive his dream from Bryce's mind that night.

In a voice that was strange even to himself, he spoke to his vision—how pitiful was his tone, and how hungry was his heart.

"You said it was *I* who was selfish, *I* who could best do without you," he told his vision—"that was what you said." And a smile of bitterness came over his features. "You thought I didn't need you as much as the other man needed you. You said I could find happiness with another woman so fair—that is what you said," and this time John Bryce laughed aloud—but it was an unhappy laugh. "Oh God, if you could have known, if you could have but foreseen this loneliness and bitterness and hardness, that has grown over me."

For many minutes Bryce sat there musing, then suddenly he rose from his chair and attempted to shake off the depression that had fallen upon him.

"Damn-foolery," he declared impatiently. "This house is getting on my nerves. I ought to get out more—I should visit somewhere." And then he thought of the invitation Malcolm Hughes, president of Consolidated Chemicals, had given him. "I'll call Hughes—I'll go there tonight," he decided.

To arrange for his call, Bryce attempted to reach Malcolm Hughes by telephone. A man—presumably a servant—gave the information that Mr. Hughes was not at that minute at home, but he was expected presently. Would the gentleman leave his number for Mr. Hughes to call him? After a moment's consideration, Bryce decided that he would. The man took his number, and the conversation ended.

As Bryce turned from the telephone a footfall sounded in the room. Bryce was startled. He knew he was the only one in the house. It was a night off for the one man-servant he kept there. The noise came again—this time there was no mistake. The lawyer turned directly about, and there, facing him, was a thick-set, sullen-eyed man.

"A burglar!" escaped from Bryce's lips. He was not afraid, even when he could see the intruder had a tight grip on a solid object in his coat pocket. "You had better take your hand off that gun," the young lawyer spoke openly. "There is nothing here for you to steal; I don't keep valuables in the house."

"I didn't come here to steal," the man answered in a voice that carried recognition to Bryce's mind and surprised him. "I came here for sterner business than that."

Bryce knew for sure now; the man was Geoffrey Miller, the chemist, the man who had been crushed by the suit he, Bryce, had won from the Consolidated Chemicals, Ltd.

"You are Miller, aren't you?" Bryce asked coolly; as yet he hadn't tried to puzzle out why the man was there.

"Yes," Miller did not flinch, and the hand in his pocket still gripped the solid object.

"Why have you come here like this?"

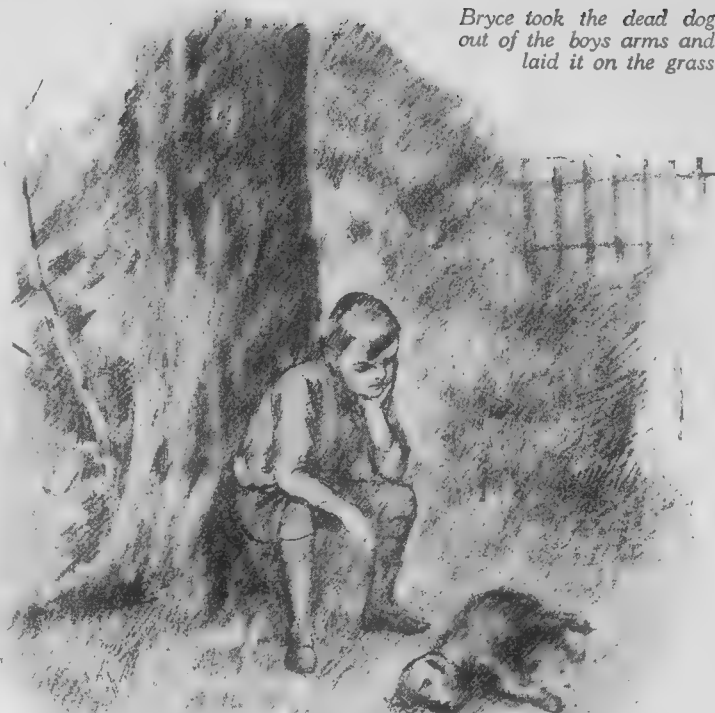
"I have come to kill you." There was nothing melodramatic in those words. They were spoken low, yet firmly. Bryce was impressed.

"Rather a stern sentence, isn't it?" he laughed as inoffensively as he could. "What have I done to warrant your displeasure?"

"You ask me that—you who have robbed me of all dear to me—ask me that?" There was hate in those words, hate and conviction. Bryce shuddered in spite of himself.

"You must think I have some connection with

Bryce took the dead dog out of the boy's arms and laid it on the grass



Consolidated Chemical. I was just their lawyer—their legal mouthpiece."

"And wasn't that enough!" Miller laughed bitterly.

A hot flush came to his cheeks as he went on: "The law says it was the Consolidated who won that case—won the case that was mine by every law of right and justice—and yet, I, who sat through every dragging, terrible hour of that hearing, know it was not the Consolidated who won at all. *You* won that case. You, by your tricks and brains robbed of all spirit of justice! *You* tricked that court into handing out the decision which lost everything for me. It is men, crafty, law-filled justice-twisters like you, who make *injustice* possible. The Consolidated, with their crooked designs, could not turn a trick if there were not men like you behind them, men who for their paper money will help them steal whatever they have a will to."

"Because I am a good lawyer you want to kill me?" John Bryce asked calmly. He saw light now.

"A good lawyer!" Miller echoed the words in derision. "You call yourself *that*—you hide your slyness and cunning under the term 'good lawyer'." He took a deep breath to get a better hold on himself. "No, Mr. John Bryce, it is not because you are a good lawyer that I am going to kill you—but because you are a bad one—an infernally bad one."

"You are a poor loser, Miller," Bryce told him coolly. "A braver man would have set to work to build up another business—financial losses are good for most men."

"Financial losses!" Miller scorned the words. "Do you think it is money alone you have robbed from me? though God knows it was for lack of it I lost what was dearer to me than life itself. No, John Bryce, it isn't because of the money—but it is because of my boy; it's because I know you for his murderer that I am going to take your life."

There was no mistaking Miller's seriousness. John Bryce had never faced a situation like this before.

"I don't understand," he said, a bit weakly for such a big man.

"No—a man of your calibre wouldn't understand—*couldn't* understand the depths of love of a father for a little lad like my Danny."

"But you said I killed him," Bryce reminded Miller. "There is a mistake somewhere. I—"

"Oh, I don't mean you killed him in the way the law says a killing is done. Nevertheless, his death is at your door. If I had not been robbed of every cent I had, and many dollars that I didn't have, my Danny would be alive today, and getting well. Oh God! A specialist could have saved him, and I didn't have the money to take him there. I was forced to sit by the side of the child I had been mother and father to, and watch his little life snuff out because the money that could have saved him was robbed from me by you, for the Consolidated."

Now John Bryce understood. For the first time in his life a hard-luck story got under his skin.

"I'm sorry," he declared humbly—"but how was I to know?"

"That's just it—how are you to know ever, as

Continued on page 72



The town of Vence and surrounding country. The picture gives an excellent idea of the terraced cultivated fields in this part of the country

Riviera Ramblings

By Francis Dickie

In this article Mr. Dickie relates many interesting phases, past and present, of one of the regions of the world annually visited by millions of people.

I STOOD at the wicket of the little post office in the small French town of Beaulieu the other afternoon waiting to send some mail. Ahead of me was a young French girl of the middle class. She was about seventeen, and was paying in at the wicket her monthly due for an old age pension. Of course thrift is admirable; but there was to me something a little sad in this young girl already thinking of the needs of old age. But it is the spirit of the country. How many girls in Canada at sixteen are dwelling on their old age? Rather they are having a good time on the pocket money given by fond parents, or from their own earnings. These things contrast the spirit and different conditions of a country that is very old, where natural resources are few, population great, and competition keen, with a new country, sparsely populated, rich in natural resources and peopled with a vigorous people who have imbibed some of the newness and strength of a virgin land.

Finishing her business, the girl turned away. She was well dressed, and wore the latest style of stockings now all the fashion on the Riviera: bare legs. And the sun of this particular part of the world is so rich in ultra-violet rays that in about two days' exposure the legs of the ladies are such a deep brown color you can hardly realize that they have not on the brown stockings which were so popular a short time previously. Of course, women are never satisfied with mere simplicity, so it has become the fashion to wear tiny gold chains on the ankles.

As the girl went on down the street clutching her little Government book with her credit of savings, I thought of another reason why she might as well have spent her money. Saving money seems problematical in Europe, a land that from one end to the other is seething with potential wars. And another war undoubtedly will smash continental civilization. Yet everywhere is the same uneasiness. Just a few weeks ago the Italian dictator Mussolini had a great marshalling of troops along the border. Then as if to demonstrate they were equally ready the French staged one too, just across the line. I was living not far from the border. The whole thing reminded me of the actions of two small boys spoiling for a fight, yelling at one another over a fence "Dare you! Dare you!" The odd part of the situation along the Riviera is that though a great many of the population have Italian blood in their veins, and names smacking of Italy, the population is intensely anti-Italian.

Another example of the rancor and suspicion still remaining from the last war is the French

attitude toward Germans dwelling on French soil. I had a very vivid example of this brought home to me in my own villa. The villa in which I live is a long, two-storey building of stone that clings on the sheer mountain side by aid of terraces held up by mighty stone walls. It is most quaint. Below it, descending the mountain side, are more villas, all surrounded by stone walls. To reach my domicile from the sea level, one walks along a long lane, bordered by stone walls. You turn at a right angle and climb slowly up wide cement stairs for perhaps fifty feet, then again at a right angle, and so zig-

zag your way up till you have climbed a couple of hundred feet. The building is divided into apartments. And oddly enough every one of them is inhabited by artists: two playwrights from New York, a German composer and a Canadian writer. But though the German composer looks very harmless, he has been visited regularly every week by the Garde Champetre (the village policeman). Now his third month of residence in France is nearly ended, he will be forced to leave. It seems rather hard. But when one recalls how thoroughly the German spy system was established before the Great War (a fact the French did not realize until too late) one can hardly blame the French.

BEAULIEU-SUR-MER is one of many little French towns on the Mediterranean that go to sleep in summer, a regular Alice-in-Wonderland place. The first intimation that the place is going to hibernate comes along toward the end of May when the beautiful green lawns in front of all the enormous hotels, which line the bit of level ground lying between the foot of the mountain and the sea, are suddenly turned over. You see this same strange metamorphosis in the gardens around Monte Carlo, Mentone and all the other spots where life thrives briskly only in winter, which is summer here. The man in Canada who spends weary months building up a fine lawn, and breaks his back picking dandelions, would not believe that good lawns could thus be made. But they do it on the Riviera. By the first week in June brown parched earth turned up to rest meets the eye everywhere. But still business is as usual along the clean business streets of the town. Then on the fifteenth of June you walk down street, say, to get your accustomed hair-cut, or buy a book, or some toilet article, and you move in a dead world. All the corrugated iron shutters are down. Hardly a man moves in the street. Overnight seventy per cent of the population has fled. Even the drug store has shut up shop. It gives one a queer feeling to move down the long silent street and stare upon nothing but covered windows which give you the impression of dead eyes staring at you. But the season has ended. There is nothing for all these tradesmen to do. To meet such an unusual business situation these French shop keepers have a sort of double life, so to speak. They maintain stores at different places on the Atlantic frequented by the wealthy in summer, such as Aix-les-Bains, Vichy and others inland. Particularly interesting among these people who follow the flight of the wealthy from watering-place to watering-place, are the antique dealers. Every June they pack up their paintings, bronzes and other works of art from such towns as Beaulieu, Mentone, Cap Martin and



One of the excellent motor roads running through the French Alps



One of the principal streets in Grasse

other places on the Riviera, and seek the Atlantic. A peculiar thing about all these towns along the Mediterranean is that though they are only a few miles apart, strung along some thirty miles of territory, they all have separate power plants to furnish electricity and gas. Yet one great central station could supply them all, at half the cost, and half the human labor. But this never seems to have occurred to anyone. It is the same old tremendous duplication of effort, and use of man power one finds everywhere in France.

The only thing I think common to most French people I have met is a tremendous interest in stamp collecting. The making of collections seems to be a national trait. Everywhere I went I came across this same interest. The clerks in the post office at the small town of Fontainebleau first drew my attention to the stamp collecting, because two different men asked me to give them the Canadian and American stamps off my mail. My first landlady in Paris when she heard I was from Canada, asked me to save her all my stamps. Imagine my surprise when in a large branch post office in Paris, the clerk, seeing me with a batch of Canadian and American mail, asked me for the stamps. And then I journeyed by train to the south of France, a matter of eight hundred miles and the clerk in the post office of the little French town asked me for the same thing. A few days later I was walking along the street with my mail when I noticed a little boy of about eight following beside me looking longingly at my mail. He gazed so hard that finally I stopped wondering. I had forgotten for the moment about the stamp-collecting craze. I asked him what he wanted. Very wistfully, his longing overcoming his diffidence, he said: "Would monsieur kindly let him have the stamps?"

But while it must be admitted that stamp collecting holds powerful sway with a great many people, I did encounter also in a great many people a tremendously keen interest in Canada. Their interest is only equalled by their ignorance. Considering the large sums spent by the Canadian government and Canadian railways in telling about Canada, it seems hardly believable that so many people should have so false a conception of the country. My first landlady in Paris drew my attention to this queer fact; for when I told her I was from Canada she immediately decided I must be a trapper. I had a hard time dissuading her. Despite all I said, I still think she had a lurking suspicion I was, for she brought me a fox fur she had bought to valuate for her. And nothing I could say could change her opinion that Canada was a land where it was always cold. Since then I have met hundreds of people, and when they learn where I am from, their comment is always word for word the same exclamation: "oh, but it is so cold there!" I have used up thousands of pounds of lung power energy telling them the actual facts about the country. On the strength of this one young fellow, a skilled cattle raiser, is going to emigrate; and several others are thinking of trying life in the new land.

But there are so many things that must be told about the Riviera in this article, that further comment upon the people, outlook and customs must be cut short. Before closing, there is one phase of changing conditions all over Europe that

seems to have escaped all recent travel writers, but is very worth while dealing with. In the past, and until the time of the Great War, every part of France, and every little country in Europe had an individuality. You did not journey a hundred miles till you came upon difference of costume, manners, dances, musical instruments. But with the coming of the automobile cutting down distance, and offering transportation within the reach of even the moderate purse in Europe, things began to change. Today life is rapidly becoming standardized. The natives of the country and little villages entertain themselves with gramophones. Many of the records are American tunes.

The quaint different costumes are giving place to made-to-order Paris clothes. And so it goes. In another few years a little town in France will not be very much different from a little town in Canada, save for the difference in language, and the price of a bottle of wine.

IN A previous article I described a visit to the great caves of Mentone from which the prehistoric remains of men 50,000 years old were taken. The bodies of these lie in the Anthropological Museum in the little town of Monaco. There is little else in this museum worthy of dwelling upon.

But nearby is the Museum of Oceanography, which by reason of its remarkable site alone is exceedingly interesting. It was begun in 1899, and finished eleven years later, on March 29th, 1910. The ironical part of the whole institution is that it

building to house the various collections made by the Prince. But the little kingdom he owned was so small there was no room on it for a building. Then the architects accomplished an amazing feat. They built piers in the sea and reared the building of white stone up a sheer cliff. An idea of the difficulty of the construction can be gained by a glance at the photograph. Upon the lower wall of the museum the heavy surf of the Mediterranean breaks. From this freshly churned sea water is pumped a continual supply of particularly well aerated water necessary to keep alive the remarkable collection of varied sea life which is kept in a long line of different-sized glass tanks which occupy the major portion of the basement. Part of the aquarium is open to the public. Passing down the long corridors, lighted only with dim globes that are hidden within the shells of sea urchins, with tanks on either side filled with hundreds of varieties of fish, octopus and giant crabs, the visitor has forced upon him very strongly the feeling of actually walking along the bottom of the sea.

The upper two floors are given over to vast rooms, one of which contains a small theatre for the holding of gatherings of scientific bodies, and two where are collected in cases and bottles the rare sea life gathered by the Prince. Here also are hundreds of different types of nets used in deep sea fishing, and a marvellous assortment of bottles for collecting specimens of sea water at various depths. The nets and water-collecting bottles are exceedingly ingenious, but have to be seen to be appreciated.

In the last article I told of a quaint monastery and its collection of paintings, but had not space to relate the story of the Church of St. Devote, an exceedingly interesting building, because of its quaint situation and the legend attached to it, and which I journeyed to shortly after visiting Lagnet.

No more oddly situated place of prayer exists in all Europe than the plain little church of St. Devote in the Ravine des Gaumates. The ravine itself is a queer, wild place, unchanged after a hundred years of surrounding civilization, an unbelievable spot to come upon within five minutes walk of one of the greatest pleasure centres in Europe. It lies between the towns of Monte Carlo and Monaco. Yet so peculiar is its situation that thousands of visitors to the Casino and the Principality pass it by without ever noticing it. Sheer cliffs tower up a hundred and fifty feet. Houses line the top, some of them crowding over the edge so far that the onlooker below expects every minute to see them come hurtling into the abyss. The mouth of the ravine, about two hundred feet wide, faces upon the main highway between the two towns, but is somewhat hidden by an enormous railway bridge. Behind this the gorge runs, narrowing rapidly for a distance of three hundred yards, then ends abruptly in a straight wall of rock, down which pours a tiny stream.

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Museum of Prince Albert at Monaco, housing greatest oceanographical collection in the world



Below—A quaint view of the church of St. Devote, Monaco, taken from inside the railway bridge

Plowing in Province today as it was done 400 years ago

was erected, and all the scientific data it contains was gathered by aid of money earned by the gambling tables at Monte Carlo. Prince Albert I of Monaco was a strange man. The civilized life of Europe bored him. He hated gambling, yet was unable to give up the profits it brought him, and live a life of poverty which would have been his had he ended the right of gambling granted to the company which operates Monte Carlo, and which yearly brought him several millions. So he gave his years to the science of the sea. For thirty years he roamed in his own vessels, the *Hidronelle* and *Alice I.* and *Alice II.* Under his skilled endeavor a tremendous amount of new information as to ocean depths, variations in pressure, difference in sea water at different depths, and, particularly, facts about hitherto unknown sea life, was gathered. It became necessary to have a proper





"In his efforts to rouse her, Chris kept finding more good news in the mail. 'As soon as the deal goes through you shall have five thousand dollars to invest—or spend,' he promised"

IT WAS midnight when Ned left her at her door. Christopher, who usually went to bed on the stroke of ten, was sitting in the front room, apparently absorbed in a book. Mary, coming in, saw him as a grey, lonely, left out, and was swept by a very passion of pity. She went quickly to him; her hand on his shoulder was a promise and a protection.

"I've had such a heavenly party, dear," she said. "I wish you could have had one, too."

He looked at her a bare second from eyes that told her nothing.

"How long is Ned going to stay?" he asked, but there was no apparent hostility in the question. Ned must have imagined that. Ned had forgotten Christopher's dry way.

"Not very long, I'm afraid. He is coming to dinner tomorrow night."

"Oh, he is?"

"Chris, you must be nice to him," she urged. "He always thought you such a wonder. He says he would back blindfolded anything that you believe in."

The phrase brought no response. "Why is he here?"

It seemed best not to explain that. "Oh, business," she said. "Do you know what hour it is? I don't want to be sleepy tomorrow night. We haven't had a guest for so long—I'm thrilled."

She looked so blooming, so radiant in her kindness, that he had to put in a reminder: "I suppose Ned has forgotten that girl he was interested in."

"Oh, yes," she laughed openly. "Five years would settle any one girl, wouldn't it? He says there are loads and loads of nice girls out there. He will marry one of them sooner or later." She could say that with perfect tranquillity.

The dinner was not a success. Chris was courteous, but he spread a chill that no geniality could defeat. He had no smile for their fun, no interest in their reminiscences.

Mary, feeling the presence of a wounded and bleeding pride, was unfailingly gentle, but a dangerous spark had come into Ned's eyes. She was

Judgment Day

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Illustrated by Charles R. Chickering

(CONCLUDING INSTALMENT)

relieved when after dinner Chris made some excuse of papers to look over and left them.

"Holy smoke!" Ned muttered when his step had passed up the stairs. "Is he always like that?"

"No, of course not. He is simply down and unhappy and taking it out on you." Last night's glimpse of him, grey and lonely, came back poignantly. "Oh, Ned, he is so pathetic to me!"

Ned was still resentful. "Why pathetic?"

She was eager to pile up the tribute. "Oh, he is so brushed and careful and proud, living up to everything he believes in, never letting his standard slip one inch, never admitting that he is hurt or discouraged—he breaks my heart."

Ned would not be touched. "I'd like to break his head. I certainly can't do business with him."

"And you've come so far and meant so kindly," she grieved. "It's a horrid return to make you."

He wandered frowning about the room, then came to rest beside her on the sofa.

"I've got to make it easier for you," he began. "I suppose Chris is all loaded up with land that he can't sell. That is the only possible explanation. Well, I'm going to look up some pieces we bought in my day and buy one of them. I can buy it through someone else; he need never know. So there will be something coming to you."

"I won't let you," she declared. "You have made it easier for me, just by coming and being you. That's enough."

"Nonsense—it isn't enough." He was quite cross about it. "I'll make a good thing out of it, eventually, myself. Chris couldn't go wholly wrong

about property. And this sale may start other sales. Just leave it to old Uncle Ned." He took her hand, brotherly fashion. "I'm glad of any excuse that will keep me here for awhile," he confided. "Will you play with me every day?"

"So far as the house will let me."

"Bother the house!"

She wrestled with the house, then threw it over. One doesn't have to grind and do one's whole duty every

single minute of one's life," she told him with an air of elated discovery that made him laugh.

"There are holidays!"

"There are, my dear—there are," he assured her.

It was late when Ned left and she went upstairs softly, smiling happily over the good visit they had had. She felt at peace with all the world, and sent a silent good-night through Chris's door as she passed, then started at finding him seated in her room, stiffly awaiting her. She went quickly to him.

"Chris, you're not ill?"

"No. I wanted to ask you something."

"Yes, dear?" She sat on the arm of his chair.

"What is it?"

"Has Ned said anything to you, anything whatever, about my affairs?"

"Why, yes, a little." She hesitated, then ventured it. "You see, that was why he came."

"Why he came?"

"He heard that we were having rather a hard time, and he thought perhaps you and he could be useful to each other. He has done so well; and he always thought you a wizard. But, Chris, you weren't very nice to him."

He drew sharply away from her, and she saw with dismay that he was very angry, bodily shaken with anger.

"I have no need of him, and I will not have him prying into my affairs," he said, tense from head to foot. "He need not come to my office again. See that he understands that. And I will not have my business talked about by you. Not with anyone. If Ned and you are going to talk it over, I shall forbid him the house. Do you understand?"

She still sat on the arm of the empty chair.

looking at him with that maddening refusal of anger.

"No, Chris, I don't understand," she said reasonably. "You used to like and trust Ned. What has changed you?"

He had never been aware of her unconquerable soul. He tried to put her down with a frigid, "I don't care to be questioned"; but nothing ever put her down or frightened her or eluded her direct look. In his rage he shook his clenched hands at her.

"Oh, you—you—" he stammered, then abruptly left the room.

Chris was queer. Mary had a shrug that covered all the manifestations of his queeriness and wasted little time thinking about them. Chris might have realized that she would not talk over his affairs, knowing nothing whatever about them.

"We will find some other topic," she assured him after his rigid back had vanished. Life was thick with things to talk about with Ned, and nothing should spoil their holiday.

And yet, before the holiday was fairly begun, it was over. There was no warning, no half knowledge; the thing seemed to spring up full grown between one day and the next. They had spent an afternoon in the park, wandering about and sitting on benches in a trance of sunny content, innocent as Adam and Eve in Paradise. They parted gaily, lightly. Then, with the door shut between them, it came on like the tide, and they knew, overwhelmingly, what had befallen them. Out of the rich past, when the boy and girl had liked each other best, out of the passion that Ned had put away years ago and the starvation of Mary's life, had sprung a full-grown love.

To Mary, up in her room, the knowledge was at first all joy.

"I love you—I love you!" she exulted. Her arms went out to Ned, her breast ached with what she had to give him. For a wild hour she understood her father, who had trailed off over the face of the world, following love.

Then the front door, shutting on Chris's return, sent a tiny reverberation throughout the house, and she remembered her mother.

"Oh, no, I couldn't desert him. I couldn't hurt him like that." The words said themselves automatically out of what she was, admitting of no appeal. It was not the law that gripped her, not the righteousness of keeping faith; it was simply the compassion of her heart. She knew of no exceptions to the great law of kindness.

"I have gone mad," she said, like Elaine, and then went down and cooked her husband's dinner. She sent a line to Ned, breaking their next day's engagement. She offered no excuse, and he submitted in silence. Several days went by without bringing any word from him.

THE sheer bodily cost of those days wrote itself on Mary's face, on her movements. She longed to go off alone with her pain, but life nagged at her, the house demanded her in a hundred petty ways. Chris's breakfast had to be on time. She had sunk from storm into a dreary submission when Ned's note came, a few hurried lines:

"You are right. I am leaving for home tomorrow evening, but must have a word with you first. Meet me for tea at half past four."

His complete acceptance of her great law was a relief. If he did not mean to fight her, they surely might meet for good-bye. Perhaps the pain

afterward would be worse, but what of that? Mary had no fear of her own strength. She knew that she could bear whatever her heart decreed. And she had a devouring need to know just how it was with Ned. A contraband glow spread all through her being as she set out for the appointed place.

She found Ned waiting at the door of a little orange tea room. This one had brave black cats on the orange linen and was setting out with bright autumn courage, heedless of all the dusty, faded little orange tea rooms that passed with every spring. A much costumed waitress led them to a table in a far corner and brought them cinnamon toast. Mary smiled over it into Ned's face. It was a tired face, lined with sleeplessness.

"You seem to have set the stage," she observed.

Ned was in words his cheerful, casual self. "Yes, I like them orange," he said. "And cinnamon seems appropriate—spices for the dead. I got your note," he added, taking the cup she had filled.

"Yes."

Their eyes met, held them for a long moment.

"All right. You're the captain," Ned said valiantly. "Mary, here is what I want to tell you. I can't buy one of Christopher's lots because I can't find any."

She had not taken that project seriously and gave it only half attention. Her heart was clamoring that this was good-bye, and that she loved him, loved him the way he looked and sat and spoke and smiled and was!

"Can't find any?" she repeated.

"You see, there were only certain properties that I knew about. And they have all been sold."

"All sold." She was thinking that she liked the way his hair grew, slanting across his forehead.

"I can't go into it with you. He paused, choosing his words. "I once made Christopher Rolleston a solemn promise that I would never talk over his affairs. Not with you, and not with any girl I might be interested in. That also seems to shut you out. But I will say this: it is a mystery to me, how that man has managed to lose all the money he has made!"

She was startled into attention. "He has made money?"

"You bet he has made money!"

"Ah, poor Chris!" She could have cried over Christopher.

"He seems to you pathetic?"

"Horribly pathetic. Always."

His head dropped on his hand. "Then you do love him, after all."

She could not leave him uncomfortable. "No, I don't. I haven't loved him for years. I'm just—sorry."

He wanted to hear it again. "You don't love him at all? Sure?"

"He didn't want me to." She could smile at old memories. "He hates being loved. Oh, I nearly drove him crazy before I gave up. Some men are not lovers and you can't make them over," she concluded sensibly.

"The fool—the thrice condemned fool," Ned muttered. Then he looked up at her, and she saw that she had lit a crazy hope. "Mary—then why stay with him?"

She was steady, even smiling at him. "It seems to be my job."

"Are you sure he wants you to stay?"

That startled her. "Why, I suppose so. He has never tried to leave me."

"Well, he's virtuous and scrupulous, and all that," Ned argued. "But perhaps he wouldn't care much if you went."

Her slow headshake denied that. "It would hurt his pride. Oh, he couldn't be labeled a failure in that way too—it would be horrible! You have no idea how proud and sensitive he is."

The little table scarcely separated them. Ned could say across it: "But I love you! Mary, I love you! He doesn't want you at all, and here I am half dead of loving you!"

Her quick "I know—I know!" begged him to stop, but he went doggedly on.

"No, don't choke me off. Let us understand everything." His hand found hers between the table and the wall. "You could love me?"

The answer leaped from her hand to his before she could take it away.

"But it won't do any good," she warned him. "Even if I were not bound by—oh, by sheer decency, Ned!—being so sorry and understanding so—I should still be bound by law. Chris hasn't done anything."

"But if he had," Ned urged. "Suppose this not wanting to be loved meant—well—some other bond—' But he knew himself that that was absurd, and left the sentence trailing.

"There isn't any other bond. She spoke more despondently than she knew. "Chris would never break any laws."

"We could break them," Ned suggested, not very hopefully. "I could, anyway. I'd break any law in the universe for you. But you don't really care for me."

She thought that over and the glow faded, uncovering lines of weariness and responsibility.

"Ah, well, you're comfortable," she said. "Comfortable?"

"Yes. You can give it your whole attention." Her eyes were turned back over her life. "When your days are spent jollyng the ice man because his bill isn't being paid, and being delightful in the dairy so that they won't cut off the milk if you shouldn't pay, and keeping roomers happy without giving them what they have the right to ask, and trying to have your house nice on a cleaning woman once a week, and a broken pane of glass is a disaster because it has got to be replaced—you don't feel up to breaking the law. Not even for love." Then, seeing Ned's face, she was sorry and tried to

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"So you have been rich!" She looked down on him as though she saw him for the first time and he were horrible

Out on the Silver Range

Written and Illustrated by
Donald W. Gillingham



his ears. He swore drowsily under his breath and at last raised himself on one elbow and stared through the tracery of branches upon his window at the frowning cliffs beyond—the cliffs that hemmed in his little domain like the walls of Troy. A lone bat, sole survivor of the cold spell, fluttered here and there, in and out among the black shadows, catching momentarily the sheen of the moonlight on its silken wings, as if the sharply outlined turrets belonged to the ruins of a medieval castle. Up there on top of the wall stretched westward the grassy plateaus comprising Al Hardy's ranch. "Coyotes singin'," he muttered sleepily. "That means trouble from now on, curse 'em."

Al promptly forgot all about it and dropped into a heavy slumber. It was not unusual to hear coyotes yelling at night; they were expected to start serenading as soon as the first frosts gripped the cattle ranges of central British Columbia.

Dawn, cold and pungent, came slowly over the hills; first a faint flush in the grey east and then a soft misty light that veiled the stars and the moon and drove out the darkness from the deep gulches and smoothed caressingly the dark wrinkles from the face of the whole earth. With the dawn came a new sound that was utterance, a new movement that was animation—altogether a different world, realistic, tangible and void of fantasies. The cattle grazed farther afield, the fat pigs roamed away from the shelter of the haystacks, and flocks of pipits twittered as they bounded through the uncertain light.

THERE was a movement, too, almost imperceptible, close by the white blotch in the middle of the field. A coyote fed under the flanks of the dead yearling bull, scarcely conscious of the approach of day. For two hours he had been there, lying on his belly, quietly feeding off and on and digging deeper into the still warm flesh. As the light increased and the pearl gossamer mists that hung in spots floated lower over the range, wafted by the breath of dawn, the feeder paused and backed away with ears pricked towards the distant river. He was a beautiful creature, this wanderer of the sage brush hills and outlaw of the cattle range. There was beauty in the curve of his fawn-colored back, in the sweep of his bushy, black-tipped tail, in the fullness of his furry throat—his sharp little face you might even call pretty. There was something wonderful in his every move, in his very presence, for he had in his being both the virtues and vices—and a large percentage of the latter according to the prejudiced ranchers—of two sagacious beasts, the fox and the wolf.

He stood there for a brief instant and his blood-smear lips curled back from his white fangs in a savage little snarl. They were familiar but harsh notes that came to him from across the awakening range. The raucous notes grew louder and louder and then ceased altogether. Came a faint swish of wings and a white and black bird swept down on wide-spread pinions and landed with an agile bound upon the carcass; but the next moment it sprang screaming again into the air as a pair of jaws clicked ominously within an inch of its long tail. Immediately the air became filled with fluttering white wings and the harsh cries of a dozen magpies. They wheeled about the carcass of the yearling bull like a whirlwind of snowflakes, screeching and darting at the tawny form below that now stood with front feet upon the steer, snapping at space. Once the coyote cunningly slunk back and lay panting on the ground. The magpies dropped simultaneously and swarmed like a host of flies over the raw meat exposed under the flanks, gluttonously fighting among them-

selves but each keeping an eye to its white plumage. Some fared poorly in the struggle and emerged, gripping pieces of meat in their black bills, with scarlet heads and ruffled tempers. The coyote looked on almost with amusement. Then, as if released by a mighty spring, he dashed upon the mass of birds, scattering them in all directions and nearly pinning one to the legs of the steer.

After awhile the sun pierced through a diaphanous cloud that wreathed the pine-clad crest of an eastern mountain, and marked the plateau with streaks and patches of gold. Soon it shone unveiled upon the earth, picking out individually the clumps of grey sagebrush and yellow greasewood and the purple Old Aily bushes clothing the velvet slopes, and bringing shadows again to the gulches and turrets and canyons. It shone, too, upon the Painted Cliffs back in the hills, which deeply serrated like the pipes of immense organs, came out in all the colored glory of the peacock's plume—pale violet fading into mouldy green, green into blue, blue into yellow and yellow into the bright hue of a curled wave. One huge bluff that towered among the fleecy clouds took on a deep blood-red color, like a beet slashed in half.

When the rays became strong enough to melt the hoar frost in the alfalfa field and glitter upon the tiny jewels hanging pendant-wise from the green blades, the cattle moved down from the upper reaches of the range. It so happened that a cow, grazing towards the centre of the field, noticed the confusion of white wings over the dark mound and wandered over with lowered head to satisfy her curiosity. She paid little heed to the coyote or the noisy birds beyond a loud disdainful blow from her wet, brown nose, but approached slowly and cautiously the lifeless shape. She came as near as she dared, sniffing with outstretched neck the dead yearling, and moored softly—almost moaned. Half a dozen steers browsing nearby raised their heads at the sound and ambled towards her, repeating the same performance and mooring plaintively like bereaved relatives. Other bulls, impelled

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IT HAPPENED at a time when the round moon was sailing majestically above the turreted mud walls of the mighty Fraser and flooding the grassy plateaus and bunch grass hills of Hardy's ranch with a soft silver brightness that almost rivalled the light of day. The night was full of mystery and fascination—and bitterly cold, too cold, in fact, for that time of the year. The wan moonbeams tipped the brown turrets with an icy phosphorescence, threw raven-black shadows in the cleft walls, in the deep canyons, in the sage brush gulches and turned the sibilant river below into an expanse of frosted glass. They shone, too, upon the backs of the grazing cattle as they moved across the silvery range with that strange stealthiness that belongs to the solitudes of night, and made the little puffs of vapor spouting intermittently from the nostrils of the beasts look like white smoke from a hundred miniature cannon. It was on this night that the sickly yearling bull left the silent herd to lie down groaning under the stars to die.

The moon had been illumining the white flanks of the dead steer for perhaps two hours when a grey shape appeared over the side of a hill, becoming silhouetted against the dark blue of the night sky as it mounted to the crest. Here it hesitated for a moment, and then slipped noiselessly out of sight in the black bottom of the gulch, reappearing farther on as a vague shadow fleeting through the satined clumps of greasewood. On another rise where a dark brooding cluster of boulder-capped earth columns—the Pillars of Time—towered into the night, it paused again, a silver form in a silver patch of light, and raised a tiny muzzle towards the cold moon. The slumbering hills and knolls and gullies and the painted cliffs behind started suddenly with that impassioned call of the wild. Sharp it rang, increasing in volume like a rush of chilled wind, becoming broken into a succession of yaps and yowls—seemingly from a dozen throats—and then trailing off into a long faint howl, thin as the night air, swift as the flight of an arrow. Soon the voice faded altogether somewhere up among the stars, as if the lovely moon had claimed it as her own. A steer bellowed out on the range, a south-bound murrelet called down from the sky, and then silence profound crept back among the hills and knolls and the gullies. The grey shape vanished from the mound, but ten minutes later appeared stealing through the dark forms of cattle towards an object near the centre of the tinseled field.

DOWN in the log cottage that squatted in the dappled shadows of a cottonwood grove on the edge of the whispering Fraser, Al Hardy tossed restlessly in his bed at the faint sound that reached



A cluster of boulder-capped earth columns towered into the night, beneath which a silver form in a silver patch of light raised a tiny muzzle towards the cold moon



Illustrated by
Carl Michel Boog

The Princess and Scribble
watching the cocoon, saw a
slight movement, and to their
astonishment, there moved
slowly out a beautiful white
moth

The Princess and the Silk Moth

By William Thompson

FOR three days the Princess and Scribble watched the cocoon, a soft, delicate, oval-shaped thing, about the size of a peanut and now called a chrysalis. To their great surprise, on the third day, they saw a slight movement at one end of the silken ball, and to their astonishment, there moved slowly out a beautiful white moth. Of course, the Princess and the Scribbler thought they were in Dreamland until the silk-moth saluted them with a "Good morning to you. This is the reward, my good Fairy, for all my labor. I have now become as beautiful as you are."

"More beautiful," replied the Princess, as she approached the silken shell from which the exquisite thing had just been born, and peeked in.

"You may go in if you wish," said the Moth.

"Oh, may I?" Looking very pleased, she entered the warm, dark place of so much mystery. There was just a thin shell covering the wall.

"As I have no more need for the chrysalis, it is yours to do with as you wish, and if you will keep my secret I will tell you something that will no doubt please you."

"We cross our hearts we will, don't we Scribble?" forgetting she was of royal birth.

"You will notice that the silk cocoon from which I just came is broken, and is of no use," said the Moth. "Find a cocoon that still contains the moth, and unwind the silk."

"Then what shall we do with it?" asked the Fairy of the Moth.

"Have you weavers in your household?"

"We have; the best in all Fairymdom. Is not this beautiful?" asked the Princess, taking in her tiny hands her filmy garment.

"It is very well done," replied the Moth, not wishing to be rude. "I have many things to do; I must be off. Take the silk to your weavers by whatever means possible—they will know what to do with it," and off flew the Moth to play hide-and-seek with the Butterfly, but soon to die. As the Moth fluttered away the Princess made a deep sigh. "She is so beautiful, Scribble. Why are some so fortunate?"

"So fortunate," repeated Scribble, pensively.

"Let's follow her," said the Princess.

"As you wish, Your Highness," and off they hurried to see what Lady Moth would do.

Seeing the Moth resting upon a small magnolia tree bursting with great blossoms, they hid, fearing to disturb her. The Moth then flew among the flowers and tall grass and back to the tree, and there she laid a little nest of eggs; then her spirit passed to the Paradise where all butterflies go.

The Princess and Scribble dug a grave, and taking the frail little body tenderly laid it to rest, placing upon the mound a harebell, as a token of their grief, for they really were very sad; then they stood a moment in silence.

Finding the tiny nest of eggs, Scribble asked in a whisper, "What is this?"

"Don't touch them," said the Princess softly.

Counting them he found three less than three hundred and fifty, by Fairyland arithmetic.

"We must come often, and find out their secrets."

"We must, Your Highness."

So each day, either the Princess, or Scribble Sprite, or some other member of the household of Her Highness, visited the nest.

ONE day a robin was making such a worried noise that the Princess, who was always full of pity for those in trouble, decided she would go and see what was the cause of his distress. The sounds came from the direction of the magnolia tree, so she hurried to find the robin perched over the nest calling to its daughter to come up and feast on the silk-worms which had been born during the early morning hours.

"Naughty Red Breast! Naughty Red Breast!" she repeated. "How dare you eat up the little people who spin my beautiful garments; go to the palace and tell the butler to give you something to eat! Go! At once, or I'll have your wings clipped," thinking how sad it would be if they were unable to fly.

Of course, the robin did not dare to reply, no matter how badly she wanted to do so. Making a low chirp, which her daughter understood to mean, "It's time for us to go," off flew the robin and her child, not to the Palace, but to try to find another morsel like the one the Princess refused to allow them to feast upon.

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Kingston Row

By

Douglas Baxter



"Gladys had a long talk with Florence about her future"

"THIS is Kingston Row—one of the loveliest residential spots in Manitoba. As you see, it runs along almost parallel to the Red River."

Clifford Weston, himself a stranger to the city, was attempting to act as guide to his companion, Percival Raeburn, who had accompanied him on this northern holiday jaunt.

"I wonder what's the name of this street?" asked Cliff.

"Well, Perc., my intentions were to ask the cop who was standing on the corner, but unfortunately as we drove up he just wheeled around and walked off in the opposite direction before we drove up to the curb. Worse luck! Some of those cops are a bit offhand. I know some of them are queer ducks. If he comes along to the corner again," said Clifford, "I will ask him to direct us."

Being July, everything was looking at its best. The garden plots in front of the large houses were brilliant with bloom. The trees were in full foliage and their blending shades of green produced a pleasing effect, and on the carefully trimmed, well watered lawns, cool fountains of water played, through whose spray the rays of the setting sun glittered in miniature rainbows.

The luxurious car in which the boys were driving carried a California license plate, the number of which the observant policeman had noted in his book, as he muttered: "Another of those touring parties. I hope they don't ask us next to get the license number of all stray dogs."

"I wish, Perc, someone would come along who could give us a little information as to the best road to take."

A large number of cars of all kinds from a Rolls Royce to a flivver had passed them just as they had swung round the corner, having halted a minute or so to attract the cop's attention. Evidently he had not noticed them. "A crazy place to stop there, boys," a voice shouted from a passing Lizzie that had seen better days. "All right old chap, you don't surely want all the road," shouted Percival.

"You might keep your own side of the road," replied the speaker in a deep, sonorous voice.

Cliff was industriously studying his road map, when two young ladies appeared on the sidewalk coming towards them. As the girls approached, the boys got out of the car, and Cliff politely raising his cap said: "Pardon me ladies, we are at a loss to know just exactly where we are. Would you be kind enough to direct us? We were wondering about the name of this street."

"Why, this is Kingston Row," said one of the girls, the taller and prettier of the two. Her voice sounded low and musical.

"It's very beautiful," said Cliff.

"Do you think so?" inquired the other girl.

"I do," replied Percival.

At this moment the cop appeared again at the corner, where he stood watching the autos as they passed.

"Are they strict here about parking?" inquired Cliff.

"Not very," replied the tall girl.

"You know down where we come from in California the cops are very strict."

"There is no speed limit here now, only where there are sharp curves. Then it is twenty miles per hour."

"How is this policeman, all right?"

"Yes, Mac's all right," said the tall girl. "Everyone here likes him."

"Well, he seems to be keeping a sharp lookout and I guess he could hold his own in a tussle."

"He has made several clever captures around here," said the other girl.

"Then, ladies, my friend and I are grateful to you for your information," and both raising their caps, stepped into their car and were moving away when Perc, who was not at the wheel, chanced to turn around to see if the girls had gone. The tall girl stood waving the road map in her hand.

"Stop, Cliff, we left your guide-book. One of the girls has found it."

"You run back," said Cliff, as he put on the brakes. "I'll wait here for you."

"I am sorry, sir, you had to come back, but does this book belong to you?" asked the tall girl, holding out the road map. "I just noticed it lying at the edge of the sidewalk after you had driven away. There's a name, sir, inside of the cover, 'Percival Raeburn,'" she said, not forgetting to put the emphasis on "Percival."

"That's my name," he acknowledged. She smiled at him, but in an absent sort of way, the expression in her eyes was of such a searching nature as to make him flush. The girls smiled.

"And your name, may I ask?"

"My name is Gladys Capper, and this is my friend, Miss Florence Wren," said she in some embarrassment.

"If you will pardon me for suggesting it we would be pleased to have you accompany us to the suspension bridge, if that is on your way home."

"It's very kind of you indeed, and I know we should not impose on your kindness. As a matter of fact we were visiting some friends and stayed longer than we intended. If you don't mind we will drive down to the bridge; that will just get us home before dark, as Aunt always gets rather anxious if we are late in getting home and we promised to be home for dinner."

During the drive down to the bridge the two girls learned that the young men were college boys on vacation, and had never been in Canada before. They were staying at the Fort Garry Hotel.

Arriving at the bridge the boys were rather amused at the two old fellows who were stationed at each end collecting the toll fees.

"Is this an ancient custom? Why do they collect the small fee?"

"It goes toward the upkeep of the bridge," replied Gladys.

After crossing the river the car stopped and the ladies got out.

"Thanks very much for your kindness."

"Don't mention it," said Cliff. "I must thank both of you for being so kind in acting as our guide."

"I hope," broke in Perc, "we will have the pleasure of meeting you again before we go back home."

"Well, I hope we shall," replied Gladys, and they parted.

It was getting dark when the girls arrived at the home of Gladys' aunt, where they were staying.

"Where have you been, my dears?" asked the old lady, as she met them at the door. "Come right in to dinner."

"Well, Aunt," said Gladys, "Florence and I got a drive down to the bridge with two young gentlemen from California or we certainly would not have been home yet. You see, Aunt, the friends we were visiting detained us and we stayed longer than we intended."

"Never mind that, girls, now, you can tell me all about it later on."

After dinner in the sitting room the old lady asked: "How did you enjoy the drive you began to tell me about?"

"Just splendid," replied Florence, while Gladys remained silent.

"Where did you meet the boys, may I ask?"

"Down at the corner of Kingston Row," answered Florence.

"How strange."

"No, you see, Aunt, they had dropped their road map on the sidewalk and Gladys found it. That's how we became acquainted."

Gladys seemed to be in deep thought. How pretty she looked, as the soft rays of the lamp cast its shaded light upon her beautiful features and brown eyes. Although she was over forty years of age, she would easily have passed for a girl of twenty-eight.

The aunt was a small dark woman with lovely brown eyes. She bore no resemblance to her niece, yet she, too, gave one the impression of being a jolly person.

"Bob Jephson called this evening just after you had gone out."

"I wonder what brought him to town?" asked Gladys.

"He wants to take Florence and you to a dance at the Fort Garry next Friday."

BOB JEPHSON was the son of James Jephson, a local barrister. The Jephsons and Cappers had been neighbors for years and were very friendly. Bob and Florence were staunch companions during the earlier part of their school days when they went to school together, and both families were looking forward to a bright future for the young couple, but time doth make many changes. Bob's parents moved away to California on account of his father's health, and through unforeseen circumstances he was compelled to go out and work. After working for a farmer for some years he took up a homestead in Western Manitoba. When he had made the necessary improvements he

Continued on page 92



"He danced several times with Gladys, which was more than he had ever done before"

THREE WAYS TO WASH

{ WE LEAVE THE CHOICE TO YOU }

If you tried to do a week's wash with only *water*, think of all the hard work and rubbing you'd have to do to get the dirt out!

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WATER
+
SOAP
+
HARD
WORK



But when you use Fels-Naptha Soap which contains plenty of *naptha, you get *extra help* that does the hard work for you

WATER
+
FELS-NAPTHA
+
LITTLE
WORK



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The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Hippocrates

BRIEF Biography No. 4.—Hippocrates was a Greek physician, the most celebrated of antiquity, who was born in the island of Cos, probably about 460 B.C. After traveling through different parts of Greece, he began to practice at Cos. Seventy-two works bear his name. His writings were first printed in a Latin translation in 1525. The first Greek impression appeared in 1526. He seems to have gathered up all that was sound in the history of medicine; was good in diagnosis and prognosis; and believed that the four fluids or humors of the body—blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile—were the primary seats of disease. He was a man of great nobility of character and possessed high ideals of medical ethics. These have been perpetuated to the present time in the world-wide reverence of physicians for the "Hippocratic Oath." He died about 357 B.C.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 5.—In the paragraphs that follow, particulars are given of the duties and qualifications of a map draftsman as required by the office of the Geodetic Surveys Branch of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa.

Duties: To compile and prepare, under supervision, maps, plans, charts and diagrams for astronomical, geodetic, geological, geographical, military, naval, topographical, and other purposes; and to perform other related work as assigned.

Qualifications: Education equivalent to a high school graduation; either attendance for two years at a school of applied science of recognized standing, with one year of subsequent experience in a map drafting office; or three years of experience in a map drafting office; ability to compile maps from a surveyor's notes; knowledge of the various approved methods of map projection.

The Problem Department

SERIES FOUR—Geography.

1. Give the derivation of the word geography.
2. State the name and subject matter of each of the principal divisions into which the science of geography is classified.
3. Characterize the three chief periods of geographical progress.
4. Who were the earliest navigators known to history?
5. State four benefits that may be derived from the study of geography.

Answers to Science Questions, Series Three:

1. Enumerate some important results of progress in chemistry; in physics.

Answer: Advances made in chemistry have completely changed many of the world's leading industries. Processes based upon the application of chemical discoveries lie at the foundation of great enterprises, such as iron and steel making. The recovery of gold and other precious metals from their ores, and the preparation of many valuable mineral products alike require advanced chemical knowledge. Present-day methods of manufacturing soaps, fertilizers, synthetic dyes, and illuminating gas, have been made possible only through chemistry. The process of refining petroleum so as to make it yield a variety of useful products, depends upon chemistry. Chemistry makes possible the photographer's art, furnished the physician with his medicines, and provides the surgeon with anesthetics, such as ether, chloroform and cocaine. The elaborate methods required for the preparation of hundreds of foodstuffs depend upon chemical knowledge.

2. Give several illustrations of the practical results arising from the use of the microscope in the study of plants and animals.

Answer: As Pasteur remarked, this instrument reveals the realm of the infinitely small, just as the telescope revealed the universe of the infinitely great. The use of the improved microscope led to discoveries of the first rank in the plant and in the animal world, and made possible the great modern developments in the science of biology.

3. To what is the success of science due?

Answer: The success of science is due to the way in which it seeks, finds, and tests knowledge.

The true scientific investigator never jumps at conclusions, never takes anything for granted, never considers his judgment better than his information, and never substitutes opinion or long established belief for fact.

4. Point out the characteristics of the scientific attitude.

Answer: The true scientist seeks neither to confirm nor to confute ancient dogma or current speculation, except as his proved facts lead him. He endeavors simply to report the truth as the methods and tests of science show it to be. For this reason, there is nothing regional, racial or national about science. It is international and universal, making no exceptions for or against any nationality, race or creed.

5. Discuss the general application of scientific methods in practical affairs.

Answer: Because of their universal effectiveness, the methods, first conspicuously developed in the natural sciences, are being more and more widely extended to other fields of knowledge. The most conclusive proof of the value of scientific methods is seen in their successful application to practical affairs. A noteworthy example is the use of scientific methods to increase the output of factories, to facilitate the process of merchandising, and to improve the general conduct of business.

What the British Premier Thinks

MR. A. J. M. POOLE, M.L.A., President of the United Farmers of Manitoba, has forwarded to this Department a clipping referring to a speech made at Montreal by Premier Stanley Baldwin, in which he expressed the opinion that in the relationships which existed between Great Britain and the other members of the Empire, three things were necessary — consideration, co-operation, and co-ordination.

Mr. Poole has taken the trouble to get at the exact meaning of these words and suggests that they contain valuable thoughts for young men as well as for nations of the Empire. He finds that consideration means continuous and careful thought; that co-operation means operating together to one end; and that co-ordination means bringing different parts into harmony of action.

Incompetence

NOT long ago, a father who was leaving Winnipeg, remarked to me, with reference to his son, that there were few opportunities in the West for young men today. The suggestion behind the words was that whereas there might have been opportunities say fifteen or twenty years ago, those opportunities were not available today. The remark was so unexpected and surprising that I remained silent before it. On reflection, however, I came to the conclusion that at no time were opportunities more numerous or more diversified in Western Canada than they are today—for young men *competent* to take advantage of them.

Industries and organizations exist in the West that were unthought-of twenty years ago and the development of these industries has meant the employment of hundreds of thousands of young men in specialized forms of work. Scientific achievements in electricity, radio, aviation, mining and engineering have brought about new occupations by the score but the young men who expect to enter them must be competent. Statistics, if they may be relied upon, show that more failures in business result from incompetency than from any other tabulated cause.

The problem is discussed effectively by two American writers, Hotchkiss and Drew, in a work of which we have not the title, and the following paragraphs are recommended to the attention of young men who are planning to make their way in the West.

"Many a man has had the sad experience of finding that a job is most difficult to obtain when most needed. The reason for this lies not alone in business conditions. It lies in the attitude which a man ordinarily takes when necessity presses severely. The feeling that he must have work obscures every other thought in his mind and he

forgets that the employer is not so anxious to hire the man who needs the position as to hire the man whom the position needs. His woe-begone expression and tale of hard luck do not make a favorable impression upon the employer, and he receives little encouragement.

"Sympathy, some people tell us, should have a larger part in the business world. Most practical men disagree with this idea. They know that the man who is always in 'hard luck' and who is willing to accept anything is usually incompetent. There are numerous exceptions, but nine times out of ten the man is incompetent, if not in actual ability, at least in attitude of mind. Employers must look out for their own welfare and they cannot run their business with incompetents. Therefore, they stifle all sympathy and judge the applicant according to his ability. Any other method would invite failure."

It may be that there is some degree of harshness in the points of view here presented and letters to this department giving the ideas of readers would be welcomed. In the meantime, it might be well for young men not to count too much upon sympathy with conditions brought about by incompetence. There might be some profit, too, in examining the statements that follow:

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to the work, body and soul.—Charles Burton.

The successful men of today worked mighty hard for what they have, and the men of tomorrow will have to work hard to get it away.—Gustavus F. Swift.

Thrift of time will repay you in after-life with a thousand-fold of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams.—William E. Gladstone.

Young men are in duty bound to aim high and not be too easily pleased. Thousands seek work for their uneducated muscle, while the world is looking for brains.—Russell Conwell.

All success is based on understanding; understanding is the fruit of education; and the right kind of education can be acquired outside of college walls as well as inside.—Theodore N. Vail.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Joseph Addison.

Always bear in mind that your own resolution to succeed is more important than any other one thing.—Abraham Lincoln.

The man who ceases to study and learn ceases to advance.—Coleman du Pont.

He who rises earlier than his competitors, and who works more hours within the limits of healthful endurance, will carry off the prize. — David Dudley Field.

The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.—Emerson.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.—Horace Mann.

The man who succeeds above his fellows is one who early in life clearly discerns his object and toward that object habitually directs his powers.—Lord Lytton.

There is but one straight road to success, and that is merit. The man who is successful is the man who is useful. Capacity never lacks opportunity.—W. Bourke Cochran.

I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.—Abraham Lincoln.

Many so-called bright men are drawing small salaries because they never felt the necessity of settling down to learn any one thing well.—Adelaide Proctor.

It is only the man who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit, who can advance to eminence in any line.—William Wirt.

Why are these troubles of the gums so fashionably prevalent today?

*What brings them on? How dangerous are they?
How may they be avoided?
How can Ipana help?*

YOU have noticed, in all probability, that modern dentists are attaching great importance to the care of the gums.

Within the past few years, this importance has been so progressively accented that now it seems to rise to a great crescendo, leaving the general impression that an epidemic of gum troubles has been suddenly brought to light.

In reality, no such thing has happened. There is probably less trouble than before. For the profession, having revealed the danger and made evident the cause, has also pointed out the simple, effective remedy.

Our diet is to blame for our gum troubles

The profession blames our diet for the troubles of our gums. Nine-tenths of these troubles, they say, can be definitely ascribed to this regime of delicious but soft cookery under which, as a people, we live.

Our soups and our sauces, our puddings and our fruits, our vegetables and our porridges—all are cooked to a soft consistency. We are particular about the cuts of meat we buy. We demand our eatables soft and tender, and we get them so. The roughage and the fibre has departed from our food. Our diet, so soft and so delicious, has lost its power to stir our gums to health.

And our national bad habit of eating too hastily does our gums no good. For, deprived of the natural massage that careful mastication would give, our gums have grown soft, flaccid and tender.

It is these two causes that make gums lacy and dull—dead is almost the word. The blood does not circulate, the gum becomes unhealthy. "Pink tooth brush" appears. Other troubles threaten.

Dentists advise massage because it stirs up the gum tissues to health, because it speeds to the



Eating today is a lazy pleasure. Coarse foods, containing the roughage that is so good for our gums, have disappeared from our tables. And the dentists turn to massage to make up this lack in our diet.



depleted, softened tissues a fresh supply of rich and wholesome blood. Dentists recommend massage with Ipana Tooth Paste because Ipana has a special value in toning and strengthening gum tissue that is weak and undernourished.

Why massage with Ipana is so good for the gums

Ipana has this unique value because of its ziranol content. For ziranol is a preparation with antiseptic and hemostatic properties, which for years has been widely used by dentists to allay bleeding and to tone and strengthen weakened tissue.

Even if your gums bleed but seldom—even if "pink tooth brush" rarely appears—do the daily cleaning and massage with Ipana. It's simple, easy and effective.

Give Ipana a full month's trial

Ask your own dentist about Ipana. He knows it. In fact, hundreds and hundreds of dentists to whom our professional men have shown Ipana are responsible for its start. Then, when your dentist says the word, buy the full-size tube at the nearest drug store and experience for yourself the delightful flavor and splendid cleansing power of Ipana, as well as its wholesome and beneficial effects on the gums.

The ten-day trial tube will be gladly mailed if you send the coupon, but the full-size tube, containing more than a hundred brushings, makes a far better test of Ipana's power to improve the health of your gums and the brilliancy of your teeth.

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Northern Slavonic Poetry

By Watson Kirkconnel, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., F.S.S.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the fifth instalment of Professor Kirkconnel's "Outline of European Poetry," in which, by his critical summaries and verse translations, he is seeking to interpret something of the greatness of the European tradition. The final instalment next month will deal with the Celtic, Finno-Ugric, and Basque languages.

WE ARE prone to forget that the largest linguistic group in all Europe is the Slavonic, which contains more than one-third of the population of the continent. The Slavs may be divided into three regional categories: (1) the Southern Slavs (already treated in the first article of this series) living south of the Danube, in the Balkans; (2) the Northwestern Slavs, including the Poles, Slovaks, and Czechs; and (3) the Eastern Slavs, the Great Russians, White Russians, and the Ukrainians. With these last two groups must be associated two kindred Baltic stocks, the Lithuanians and the Letts.

The cradle of all these remarkable peoples was the marshy region north of the Carpathian mountains, between the sites of modern Kiev and Warsaw. The typical Slavs are broad-headed and of medium height, but in the stupendous multiplication and migratory expansion of eighteen centuries they have been heavily blended with Nordic types in the north and west and with many Asiatic types in the east.

The Slavs are variously and unusually gifted, but history has been a cruel step-mother to them in the denial of opportunities for peaceful development. Over and over again they have been the bulwark of Europe against Asiatic inroads, and have had an incipient civilization wounded almost to the death. Whenever they have enjoyed quiet intercourse with the rest of Europe, the natural genius of the race has shown itself swiftly and brilliantly. Comenius, a Czech, was one of the greatest Renaissance educators; Copernicus, a Pole, was the father of modern astronomy; and in music we may turn to Dvorak and Smetana among the Czechs, to Chopin and Paderewski in Poland, and to Borodin and Tchaikovsky in Russia. Their even greater achievements in poetry are the theme of the present article.

Czech Poetry

THE Czechs were the first of the Slavs to be drawn into the main current of European culture. Their country, Bohemia, enjoyed an independent existence for over a thousand years, from the fifth century down to the sixteenth, when it passed under the tyranny of Austria. In 1848 the earliest university of Central Europe was founded in Prague, their capital, and became a vitalizing centre of intellectual life. The creative interests of the centuries that followed were, however, more theological than poetic, and it is not until the ferments of the early nineteenth century begin to work that we find Czech poetry of any great value. Ladislav Celakovsky (1799-1852) was one of the pioneers of the new age. He was a professor of Slavonic philology, whose study of folk poetry led him to create original lyrics in the same spirit. The following is one of his slighter pieces:

Joy and Sorrow

Ah, how pretty, pretty
Is joy's blossomed shoot!—
But what loss and pity
That it has no root.
When the wind blows, joy goes flying;
When the rain drives, joy lies dying.
Ah, what pity, pity
That it has no root!

Ah, dark sorrow, sorrow,
Bitter is thy root,
And thy wan tomorrow
Knows not flower nor fruit.

Bitter juices blast thy tissue
Leaving thee bereft of issue.
Ah, that wan tomorrow
Without flower or fruit!

The mid-century saw the rise of a less romantic, more realistically revolutionary group of poets, known as "the generation of May," of whom Jan Neruda (1834-1891) was the leader. The following tribute to his mother, published in 1867, shows that he was not a fanatical doctrinaire but a man of fine natural impulses:

Naught my heart can sever
From my little mother—
Poor and small, but ever
Dearer than all other.

Should base birth malign her,
I'd refuse to hear it;
Love would still enshrine her
In my inmost spirit.

Were she wizened smaller
Than a dwarf's shrunk seeming,
Still my heart would call her
Dear beyond all dreaming.

In the seventies came a third great group of poets, who sought above all else to interpret world literature to their own people and to raise Czech to the level of a major literature. The most typical figure of this movement was Jaroslav Vrchlicky (1853-1912) a professor in Prague University, who published over 100 volumes of original poetry and drama and nearly 150 volumes of verse translation from the chief poets of Europe and Asia. The brief poem "Dew," gives us some hint of his technical virtuosity:

All down the meadows of the morning
Earth's grief is changed to pearls of dew,
And in a blaze of silver hue
Each tender blade of grass is burning.

The dawn with gold the night suborning
Leads on its radiant retinue.
See, down the meadows of the morning
Earth's grief is changed to pearls of dew.

Sweet music sounds, the silence scorning,
As mounting larks salute the blue,
And peak and vale flash forth anew
The glory of the sun's returning;
While down the meadows of the morning
Earth's grief is changed to pearls of dew.

The patriotic strivings of the nineteenth century were finally crowned with success in 1918, when the Czechs and their cousins, the Slovaks, revolted and established the Republic of Czechoslovakia, which is today one of the most vitally intellectual countries in Europe.

Slovak Poetry

WHILE the Czechs were under an Austrian yoke, the Slovaks, however, were for centuries ground down by Hungary. Sixty years ago racial self-consciousness began to find articulate expression in poetry, especially that of Hurban Vajansky (1847-1916) and Hviezdoslav (1849-1921), both men of high gifts and inspiration. The following sonnet by Hviezdoslav begins a sequence, "The Bloody Sonnets," composed during the revolution against their Magyar oppressors:

Song has no place in these high days of pain:
Fate calls for blood, that, splashed from heart to hand,
Is cast abroad to consecrate the land
And from dead stones draw golden ears of grain.
Blood brings the splendor of the sun again,
Lighting our darkness with a flashing brand;
Blood brings the dawn that men may understand;
Blood brings the bread of Freedom to sustain.
Only by blood, outpoured in rage and flame,

Can we destroy the stubble and the tares—
Sweeping away our slavery and shame
Like putrid flotsam that a swift stream bears.
And while that cleansing tide leaps on in flood,
Mere song is silenced in the Song of Blood.

Polish Poetry

POLAND ranks next after ancient Bohemia in the earliness of its response to the stimulus of a wider European culture. In the sixteenth century, religious toleration, the rise of humanism, and the influence of the Renaissance brought Polish poetry to swift and beautiful florescence. The period from 1548 to 1606 is still known in Poland as "the golden age."

Of that epoch the chief representative was Jan Kochanowski (1530-1584), who studied in Italy and France, and in Paris made the acquaintance of Ronsard, the greatest Renaissance poet among the French. The following sonnet by Kochanowski seems strangely suggestive of those of his younger contemporary, Shakespeare:

Thy name, sweet lady, that my glad lips love,
That my pen joys to celebrate in rhyme,
Shall in my lines a lasting honor prove
And proud preeminence in future time.
Should men high porphyry in tribute raise
In sculptured grace, adorned with molten gold,
To give your worth and beauty fitting praise,
Yet would the lustre of that work grow old.
Nor pillar nor Egyptian monument
Can ward off ineluctable decay,
For fire and deluge all their rage will vent
And time's harsh envy waste their stones away.
Only my deathless verse your fame up-rears
Above the rapine and the wreck of years.

From 1606 to 1750 a period of ecclesiastical reaction prevailed which blotted out almost all creative literature. During the latter half of the eighteenth century a neo-classical school flourished, in which men like Ignatius Krasicki (1735-1801) wrote in the spirit of Augustan France.

Only after Poland ceased to have any independent national existence did her greatest poets arise. Three of these, Adam Mickiewicz (1798-1855), Sigismund Krasinski (1812-1859), and Julius Slowacki (1809-1849), stand head and shoulders above all other Polish poets. Mickiewicz, moreover, the greatest of the Poles, is ranked second only to Pushkin among all Slavonic poets. All three are distinctly of the Romantic school, yet all are peculiarly national in their expression of profound grief over the extinction of Polish liberty. Such is the spirit of this lament by Krasinski:

Oh, for the day when Polish armies sweeping
Onward to freedom hail our thralldom ended!
When shall my eyes behold that morning splendid?—
Waiting for sunrise, I grow blind with weeping.
How glorious that day that waits and falters!
But now fat worms through our land's corpse are creeping,
And wanton stones destroy our sacred altars.
Waiting for sunrise, I grow blind with weeping.
Ah, the years flow, the years flow on and perish.
Still unfulfilled our phantom hope is sleeping;
Loss is our lot, and far the gain we cherish;
Waiting for sunrise, I grow blind with weeping.

We have so loved, yet still drink hatred's poison;
So longed for light, yet know black vigil keeping.
Others, indeed, will see sweet freedom's foison.
Waiting for sunrise, I grow blind with weeping.

The following sonnet by Mickiewicz is another patriotic outburst, written beside the grave of a Polish countess who had died in exile in the south of Russia:

In pleasant gardens in the land of spring
You died, sweet rose! For memories of the past
Into your pure, soft-petalled bosom cast
The maggot of nostalgic suffering.
Thick through the northern sky a myriad stars
Mark a bright highway to the land you loved:
Ah, did your homesick eyes, that thither roved,
Burn that high path as you escaped life's bars?
I, too, am fated to an exile's end.
Strangers will lay me here in alien earth.
But when some wandering poet shall attend
Your grave with tribute in the tongue of home,
Dreaming some lonely lyric into birth,
My dust will wake and call you to come.

Today the Poles know nationhood again,
and cherish the brilliant and moving poetry of four centuries among their most treasured possessions.

Russian Poetry

RUSSIAN literature, destined to leadership in the Slavonic world, was yet very late in developing. The theological schisms between East and West, and the disastrous invasions of the Tartars kept Russia in isolated barbarism until the 18th century.

The first poetic influence that became potent was that of France. The chief Augustan poet, in fact the first real poet of Russia, was Derzhavin (1743-1816). In the following fragment from his ode on "God" one may see evidences of 18th century rationalism:

I bind the stuff of stars together,
Weaving the fabric of all being;
I am the frame of high and nether,
And demiurge, all forms decreeing.
I waste man's body into ashes,
And awe man's mind with lightning-flashes,
Essence of czar, slave, worm—and God!
Yet I, this wonder, did arise
From infinite obscurities
And live but in the substance of the clod.

In the early 19th century there suddenly appeared the greatest of all Slavonic poets, Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837), who looked upon Byron and Shakespeare as his spiritual fathers. I quote in full one of his most famous poems, "The Prophet," since to abridge it would destroy its cumulative power:

My soul was weary and athirst,
In a dark waste of sorrow straying;
A six-winged seraph met me at first
Close to a cross-road's vague betraying.
He stroked my eyes that sore did weep;
His fingers were as soft as sleep;
And straight my eyes knew seer's decision,
Like a roused eagle's piercing vision.
Then the great seraph touched my ears
And filled them with the sound of spheres
That shuddered in the vaults of heaven:
I heard the angels wing the height,
Dark monsters cleave the deep-sea night,
And vines grow with the sap's warm leaven.
Continued on page 63

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It is a wild and lonely setting, a region grotesque to lie so close to the most notorious gambling casino in all Europe. At night only the falling of the water down the cliff breaks the stillness. In the olden days when sea rovers were so plentiful on this coast the chasm was a place where they stored their booty. Here many conspiracies were plotted, and scoundrels fought duels after disagreements over dividing the spoil. Today one would expect that here the young boys of the neighborhood would play at mimic war or have dug "pirates' caves"; but instead on the side of the ravine stands a huge open shed containing a cement trough some forty feet long by twelve broad. Beyond it the narrow floor of the ravine to the very end is cluttered with short poles holding rope and wire lines. For here by day scores of the poor women of the town do their washing without cost with the water of the stream piped into the trough; while at the very same time just around the corner in the great rooms of the Casino, which raises cream-colored ornamented walls and towers like a frosted cake, people from all parts of the world squander large sums of money attempting to beat the unbeatable roulette wheel and card games of chance. A few steps in front of the open-air laundry stands a still more vivid contrast to the nearby world of luxury and restlessness: the Church of St. Devote, quaint and restful spot for worship. It snuggles back between the gaping jaws of the ravine, almost filling the entrance, but made to appear even smaller than it is by the steep cliffs towering so close on either side of it. The huge railway bridge serves also to shut off the view of the church; through the openings between the pillars of this the church peeks out timidly as though saddened by these surroundings where greed holds sway, but at the same time sturdily standing its ground and offering repose in this troubled place to whoever comes seeking.

Standing on the dividing line between these two towns this humble edifice, notable only for its position, was reared half a century ago to honor a Christian maiden who seventeen hundred years previously was brutally done to death by Roman soldiers. Truly this makes the church a unique monument. I know of no other one raised such a long time after the death of the person honored. The legend handed down from these ancient times is interesting, particularly because it was upon this portion of the Mediterranean that Christianity made its first advance into a wildly pagan territory.

During the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, a Roman senator named Euticius, dwelling on the island of Corsica, embraced the Christian religion. In the same little town where he had his villa there lived the Christian maiden who, because of her good work and devotion to the new cause, was named Devote. For some time the few Christians dwelling in the little place were not disturbed. Then took place one of the occasional huntings down of Christians by visiting Roman soldiers. The noble senator hid Devote and her family in his cellar. Unfortunately his action was discovered by the soldiers. Even his position did not save him. He was forced to drink poison. Devote and her family, being only humble folk, were put to death by the sword. After the massacre Devote's body was recovered late in the evening by two Christians who had escaped the massacre. They put it aboard a tiny sailing vessel upon which they were fleeing with the Christian captain. Immediately the ship

Riviera Ramblings

Continued from page 15

set sail. In the night so great a storm arose the captain feared for his ship and knew not where to steer. As he clung to the helm exhausted and despairing the dead maiden arose from the deck nearby saying: "You will be saved. When you see a dove fly from my breast, guide the ship in the direction taken by the bird."

The captain did so. The dove led him into the harbor of Monaco. There at the mouth of the ravine amid a growth of rosemary—"rosemary for remembrance"—the martyr was buried. After the legend had been repeated for nearly seventeen hundred years, the reverent part of the population of Monaco decided to erect a church in honor of Devote. And the more to be in keeping with her memory they raised a building small in size, and humble in architecture above the spot where she was buried so long before. The church is a vivid contrast to the magnificent villas of the wealthy all around. Once a year in summer a procession winds down the hill from Monaco to do honor to her memory in this most quaintly situated house of worship to be found in Europe.

Within a distance of thirty miles along the Riviera is studded an assortment of mountain towns around each of which a book might be written. All are the same in that they are all very old; all are the same in that they have been the scene of many romantic happenings, much bloodshed and varied lootings; yet each has a different story, and all these stories are so interesting that one hardly knows what to tell, and what to leave out, for leave out something one must in the limited space of a magazine article.

The majority of these little and ancient collections of stone houses, called by courtesy today "towns" because they were towns in the days when the country was thinly populated, crown different hill tops in the Mediterranean Alps along the sea. These mountains are really foothills in size, but, being in a foreign country, I will be polite and refer to them as mountains as the natives do.

LYING westward from the City of Nice these towns are all within a radius of forty miles. Most of them are off the beaten track, and can only be reached by motor car. To see them properly one should ride by motor car to the most westerly, and then spend a week, moving from town to town. Most tourist visitors to the region do them all in one day in one of those mile-a-minute buses that carry about thirty persons who, when they are through with the ride, might as well have ridden a motor car through their own country for all they really saw.

I rode leisurely. Leaving Nice the

road winds along the mountain side looking down upon a series of narrow valleys. On the mountain side gray rock, gray olive trees, gray earth pass in an unchanging procession up the steeper slopes. Below in the valley and creeping up the more fertile sides of some of the ridges lie tiny farms in triangles and squares, a brown green in July under the fiery sun. It is like one vast landscape garden, beautiful because of its perfection of line. The triangles and squares of fields, the dotted trees have something unreal, dreamlike about them, a fairy world. And here and there on various ridge tops, looking over the spangle of fields rise the ancient towns, brown and grey huddles of stone, with here and there the tall tower of an old, old church. Under the fierce rays of the summer sun, with heat waves rippling upward around them, they give the impression of an infinitely varied mirage.

The French government have established some remarkable roads throughout these mountain valleys, climbing in places up the sheer face of a cliff to a height of two thousand feet. The best example of this road building is shown in one of the pictures, leading from the valley to the village of Gourdon. Winding back and forward upon itself in a series of letter S, some of them so sharp that the edges of the two roads almost touch, the motor way climbs to Gourdon. It is one of the highest of these rock towns, but that is its chief claim to fame. The greater portion of the roads running from Nice to Venice, to Grasse, to Cagnes, and other places are oiled, making motoring very pleasant. The French make the most of every little bit of scenery. In my case one of these trips was a delightful piece of irony. I rode some forty miles to the famous Gorge du Loup. At the end of this a trickle of water about a foot wide drops over a rocky ledge into a pool some fifty feet below, and then runs on down another seventy feet of gorge to a little river. At this place a tea room is built over the gorge. Here all motor cars stop for fifteen minutes and the drivers, standing up in their seats declaim on the beauties of the tiny fall. And here was I, not long ago come from an hour's journey from some of the mightiest inlets of British Columbia where vast waterfalls drop four thousand feet down the mountain side from glaciers forever green, namelessly old; waterfalls which, striking the sea, send out clouds of mist and foam, and form a whirlpool that would draw in an ordinary boat. Ah, truly it was ironical. But to the average European this tiny fall was quite a sight. If some of scenic Canada could be moved to Europe what a fortune might be reaped!

THE mountain valleys and the long succession of toy fields which the car passes going westward from Nice until the town of Grasse is reached is the home of the flower growing industry. Roses, jasmine, violets, hyacinth, orange blossoms, mignonette, carnations, mimosa and jonquils are some of the chief flowers grown. But these fields of flowers are all so orderly, so crowded together, so produced for commercial purposes only in a land where every square inch of soil is tilled, that they present no scene of beauty, as do wild growing flowers and flowering shrubs. The flower harvest lasts practically the whole year round. It begins in February with the violets. In March and April jonquils are picked. From May to June is orange blossom season, and



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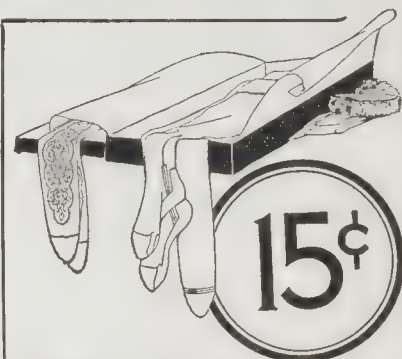
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Continued on page 64

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"**R**EAD 'Miss Tiverton Goes Out,'" said a friend of mine. "No, it isn't a new book," he added, "but the style is so remarkable. You ought to read it." I have just done so. My head aches. The style is remarkable, but it is a strain to try to keep en rapport through 335 pages with a child who is a curious mixture of the abnormal and subnormal.

Most cleverly has this tale been told through the eyes of a little child, Juliet. She is about ten years old when the story opens. Clearly, Juliet is the most neglected of all children. Had she been a slum child she would not have been so neglected. She would have had her little Cockney companions, and had her own mother been out "charing," there would doubtless have been a great-hearted neighbor to give the little Juliet her mid-day meal. But Juliet Simpson, born of a very bad-tempered, grasping contractor and of a woman, empty-headed, vain and snobbish to a degree, had no companions. She was much the youngest of the family, entirely ignored by two grown-up sisters and a nasty brother of about fifteen. We never meet the governess face-to-face, but we know her. We know from Juliet's own vocabulary and from the shreds of philosophy she at times expresses, that this governess talked to her little pupil about simpering love affairs. We also know that when Juliet wanted to know the meaning of a word, which happened about every minute of the day, she knew it was useless to ask her governess. As for the mother, unless she is buying for Juliet a vulgarly ornate frock, she seems to take no interest, so Juliet has neither Cockney friends nor "nice" ones, for the "nice" ones have parents who forbid them to associate with this poor little outcast.

But Juliet has three very intimate companions, Miss Tiverton, Miss Tiverton's cat and "time immemorial." She has never seen Miss Tiverton, she seldom sees the cat and she knows not the meaning of "time immemorial," but they fill her queer, semi-vacant mind, and they also are the pivot around which this delicately-written, but bewildering, novel revolves.

When the Postman Knocks

IT IS a pity that John Vernon Sheyne Wycombe, eleventh Earl of Risborough, D.S.O., M.C., never received the letters written to him by his wife. Probably he has read them since they have been published in book form. ("Undelivered Letters," by Cosmo Hamilton, Hurst & Blackett, Ltd., London). These letters are something more than love letters. They are 75 per cent sentimental and 25 per cent interesting because they reflect an American girl's impressions of England and English life. One can skip two or three of these letters and still follow the story, which is pleasant enough and bright enough to interest one for an hour's relaxation. It was clever of Cosmo Hamilton to marry a vivacious, wealthy hundred per cent American girl to an inarticulate, poor Englishman with a "genuine and old" title, but somehow I feel that a short story about this couple would have sufficed instead of the 287 pages he has given us.

Life Pictures

HOW I do love Edna Ferber's work! Her "Show-Boat" and "So Big" are novels that I keep in my library. I have re-read "So Big" three times, and dipped into "The Showboat," picking out some of my favorite passages in that marvelously vivid and descriptive book. "Adam's Breed" is another novel I have re-read and shall do so again, and then there are the hundreds and hundreds that I read and forget the minute the covers are closed. I shall keep Edna Ferber's latest publication also, called "Mother Knows Best and Other Stories" (William Heinemann Ltd.) and these stories I shall re-read because I would like to learn something of the secrets of short-story writing. I shall try to find

out how Edna Ferber can paint a perfect picture and then breathe into it life, yet do it with such economy of words and in so simple a manner that anybody who has read at all can understand and appreciate them.

There is in this volume the story of mother-love; a particular type and not a noble one, of the maternal instinct. There is a very human story reporting the secret longings of certain individuals in one family, each devoted to the other, not one guessing that each is somewhat dissatisfied with life. I think I like best of all the story called "Every Other Thursday." I think this is a perfect bit of writing. Helmi is not a character in the story, she is flesh and blood. From the moment when one gets up with her early in the morning until she returns very late that night from the Finnish Club where she has been dancing, one feels as if every minute of the day has been not Helmi's alone, but Helmi's in company with oneself. Not for one minute does one stand aside and watch Helmi do this and that; one does everything with her, even to entering the steam-bath that the Finns, even in New York, indulge in once a week! and the taste of the black coffee and the Finnish bread hard tack, is on one's lips when Helmi leaves the restaurant on 126th Street and makes her way down a flight of steps to the steam-laden room.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow"

ANNE PARRISH, who has lately written "Tomorrow Morning" (William Heinemann, Ltd., London), is not quite as pessimistic as Macbeth, the philosopher, with his "Tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time." Nevertheless, this well-written, vivid domestic story, opening on such a happy note, ends in a minor key. I would have enjoyed this novel more had I not read that magnificent book of Dorothy Canfield's, "Her Son's Wife." You will remember the plot of this. A mother devotes herself body and soul and mind to the upbringing and education of her only boy. Just when she might expect reward in the form of happiness at his University success, and in release from some of her arduous duties, this son callously marries, and marries a girl who can never have anything in common with her mother-in-law. Briefly, this is Dorothy Canfield's story, begun where the mother is teaching school every day in order to support her son. In the novel "Tomorrow Morning," we meet Kate when she is a very happy woman just about to marry her wonderful Joe. For a few years this happiness lasts more or less, and then the debonair, irresponsible but lovable Joe dies of pneumonia. And now the story follows much the same lines of Dorothy Canfield's, but it is told more sketchily and with less deep emotion. Kate, a young

widow, does support her only child, but somehow or other one never realizes just how it is done. We ached with weariness at the end of the day when Dorothy Canfield's mother went to her bed, because we had lived every moment with her, but Kate seems to supply herself and her child with the material wants in a very light-hearted fashion. Sometimes she does a little painting, for which she receives payment, but so often she is running about (she is a very generous creature) with baskets of fruit and flowers to give to other people in her home town. Joe is everything that a son should be. That is to say, he gives his mother great joy and satisfaction. Then comes the War and the fearful separation and the time of agony; then the joyous return and the planning of a happy life together. Thus had Dorothy Canfield's mother planned. You will remember the wire that she received announcing her son's marriage? In Anne Parrish's book Joe blurts out the news instead of sending a wire, but he is not married, only hoping to be. He is engaged after three days' acquaintance with a girl of whom his mother has never heard. So, of course, he cannot help his mother towards the trip to France that she has longed for for twenty years. He must save to get married. Once again I must remind you of Dorothy Canfield's book, for in that there was the disastrous marriage of the only son of a widow. Joe's marriage also is a fearful mistake, and even the existence of a little child (both stories also have the little child) cannot make the union a happy one. Joe returns to his mother, and now at last we find a difference in the two stories. Dorothy Canfield's mother brings up her little grand-daughter, which is some compensation for all her sacrifice and bitter disappointments and financial losses, but Joe's mother has not this joy, for Joe takes the child to the wife who has deserted him and returns to his mother a childless and soon-to-be-divorced man.

Among the Flowers

IDON'T know what to call this book, for it is hardly a novel because there is no plot. But apparently Mr. McKail ("The Flower Show," by Denis McKail, William Heinemann, Ltd.) can compel interest for over three hundred pages without any love story—certainly without any of the usual sex stuff that is, to be truthful, getting somewhat boring. "The Flower Show" is a real Dickens story. It is the happenings of one day in a delightful little village called Nuttington, which I guess is somewhere in Surrey or Sussex. The occasion is the annual flower show, and chapter after chapter describes the actions and reactions of everyone in the village to the great event.

The Squire and his daughter and his grandson, neighboring squires, the Vicar and his wife, the itinerant Showman with his South Down hunters and his blaring band, the village Communist, who is "agin" everybody, the wooing of the parlormaid Rose by the squire's chauffeur, right down (or up) to the majesty of the Law, symbolized by the village policeman, Mr. Churchyard, all have chapters to themselves. As a concession to modernity, there is a party of up-to-date young people, who talk and behave in the most approved and flip-pant style. But even they are pleasant and clean, and, on the whole, not too clever.

It is not a book to read in a hurry, but is well worth the time spent. To those of us who are satiated with intrigues and infidelity, "The Flower Show" is like a breath from the past, when an arm-chair and a fire and shaded lamplight helped to make an evening spent with real life characters who lived and laughed healthily, an evening well spent.

I would not give "The Flower Show" away in return for a barrow-load of modern sex-novels. Get it and enjoy it, as I did.



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Let Us Talk About Home Comfort

At this Time of Year its Importance is Increased

By Katherine M. Caldwell

IT IS always interesting to draw from different people, their ideas as to what kind of home is most attractive. Most people desire beauty—even when they feel a little doubtful as to how it may best be achieved; some want newness—everything fresh and shining as it can be made; others want exactly the opposite—old, mellowed furnishings that carry the interests of another day; and still other homemakers will say: "Whatever else there is, give me comfort."

There is much to be said for each of these points of view, and as a matter of fact, most of us do say a good deal for most of them; we want beauty in our homes—and since beauty, we have been told "lies in the eye of the beholder," the particular kind we have in mind may bear the most modern or antique of aspects; and who is there among us, who does not, when the truth is told, want comfort?

But comfort, I maintain, is not unlike beauty in having a personal interpretation. One person will think immediately of a deep-cushioned chair, one with just the right slant to the back and of the perfect height and depth which brings complete relaxation. Another will think of rest, not in terms of a mere chair, but of "stretching out" when the busy day is done, and there is an hour ahead for quietly luxurious reading. Perhaps a snapping fire is the pivot of your particular dream of comfort, whilst your neighbor would sit before it uneasily if a spoonful of ash escaped it, or a picture above it were askew upon the wall!

In this day of good housekeepers and modern conveniences, however, it might be readily enough assumed that the general air of good grooming which the average room carries, and the care, too, which most people give to making their homes truly attractive, will ensure all but the most hopeless "crank" against discomfort from such sources. It might be to the general advantage, however, to go into the possibilities of comfort as they appeared to me recently, at the Canadian National Exhibition; the space that the great annual fair is devoting to the subject of the home—its building, its equipment and its furnishing—is one most telling indication of the ever-increasing interest of Canadians generally, in these fascinating subjects.

I am not going to touch upon the point of contributions to comfort which the right building will provide—that is too vast a topic for me. But I shall enjoy telling you something about the things I saw in my many days of viewing the exhibits—the things I particularly noted as meaning much in the matter of greater comfort in the house, be it old or new, well-built or otherwise. And I do hope for what I shall write, not merely interesting reading, but a personal reaction from my readers—an attitude of "Why-shouldn't-I-have-that," or of "That-would-be-easy-to-do-in-our-house" . . . because I know what delight and what solid contentment result when one feels the home improving beneath one's touch.

WE SHALL begin at the floor and work up; we shall grant at the outset that good appearance has ever so much to do with comfort, so we shall consider it as we go along—but only as a by-product, so to speak; other essentials of comfort will be our real objective, for the moment.

The floor, then, as a starter. There is an element of comfort here that is sometimes overlooked at some cost. If you happen, for instance, to find a certain room in your house difficult to keep comfortably warm, and especially if you find that the floor is cold—look well to its covering. This point should always be considered when one is making a decision between a large cover-all rug and perhaps a couple of small scatter rugs, for it will make a great difference. Besides the rug itself, there can go a pad beneath it—padding made for the purpose of acting as a rug-lining, or even carefully-laid newspapers. If you have a room productive of cold feet in winter, forestall the cold weather by some attention to the floor covering, and see what a difference it will make.

Frequently, the kitchen suffers from a cold floor, and will react to the same cure. A linoleum or even the lighter weight oilcloth, will improve matters. For further comfort, have it properly laid—a point that will mean much in ultimate comfort of a different sort. And, of course, there is the ease of caring for a linoleum floor, in contrast to the ever-ready-for-scrubbing wood, if the floor has been bare before. If the family

finances cannot run to linoleum for the entire floor—even where the result is, as is so often the case, so greatly to the benefit of the mother of the household—then have a couple of linoleum mats to stand on at sink or work-table and at the range; they will be easier on the worker in every way—less tiring to the feet, warmer, and will catch a lot of the soil that would otherwise hasten scrubbing-day.

Before leaving the subject of warmth, it might be well to offer a reminder that there is always something that can be done—and pretty much at your own price—to remedy an inadequate heating system. That something runs all the way from the installation of a thoroughly satisfactory furnace to the use of small local heat-makers in "the room that has always been hard to heat." You can choose your fuel through a large range nowadays—coal, wood, oil, electricity, gas and so on; I saw new style grates at the Fair that threw an amazing heat across a space the equal of any room's dimensions; I saw dignified heaters encased as handsomely as a phonograph; handy little heaters to carry about with one, serving the early risers by warming the bathroom first, keeping Baby comfortable during his bath and dressing hour, and so at odd times throughout the day. It is early enough yet to send for catalogues, look over advertisements, consult your local heating expert, and arrange that kind of comfort for this winter.

GIVEN the comfort of warmth, restfulness seems to be the next consideration. Just because that one big easy chair has held its place so long in the family living-room, does not give it a permanent claim on your loyalty; maybe it has long since ceased to be really comfortable; if its cushions are padded down to a solid mass—as happens with some fillings—if its comfort is legendary rather than actual, perhaps it is time to replace it. This is a day of true ease in upholstered furniture! A chair or sofa that is only semi-comfortable is not worth its space from the moment that it can be replaced.

I came to the conclusion, after viewing one exhibit of handsome, well-made furniture after another, that there is a chair and a chesterfield or a luxurious

modern sofa to fit every conceivable need of size, shape, style and price! Chairs ran all the way from neat little round tub-chairs that fit the sitter, to massive Coxwell chairs with that extra depth of seat that makes a tall man call them blessed. There is no longer any necessity for matched suites—in fact, some of the manufacturers showed, instead of the chesterfield and two chairs so uniformly offered a few years ago, a chesterfield with perhaps one chair covered with the same fabric, and a second chair quite different in shape and with a covering that harmonized beautifully with the other pieces but departed from them in design. This plan lends interest, especially in the rather small room where there will not be much space for incidental pieces of furniture to give variety.

It is widely recognized today, by furniture makers, by dealers and by their buying public, that a wide choice in the matter of upholstered furniture shapes and sizes is necessary. The result is that it is quite possible to buy as much comfort in a chair of moderate proportions, as in one of the generously spreading tendencies that seem to make it overflow the small room. Get an idea of the proportions that will look well in your room, then buy comfort built into furniture of those very proportions. It can be done. The secret lies in the excellent seat and back and arms, with springs, padding and lines that will make you sigh with pleasure when you drop into them; but you will notice that the back and the arms are perhaps only half as thick through and with a lot less "spread," than others you have seen; the inside of the chair is plenty large enough for a person of more than average size, but without the waste spaces that chairs ran to for a time in the name of comfort.

What are some of these useful types? The familiar "chesterfield chairs," with good springs, stationary or loose cushions, generous seating space but restrained in their demands for floor space; the old-time wing chair, with its side wings that are as useful today, in closing off a draft, as they ever were—and delightful to boot; the snug little tub chair that I have already mentioned—it comes in quite a small size, essentially a lady's chair, and in larger sizes

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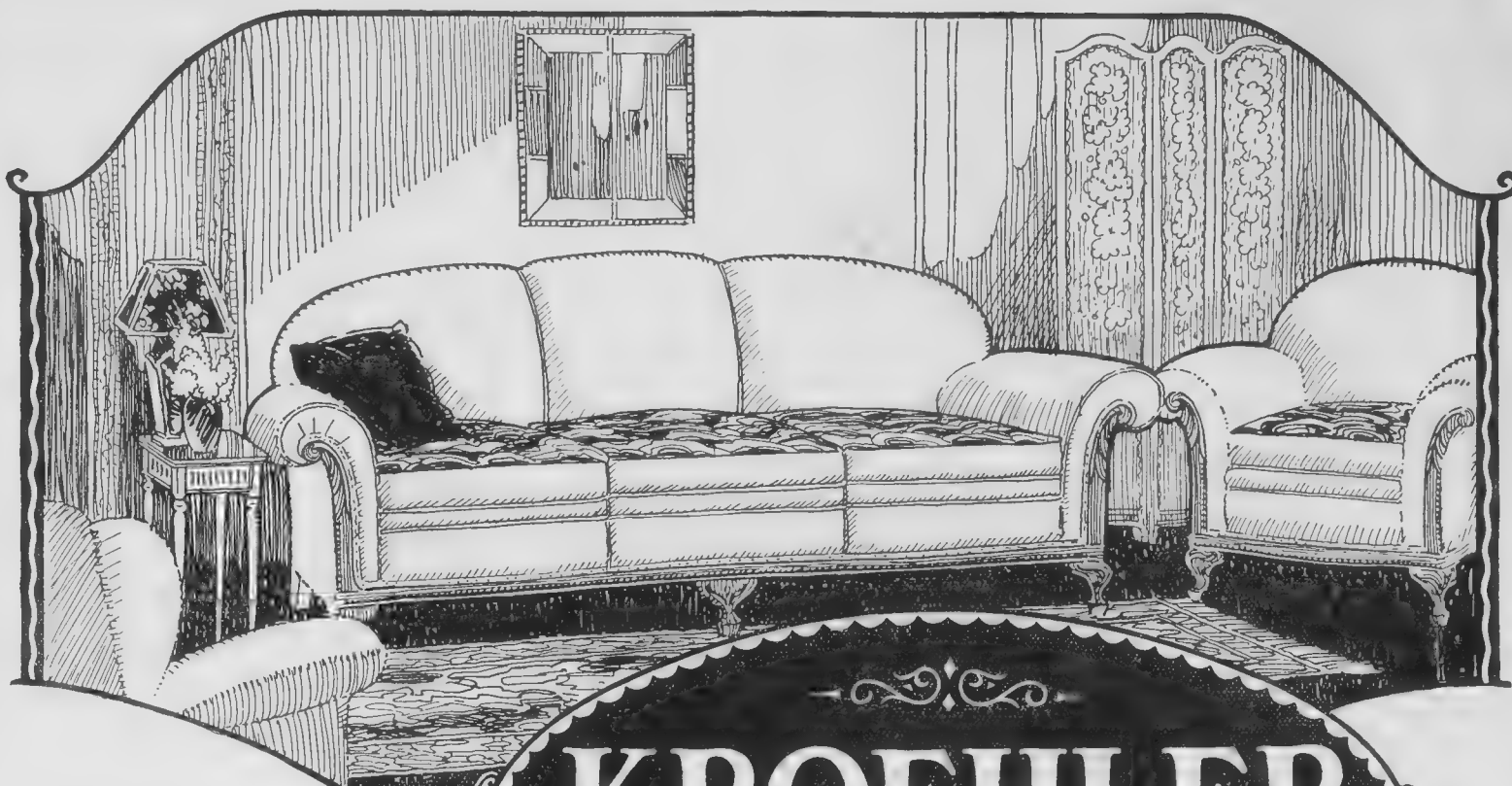


Illustration drawn
from actual photograph
of KROEHLER Suite No. 754.

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York Factory and Churchill—Past and Future

By Martha Chapman

YORK FACTORY in 1883 and 1884 was one of the chief posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. The fort was stockaded and the large storehouse was one of the finest in the Hudson Bay region. At one time a staff of twenty clerks and nearly one hundred men (coopers, tinsmiths, boat-builders and carpenters) had regular employment.

Even as far back as 1883 the place had begun to decline. The officer's building, store rooms, church mission-house and scattered homes of the servants, were all

strengthened by bastions at each of the four corners. Forty-two cannons of the largest and heaviest calibre of that age were mounted on the walls, which made it practically impossible for enemy forces to enter the river. These fortifications were begun in 1733 and took twenty years to build. Within were storehouses, powder magazines, dwelling houses and offices—all of stone.

The distinguished factor of the early times was Samuel Hearne the great Arctic explorer. While he was still in charge,

strewn mud flats prevents the approach of any boat except at high tide. Near the mouth of the river is a fine natural harbor. Among the craft one can see on the river is the Kayak of the Eskimo, a canoe 16 to 20 feet long made for only one man. It is composed of small pieces of wood, beautifully fitted together and sewn with seal-line, not a nail or peg entering into the construction. It is covered with seal-skin put on wet, and wonderfully sewn together.

At Churchill the weather is described as nine months winter and three months flies. The winter is glorious at times as is also the summer with its profusion of wild flowers of many kinds and varied hues, and its lovely variegated mosses. The mosses stay, but the flowers spring up quickly, last a short time and then fade away. Cranberries and blueberries are very plentiful. There are also yellow berries, about the size of and shape of a strawberry. These make delicious jelly. The children of the Fort almost live on berries when they are in season. At other times of the year they place much dependence upon fish as their diet.

In 1900, Churchill proper consisted of the Master's house, the storehouse, fur-house, the church, mission-house, the blubber-house and four or five homes for the servants of the Company. It was situated on the slope of a hill, protected on the North and West by a range of rocks. On one of the highest rocks was a barrel beacon; a barrel painted black and then fastened strongly to the top of a high pole, it could be sighted many miles away. Midway between the Company's buildings and the Mission-house was an Anglican church, the frame work and all other parts of it having crossed the ocean; many willing hands had a part in the building of it. School ses-



Churchill Harbor Whaling Station, East Shore

that were to be seen in 1900. There were in addition, two objects of great interest—the flag-staff which had been there for ages and the sundial placed there by Sir John Franklin.

Near the Fort there lived five or six hundred Indians engaged in hunting and fishing. Now the number is reduced to about one hundred.

When York Factory was at its best, the event of the year was the arrival of an ocean vessel. It came between the 15th of August and the end of September, according to the state of the ice in the Strait and the Bay. About that time forty or fifty traders would meet or rather assemble at York from all parts of the country to obtain their yearly supplies and to send home to England the furs they had collected during the winter.

The mouth of the Nelson river at York is about seven miles wide. The country along the bay as far north as Churchill is flat and swampy for many miles back. A trip along the coast is fraught with danger. What travellers have to fear is exposure and starvation. There is no drinking water to be had and there is no shelter. A vessel going from one Fort to the other had a trying time, and an overland journey was next to impossible.

At the mouth of the Churchill river is the old "Prince of Wales Fort." It is on a high sandy ridge overlooking the water and guarding the entrance to the river. It is now one of the grandest and most massive ruins on the continent. It was constructed by the Hudson's Bay Company and is now, I believe, the property of the Canadian government. It was built of solid stone with walls 20 feet high and twenty feet wide at the top,

dismantle the guns, and blow up part of the Western wall and the gateway. Hearne was carried to France and with him the furs he had gathered for the Company.

A new fort was built five miles up the river on the shore of a large bay sheltered on the north by a high ridge of rocks. The river opposite the Fort is nearly five miles wide but the boulder-



First Pitch Missi Falls, Churchill River



Port Nelson

sions were held in it for the training of the children of the Fort. It was a very cold room in winter, being built of matched lumber covered with corrugated iron. Many tales of joy and sorrow were heard within its walls.

The blubber-house was situated on the shore of the Bay, not far from the landing, and anyone who had ever been near it would ever remember the aroma. It was "greatly superior" to that from the old tanneries which used to taint our rivers in Ontario. The fur-house, near the Master's dwelling was filled with the choicest of furs. Stacks of musk-ox hides reached from floor to ceiling, while fox skins—red, brown, black and silver occupied a huge space.

The means of travelling was by boat in summer and dog teams in winter. The husky is one of the bravest and cleverest of the animal kingdom. It is beyond me to tell of his wonderful power of endurance.

The arrival of the Hudson's Bay Steamer was hailed with delight by old and young as it brought in the main supply of provisions for the officers of the Company and the servants, and all supplies for trading with the Indian and Eskimo. It was also of great interest to the Missionary and his family as it

Continued on page 105



(A) White-Gloved finger tips rubbed over old-fashioned furniture polish reveal their greasy film.

(B) White-Gloved finger tips rubbed over Liquid Veneer are not discolored. Liquid Veneer LEAVES NO GREASY FILM.

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My Escape From a German Prison Camp

By H. B. Chipman

LOOKING the whole thing over now, I am quite ready to acknowledge that my escape from the German Prison Camp at Munster, Westphalia, was a very tame affair, and really had little to recommend it.

In the first place, the Armistice had been declared three weeks previously—at which time we had been told by our guardians that we would be shipped back to our homes within a fortnight.

In the second place, it was announced that discipline must be rigorously maintained, and that prisoners of war attempting to escape would be shot, or at any rate shot at—Armistice or no Armistice. These would seem to provide two good reasons for staying "put."

However, the camp began to be badly overcrowded owing to the daily influx of prisoners from salt mines, coal mines and other working parties. Sanitary conditions grew very bad, and deaths from the influenza epidemic were happening every day.

Then, too, the fact that I had already spent nearly four years in captivity made every additional day seem a year too long, so that when Jewell, a corporal in the Flying Corps, suggested that he, Tompkins and Smith (the two latter being sergeants in the Royal Fusiliers) and myself beat it for Holland at the first opportunity, we agreed that the idea seemed a highly commendable one.

Munster, in Westphalia, is about 46 miles from the Holland border, and we figured that 24 hours of persistent toe-and-heel work would see us safely over.

The next point to be considered was how to get outside the triple row of wires that surrounded our prison camp.

Since the revolution, the Red guards had relaxed a good deal of the severity with which we had been previously treated, but we could hardly expect them to open the front gates for us, salute us, and wish us bon voyage. The easiest way, we decided, was to join one of the daily fatigue parties to Munster, and then trust to luck when we got there.

The next day, a party of twelve was required to drag a piano down town, and the four of us volunteered with the utmost alacrity.

Our preparations were simple. Inside Tompkins' hat was a map drawn by a French prisoner, showing the general layout of the country to be traversed. Smith had a compass, while I grabbed a tin of bully beef at the last moment. Unfortunately we didn't discover that this tin was minus an opener until midnight, and as none of us had a knife, we bashed it against rocks and tree stumps until our patience was completely exhausted and then threw the useless thing away with curses deep and loud. We noted, as we lined up with the other eight, that only one guard had been assigned to us, a lethargic looking individual with a long white beard, so that things looked promising from the start.

After an hour's march, we reached the store where the piano was to be returned, and while the other eight members of our party tugged and heaved, the four of us drifted quietly around a corner. Later on—in Rotterdam—I met one of the eight workers, and he told me that the ancient guard's antics on discovering that we were A.W.L. were quite amusing. He hurriedly crammed a shell into his rifle, which should have been loaded anyway and then made a series of nervous sallies to the corner and back again, afraid that if he started after us the other eight might take an unfair advantage of him, and yet tormented by the thought of the explanations he would have to make on his return.

In the meantime we walked briskly to the outskirts of the town, and dived into a little inn, to while away an hour or so before the darkness came.

"Four beers," I said to the buxom lass who came to serve us. "Ja, ja," she replied good-naturedly and hurried away. During her absence, we took another peep at the map and saw that all we had to do was to hit straight west. "Good luck!" we cried on the arrival of the beakers, and clinked them in the approved manner.

Shortly afterwards Tompkins suggested that another little beer wouldn't do us any harm. "Ja, ja," our hostess agreed, beaming affably, and then as she turned to fetch them she asked over her shoulder: "Where is the guard?" A nuisance, these inquisitive women, but I replied: "He comes," and tapped with a silver mark on the table.

She took the cash and let the credit go, and shortly afterwards we decided that it was dark enough to start out in real earnest.

Within five minutes we were free of the city and headed due west over fields and ditches, keeping away from the roads entirely.

THERE was little moonlight, fortunately, but the north star was plainly visible, and keeping at right angles to it we had no difficulty in striking a westerly course.

It was about six p.m. when we started our Marathon, and at midnight we decided it was high time to call a halt. We had made about 15 miles as nearly as we could judge, and what with crashing through hedges, falling into water-filled ditches and the like, we were stiff and weary.

We foregathered under a big elm, and, there being no farms near, we allowed ourselves the luxury of a cigarette. It was here, as explained before, that we toyed with the can of bully beef.

Tompkins suggested a nap of twenty minutes or so. The motion was seconded by Smith, but vigorously opposed by Jewell and myself.

We warned them that if they ever lay down on the frosty ground and slept, they would probably stiffen up to such a degree that they wouldn't be able to carry on, but they insisted that we were wrong, and within a few seconds two hearty British snores rent the air.

Jewell and I thought it wiser to sit for a moment or two and then move around, and after twenty minutes had passed we set about rousing the sleeping beauties. "Up guards and at 'em," said Jewell, but alas, our fears proved only too well founded. Neither Smith nor Tompkins, when awakened, could move an inch, their muscles were taut as bow-strings. Obviously we could not carry them the remaining thirty miles or so, and so we shook hands, wished them good luck and struck out once more.

What happened to them? They waited until the morning and finding a farmer who was driving to Munster, climbed into his cart without further ado, and were deposited at the front gate of the prison camp. Possibly the farmer expected a reward for their capture, but his hopes were rudely shattered, for, as Tompkins told me, when we foregathered afterwards in England, the guards were not even very keen on letting them in!

This parting of the ways took place at about one in the morning, and from then on going began to get harder and harder—and harder! By now, our first fine careless rapture had evaporated and when we next came to a road running east and west we followed it gratefully. By three o'clock our feet were thoroughly blistered—our boots seemed to weigh a ton apiece and every stride required a gigantic effort. We decided then upon the plan of walking for twenty minutes at a stretch and then sitting down for five minutes, but we paid dearly for our rests, welcome though they were. Each time we arose, our legs seemed more reluctant to move, and it would take a hundred yards or so of snail-like progression before the circulation would return and allow us to lengthen our stride to a fair walking pace.

Once in awhile we would pass through a small village, our hob-nail boots making a devilish clatter on the cobblestones. Yet only once during the night did we see anyone. As we clumped through a little village a back door suddenly opened, a man stole out with a furtive air and passed us on the opposite side of the street. He didn't appear to be a bit more anxious to speak to us than we were to

speak to him, and seemed to be distinctly preoccupied. Possibly he was framing an excuse after an all-night session at poker. Perhaps he had just smothered a nagging wife. I don't know, and certainly was in no mood to care.

At length the sun came out, and we discussed the advisability of digging ourselves in the woods, and waiting until the next night before making the last few miles across the border. However, we craved action, so carried on and after a short while we saw in the distance a solitary figure, whose attire told us he was a French prisoner. Many of the French, as we knew, were working on the farms around Munster, so we halted him and in deplorable French, accompanied by much waving of hands, held converse with him.

He told us, as we had already guessed, that the vigilance of the Germans had been greatly relaxed since the Armistice, and that in this district it was not uncommon for prisoners working on farms to leave for the scene of their daily labors without an escort of any kind. "Keep right on," was the substance of his remarks. "Say good morning to those you meet, and you'll find you won't be bothered." We gave him a cigarette for his pains and trudged on with lighter hearts.

Another hour or two passed, and then we saw a small party of German soldiers coming down the road towards us. "I hope that Frog was right," mumbled Jewell—and, glory be! he was. The four Germans eyed us curiously as we plodded past in full prison regalia, but we flung a "Morgen" at them, and they passed on without halting us. "My lad," said I, "there's nothing to it. A few more hours and we shall be in Holland." "Wish we had something to eat," said Jewell, and onward we hobbled, much too weary for further conversation.

IT WAS close upon two in the afternoon when we came in sight of the first place large enough to be called a town. This, we learnt from reference to our map, should be Stadlohn, a little town of about a thousand inhabitants, and was, according to our reckoning, only a short distance from the border. "Look here, Jewell," I said, "how about the woods as a resting place until night? We've been lucky so far, but I don't think we can walk down the main street of that town and get away with it. What do you think?"

"Pooh, pooh, or words to that effect," said Jewell. "These blankety-blank so-and-sos are too busy thinking about who won the war to bother us. Besides, if I ever stop now I'll never get started again. Are we downhearted?"

I allowed that we weren't, but it wasn't long before we were. Out of the town, now half a mile away, we perceived a small cloud of dust advancing, in the centre of which we made out a man in military uniform. As he drew nearer, he seemed to stiffen. His eyes assumed an expression similar, I imagine, to that of a ferret approaching its quarry and the front tire of his bike headed straight for us. "What the—did I tell you?" I hissed at Jewell. "Looks as if we were in for it," Jewell conceded gloomily, and he was perfectly correct.

This military genius proved to be a sergeant of the good old Prussian type, and a moment later he leapt nimbly from his faithful steed, and ostentatiously drawing his revolver advanced upon us. "Wo gehen sie?" he barked. "Where are we going?" I echoed with a feeble smile. "Spatzeln gehen," which is the equivalent in "Gefangene, or prisoners' German, of "going for a stroll."

A torrent of German poured forth from him. About one word out of 100 was familiar, but his meaning was all too clear. Briefly he informed us that prisoners of war had no business to be taking a stroll. In vain I expostulated that "Armistice is come"—"All prisoners walk"—"No trains needed"—he would have none of it. Imperiously he waved us onward, then followed close behind,

Continued on page 46



—charm of youth “that schoolgirl complexion”

The simple rule in daily skin care to follow if you seek it

WHEN tempted to “try” an unproved soap, remember before Palmolive came, women were told “use no soap on your faces.” Soaps then were judged too harsh.

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Use it according to the rule printed in the text at the right. Note the difference that comes.

THE woman of today knows one goal above all others in beauty care. And that is to *keep* her Youth. For she knows how tragically difficult, *once lost*, it is to regain.

Soap and water has become the Youth preservation rule of the world. Used properly, it is surprising what it does. The thousands of youthful women, long past their first youth, seen on every side today, prove the point beyond question.

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The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

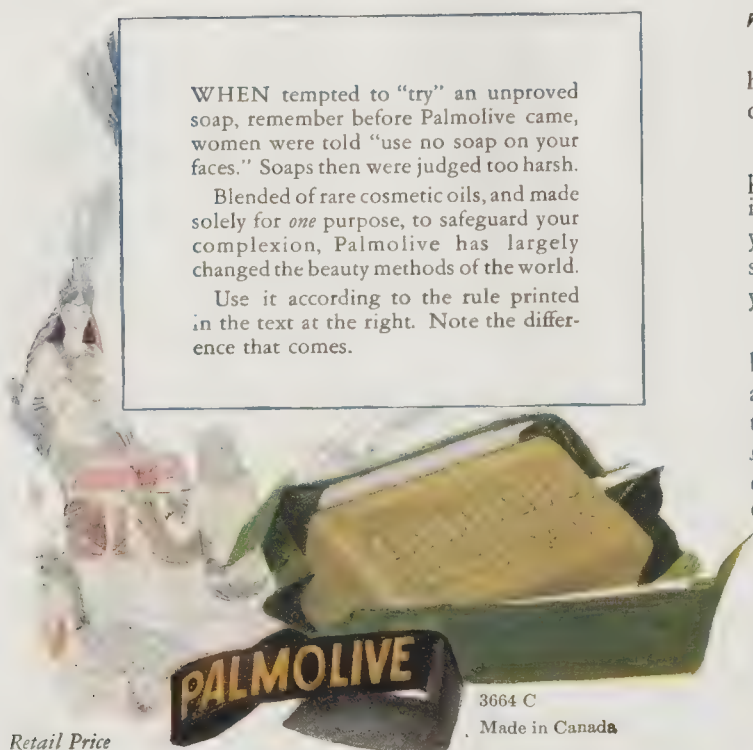
Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

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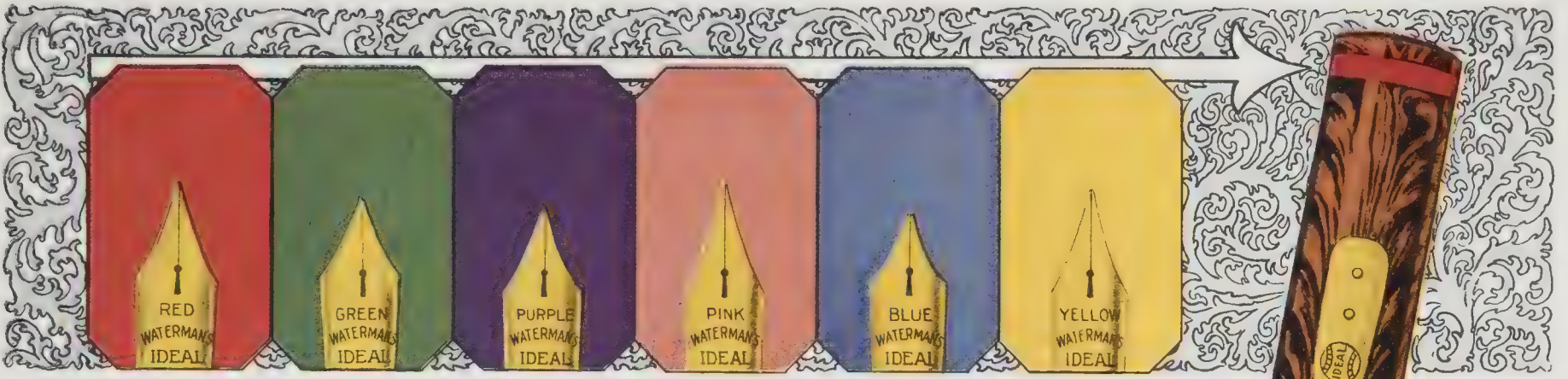
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Cariboo Gold

By Capt. G Alexander McGill

THE Yukon trail of '98 was a pathway that led the restless spirits who had panned the Creeks of Cariboo to a further field of adventure and hardship, with sometimes less return. Much wants more and more, never has enough, is a truism of human nature that makes for joy and regret; yet today within 24 hours travel by train and auto from Vancouver lies one of the richest alluvial deposits known. Cedar Creek has proved the rule not the exception. The faith of Hobson of bullion fame was justified when Cedar Creek disclosed its possibilities to the intrepid prospectors.

Accident played no part in this discovery; the long felt wish of Johnny Lynnes and premeditated design was transferred to action when his desires were mentioned to old man Platt, for the help of an experienced partner was necessary to follow the Hobson theory and prospect for gold in the higher channels above Cedar Creek, which empties itself into Quesnel Lake three miles from the town of Likely.

Platt's work proved results and in the summer of 1920 after six months search, Lynnes escorted by some swarthy trapper friends appeared at Harper's camp with the evidence in two large quart sealers filled with placer gold. The memorable thrill it gave that small community followed by the activity of preparation and the meetings enpanel with their trusted adviser R. N. Campbell, J.P. (better known as Bob) was an epochal event.

The trip into Cedar Creek sometime later, after the discovery leases had been granted, is worthy of note. Harper's Camp turned out en masse to seek fortune up the lake. Our party included the original lessees, a wagon load of supplies, Jim Simpson (the Antiquary of Barkerville), his mongrel dog and several camp followers.

The road from Harper's Camp to Horsefly Bay makes a traverse of a variety of contour lines. Being a third class highway, it possesses many difficulties of transportation, especially for the team and wagon, and particularly at Pegue's Ranch at Rocky Bar, and on the approaches to the Bay. The lasting impression after a lapse of over five years, was the happy go lucky method of doing things and the sparkling wit and gay repartee which deployed these coming millionaires from their immediate financial worries. Even camping out in chill October as we did on the first night, quite unexpectedly, only added colour to the trip. The camp fire would wane in interest to the stories related by the Antiquary, and, as one story revived another, the company detached itself into groups (much after the fashion of a west end drawing room, only the language spoken was slightly different.) Thus was the time employed until daylight.

This road follows the Horsefly River and took us past the Horsefly Mine, a relic of bygone days, when Hobson of Barkerville operated there with a ten-stamp mill to handle the cement gravels, hydraulics were also used to wash the more amenable ground fit for sluicing. It is Hobson who is reputed to have offered a quarter of a million dollars to the discoverer of the upper channel at Cedar Creek. Although such an offer accepted inter alia would not be binding unless in writing, both Platt's and Lynnes are the losers by the offerers death. Nevertheless the potentialities are far greater than the aforementioned offer, as time has now shown, yet the discoverers, as happens in some cases, and in Lynnes' case particularly, have not been greatly enriched. The reason assigned to this, is the dissolution of partnership between Lynnes and Platt and the neglect of Platt to adjust his stakes after Stevens repeatedly drew his attention to the fact that the Glory Hole was not included within the limits of the Platt Lease. Heedless of the warnings, when the day arrived to dispose of the leases, it was the Stevens' property that carried the Glory Hole and all the rich nugget patches that have yielded a half a million of gold to date.

THE delays and inconveniences of this part of our journey were amply rewarded on arrival at Horsefly Bay, but not until the supplies had been packed from the road and over an uneven trail to the primitive wharf in one of the backwaters of the Horsefly River, which

here empties itself into Quesnel Lake. The Hercules of this whole effort was Mike Grogan, who gave an unconscious demonstration of his strength and prowess by packing an Evenrude engine over and along windfalls which were strewn about the trail leading to the deep waters where the engine was loaded at Horsefly Bay. Glad to be a spectator and have an opportunity to take in a comprehensive view of Quesnel Lake for the first time, it is a lasting impression and pleasant memory to look back on the grandeur and expanse of this great body of water: seventy-five miles in length, its towering banks and numerous wooded islands were reflected in that flawless surface. Far up the heights in the distant horizon a sparkling glacier shone in the glorious sunshine pouring out from the blue canopy of the heavens. The journey continued after lunch when our fleet of small boats were loaded and headed north by west past Cariboo Island and Mitchell's Bay into the more restricted waters of the False Arm. The Antiquary however was compelled to put back for his dog and, aside from a temporary check in our progress, compensated by a discourse between the owner and his canine property, by way of an address by the Antiquary in no uncertain terms, respecting dilatory and slothful habits and whose accusation of deafness arraigned at the dog was the coup d'etat coming from one with such a severe affliction of the same malady.

After sunset we made a safe landing at McMahon's cabin where "A" the comforts of the Saut Market were provided, including cariboo steak with home-grown potatoes, fit for any "Biley."

The following morning we reached our headquarters at Stevens' cabin, on the other side of Cedar Creek, and unloaded our supplies preparatory to packing them up to the mine. In place of the well-graded road of today, we had to use the trail over Toe Nail Bluff, which rises eight hundred feet over its length of one mile along the right bank of Cedar Creek. Our destination was the Grogan bunkhouse, as big and roomy as its builders are generous and which is now doing duty as dining room and cook house for the present camp. This was the only trail available then, but today a road wends its way over a distance of three miles, up a gradual grade of one in ten to the camp. The camp site has been well chosen for its convenience to the work and natural drainage. The men are housed in sleeping tents and log cabins, besides these a roomy bunk house accommodates the majority of the workmen. At the far end of the camp a semi-modern house has been constructed from material supplied by the old company's mill. Camp life is one round of work leavened with what pleasures are created at nights. Of these the arts and the critics are proclaimed and expounded in the bunk house forum, with the stove as the hub around which many geological theories are expounded. The gold in some cases even comes up from below, through the heat of volcanic eruption, until it is chilled to insignificance by the glaciers, three miles high, which stalked about in pre-historic times, sometimes tarrying a while to deposit their wealth in unsuspected places.

THE Glory Hole, where Platt and Lynnes worked with the primitive tools of the average prospector, in the silence of the virgin forest, is now a clearing, with over forty acres of surface workings. This ground has been sluiced by a return water system. The extent of the workings are in its length, following a ravine running North and South. The North end forms a natural pump where a dam has been made for storage of the seepage and return water. Here a steam plant with six inch centrifugal pump was used to elevate the water from the pump to a pipe line which carried the water by gravity some two hundred yards to a tank at the head of the sluice box. The dirt was then wheeled by hand to a hopper, below the tank, into which the water flowed in the opposite direction from whence it came, carrying the dirt over the two hundred feet of riffles and then to the tailing dump beyond, the water passing on to the settling tank for use again on clarifying.

This area consists of a variety of ground. In the banks where several drifts have been made, there is a fine gravel on bed rock; here some splendid pay had been recovered. At the mouth of one small drift a shovel full of gravel, washed, yielded thirteen and a half ounces of coarse gold. Six feet of the overburden on these drifts is valueless and is about ten to twelve feet to bed rock. In the vicinity of the old Glory Hole bed rock is shallow. As recollected there were about two feet or less in depth in Platt's workings. These workings were about the centre of the ravine or draw, and apparently the most shallow spot. Peculiarly enough the more shallow the ground, the richer it proved to be and several exceedingly valuable nugget patches have been discovered, besides the coarse and fine gold. The nuggets are irregular and rugged. This indicates their coming only a short distance, from some immediate deposit. One of these nuggets weighed two and a half ounces. The first one picked up in the Glory Hole while working with Platt was a long, jagged specimen, similar to a teaspoon handle, with hack saw edge and containing a variety of thicknesses and, apparently had been under great pressure at some time.

There is considerable clay in these patches, carrying fine values, that will have to be puddled. To puddle is to grind. To handle these a puddler was built. This is a simple primitive tool, lined with dimension lumber; shaped like a huge vat, set in the ground and operated by horse power. The grinding is done with harrows. There are sluice gates connecting with fine gold saving riffles and the muddy water is released to flow over these riffles and on to the cocoanut matting which collects the fine particles.

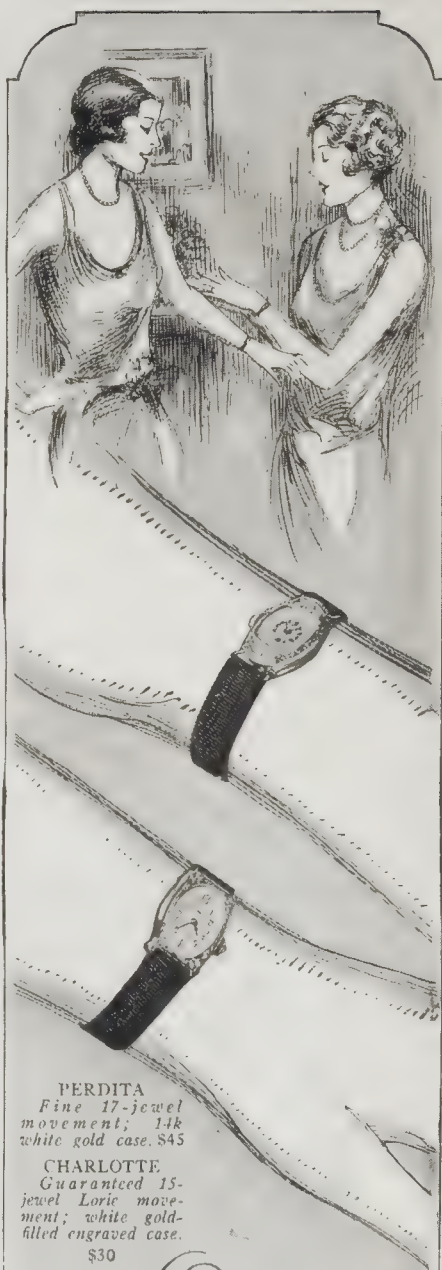
Opposite the camp a shaft has been sunk on the Sheridan property and certain drifting had been done last year. A large quantity of gravel ready for sluicing has been dumped from these workings. The gravel is different on this property, although it is in a continuation of the same ravine which makes its way through the other lease adjoining. The values are rich, but smaller and finer, and although so far both areas are similar, they differ. It seems a geological speculation.

The property has not been continuously worked and the machinery used in the last operation remains idle. Although placer mining might be classed as mongrel mining, or poor man's mining, it requires experience and ability to tell when and where certain things can be done or best left alone. Like all other properties it has its problems. When these are solved, we will hear more favourable reports of the area.

Grudging to leave a spot, which as a witness of its birth and growth we felt a part, it is encouraging to know that our resources are being worked and yielding returns, as unless we can prove to the outside world our ability to save fine gold at a profit, there is little hope of interesting capital. Fine gold is here mentioned in particular, as being analogous with economy, not only in mining, but all production that this Province bountifully yields.

IN COMPANY with a Vancouver party of voyageurs, we walked from the camp to the mouth of Cedar Creek, where the company's launch transported us to Likely, successor in name only to Quesnel Dam. At the Creek mouth are the old workings of the sixties, where good pay was taken out on the creek claims, now surrounded by an atmosphere of romance. Many a miner who took part in operations on these workings went to his last prospect at Dawson, leaving us the key to the bigger values discovered in the higher channels. In the early days gold was sought for in low places, but these theories have been changed by force of gravity and hard experience. It is now in the higher channels that the up to date prospector prosecutes his search and so far good results are being obtained. Leaving Lynnes and Platt five years ago busy with their work in the Glory Hole we commenced the decent of Toenail Bluff to the lake below and meeting an aged man toiling up the steep trail is a vivid recollection. Glad of the opportunity to rest, he then waxed enthusiastic; in spite of his frail state, he was alive and well enough to have come a

Continued on page 53



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Judgment Day

Continued from page 17

laugh away what she had said. "My dear, it isn't anything—just the common lot. I was being very sorry for poor Mary, but it's all right. Truly!"

"Oh, and I can't do one thing for you!" he burst out. "Chris won't let me—you won't let me. Mary, it is not to be borne. I can't go away and leave you in that pit of darkness and despair!"

"You can't help it. And you have got to go away. It isn't true, what you said—that I don't really care. And it isn't really—the house, and my life. It is just that I see his side of it."

"And I love you all the more for that. It's death, leaving you. Happiness right here between us, and I've got to go away."

She rose. "It wouldn't be happiness if I hurt my poor old Chris. You see, he doesn't deserve to be hurt. He has done his best. Now come."

They went in sad silence. The house, of course, was waiting for Mary. Mrs. Andy, admitting them, murmured words about the second floor front that brought her sharply back to the real problems of her life.

"Just wait a minute, Ned," she begged, and ran upstairs.

Mrs. Andy, looking more burst than usual, lingered sociably. "Them cats will keep her up there a good half hour, gettin' them smoothed down," she confided. "A rotten shame, I call it."

"Rotten shame," Ned agreed, so heartily that Mrs. Andy settled down to the theme.

"One wants to play on the pianner and the other wants to sleep, so there's ructions, and both for movin' out. Mrs. Rolleston, she'll get 'um patched up somehow. Always a joke and a laugh—that's her."

"She says you are a great comfort to her," Ned said with his direct human friendliness. "Andronopoulos—I like your name."

"You'd not like spellin' it out in A. & S.'s basement," Mrs. Andy returned. "Next time I marry, it'll be: 'Send it to Mrs. Casey.' Dmitri's a good little man, for a Dago," she added reasonably. "Better'n that cold fish." A general jerk of her thumb seemed to indicate Mr. Rolleston.

Ned spoke with deliberate invitation: "So he's a cold fish?"

"I'll say he is. And she's too good to him." Mrs. Andy drew nearer. "There's some says he ain't so poor as he makes out."

"That so?" Ned asked mildly.

"Well, I'm just tellin' you. They say he's got money put away and he's too mean to spend it."

Ned's voice had taken on an idle drawl. "I don't suppose that's true—do you?"

"Yes, I do. Look at the tight walk on him, and his mouth shut down at the corners—wouldn't you know to look at him e'd pinch a nickel till the buffalo hollered? Sure, he's got money."

Mary's step was on the stairs and she motioned for caution. "There's no use sayin' it to her; she'd only laugh at you. But I know what I see." A finger laid on her nose told what she saw.

"Very interesting," Ned murmured. "Glad I met you, Mrs. Andy."

"The day is saved," Mary announced from the door. "They are both unpacking. Mrs. Andy, if you don't go home at once, I shall have to be paying you overtime."

"Ah, go 'long," was the fond answer. "I might as well get your dinner started, now I'm here."

She left them, and Mary dropped down in silence. Presently she looked up to smile at him.

"You see, one can't take holidays," she began, then broke off, for Ned was looking down at her with a burning triumph.

"Women are wonders!" he held forth. "I take off my hat to women! They know everything, see everything, they jump clean to the truth while a blamed fool of a man goes fumbling on in the dark and would never get anywhere without them! God bless the women!"



Victor Rousseau

Victor Rousseau is of English birth and training, educated at Harrow and Oxford, and, prior to coming to this country, lived for a time in South Africa where, during the Boer war, he fought with the English volunteers. He came to America about twenty-five years ago, and after some newspaper experience, became assistant managing editor of Harper's Weekly, where he remained until that magazine was acquired by other interests. For several years Mr. Rousseau made his home in the Province of Quebec, where he studied the people and wrote his charming and romantic tales of the French-Canadian Habitant, which have appeared widely in leading magazines.

The November issue of The Western Home Monthly will contain the first instalment of one of Mr. Rousseau's best works. "The Truant Soul," a fascinating story with a real grip from start to finish.

"What has struck you?" she demanded.

He laid his hands on her shoulders, even shook her a little.

"Mary, if Christopher Rolleston has committed a capital crime—will you leave him?"

She would not take him seriously. "Well—if it's murder!"

"Murder!" He gave a shout. "All right—if it's murder! We won't say good-bye just yet." He was gone before she could find speech.

CHRISTOPHER ROLLESTON sat in his counting house, counting up his money. The third installment of the income tax was due, a rending hour. Christopher would make every move the law allowed to avoid or mitigate taxation, but, that done, his return was honest to a penny, and last year the net profit on sales had been a terrible sum. The tax was driving him out of his fascinating pursuit of muling under the city streets to come up where riches promised. Three million dollars that he might have been turning over and over were now laid away in comparative idleness of non-taxable securities. Three million dollars—five million dollars—ten million dollars—he said sums like that deep in his throat, a curious smile narrowing his eyes, his fingers curling over his palms.

A knock at the door gave him barely time to push the papers out of sight. Ned Brewer came in with his usual long Yankee calm, closing the door behind him and taking a chair without seeming to notice that his greeting was not returned.

"I've got to have a serious talk with you, Mr. Rolleston," he began.

Christopher's hands closed tightly on the edge of his desk and anger flared in his eyes.

"I see no occasion for it," he snapped. "I am very busy."

Ned took a cigarette, lit it.

"Yes, it must keep you busy, looking after those millions you have salted down," he observed.

Wrath vanished; Christopher became as still and blank as an animal in danger. "Millions?" he smiled faintly. "What do you mean—millions?"

"Just that." Ned laughed to himself. "Considering that I came sprinting east to help you out with a little ready money—it's one on me. You are a rich man," he added deliberately.

Christopher was bored but patient. "I really don't see—"

Ned brought out a paper, a list of properties with dates and figures written against them, and laid it on the desk.

"You have cleaned up a million dollars on those sales alone," he said. "And you must have done rather well on the side, for in the last three years you have put three million dollars into non-taxable bonds."

Their eyes met, fought as their fists would have fought in a simpler world. Christopher's were the first to fall. He had to pass his tongue over his lips but his voice was unmoved.

"May I ask you where you picked up this fairy tale?"

"Oh, I have been sleuthing round. I have the goods on you, Christopher Rolleston." Ned leaned toward him, long arms clamping his long body. "I can prove everything I say. I know what you are worth, and how long you have been worth it."

Christopher still did not see where they were headed. "What business is it of yours? What do you want? I paid you well—what are you driving at?"

"My God, he doesn't see it!" Ned marvelled. Then he spoke very slowly and distinctly, as though to someone deaf and dull: "Mr. Rolleston, years ago I made you a promise—that I would not talk over your affairs with Mary. I made a promise, and what you gave me in return saved my life, so to speak. That is why I came here first, instead of going straight to Mary with the whole story of the rotten deal she has had."

The words sprang out: "You can't do that!"

"Oh, can't I? Mary has had five years of—" He pulled up, swore under his breath, shut his teeth on that subject. "Well, you know how you have treated her. And she is going to know it—today; but, because of that promise, I'm giving you a chance to tell her yourself. That's all."

Christopher had fastened on the promise. "And if I refuse, your hands are tied," he pointed out, his eyes gleaming malice.

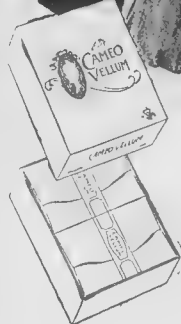
"If you refuse I go straight to her."

"Regardless of your word?"

"Damn my word! You're killing Mary."

The voices were rising. "So you are not a man of honor!"

"Not if you are one!" Ned smote the desk with a fist that looked dangerous. "I might have sworn to my mother on the Bible that I wouldn't go into the river, but if I saw Mary drowning, I'd jump." *Continued on 56*



Family Tradition

has been carried down through the generations largely by the written missives of years ago. Happy scenes and tender emotions of bygone days are recalled, linking the present with the eventful past. The personal letter still survives as the one means of communication that carries your message in privacy—and an intimacy that bespeaks sincerity.

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Writing Paper

Barber-Ellis
Limited

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Never Before—Such Smiles!



(Above) MISS LORRAINE JOHNSON and "By" Chamberlain follow a championship match at Royal Ottawa Golf Club. Smiles like theirs result from regular daily use of Pepsodent.

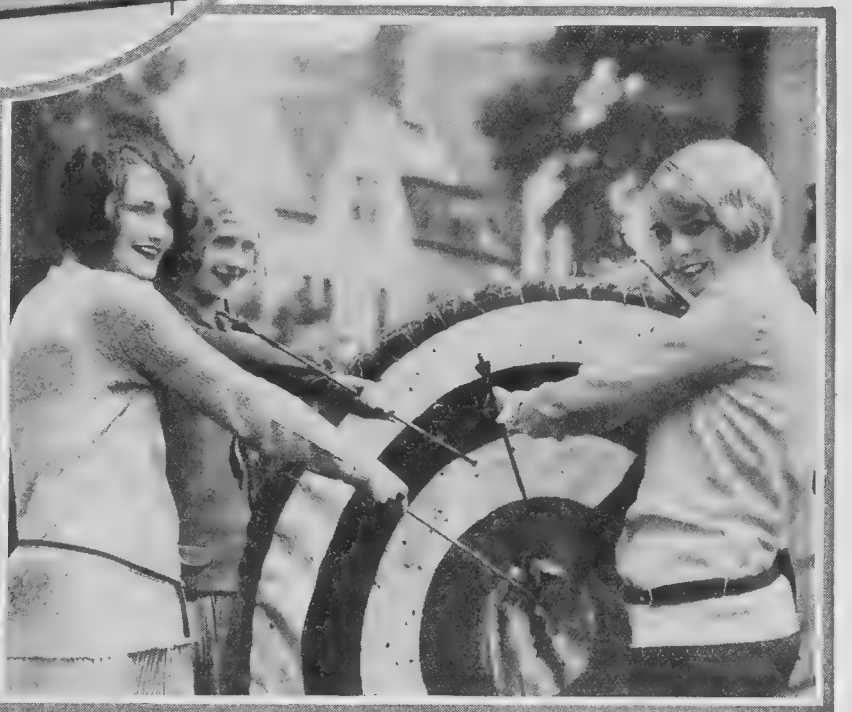


(Above) "SEE YOU IN HOLLYWOOD," says June Lorée, who recently won a sectional beauty contest by a wide margin. It's no small part Pepsodent will play in making her close-ups successful.

**Gain Them
by Removing
Dingy FILM
from Teeth**

New Way Dentists Widely Advise

Accept 10-Day Tube to Try



(Above) THE ANCIENT SPORT OF ARCHERY was revived at the Canadian National Exhibition by Misses Cabot, Deane and Morrissey. This pictures another situation where Pepsodent-bright smiles are quite apparent.



(Left) NO TOOTH-ACHES for Bobby Rutledge. Mother takes him to the dentist twice each year as a precautionary measure. And as a further safeguard Bobby uses Pepsodent regularly each day at home... once in the morning and once at night.

GLISTENING, white teeth mean simply film-free teeth. If your teeth are "off-color," dull, lustreless, they are film coated.

Properly protected teeth and gums mean the same thing—film-free teeth. According to present-day dental findings, if your teeth are film-coated, both your teeth and gums are left unguarded against bacterial attack.

Ordinary brushing does not successfully combat film. And that is why, largely on dental advice, thousands are adopting Pepsodent. For Pepsodent is a *Scientifically Developed Film-Removing Agent*, different in formula, preparation and effect from any other dentifrice.

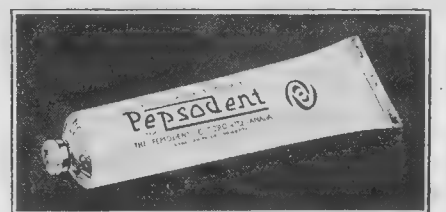
Film is a grave and dangerous enemy of both teeth and gums. Run your tongue across your teeth now and you can feel it; a slippery, slimy coating.

Germ by the millions breed in that film. And germs, with tartar, are a proved cause of pyorrhea. Film, too, fosters the bacteria which invite the acids of decay. Discolorations from food and smoking lodge in it; teeth look dingy and off color. You must remove film TWICE daily, say leading dentists.

Pepsodent has largely changed the tooth-cleansing habits of the world. It removes that film completely—*thoroughly*, and in safety to enamel. It acts to firm tender gums. It alkalizes the mouth's saliva to combat the acids of decay. It cleanses the teeth as no old brushing method has ever done.

It meets—your dentist will tell you—the dominant, dental exactments of today, for whiter, healthier teeth and healthier gums—in nine important ways. In big tubes, wherever dentifrices are sold. Or mail coupon for 10-day trial tube.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1477, 191 George St.,
Toronto 2, Ont., Canada

Made in Canada

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
1104 S. Wabash Ave. : : Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. : : London, S.E. 1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St. : Sydney, N.S.W.
Only one tube to a family 2604-Can.

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



Test Our Methods While You Live

MANY persons in their lifetime entrust to this Corporation the management of the estate they have accumulated. As their financial agent, it keeps capital funds fully and soundly invested, collects interest, dividends, royalties, etc., manages real property, makes Income Tax returns and performs many other duties incidental to the management of property. Let its organization and experience secure the highest returns from your property.

The charges for this work are moderate. Estimates will gladly be submitted on request, either by letter, or on a personal call at our offices.

**THE
TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS
CORPORATION**

27

"Canada's Oldest Trust Company"—Established 1882

Toronto Montreal Ottawa Winnipeg Saskatoon Vancouver



IN CONTINUATION of our previously announced intention we cite certain cases which have been recently decided and which were of interest to the general public. In one of the large cities of British Columbia a motor bus was being driven along a steep incline on a frosty and foggy morning. Suddenly a street car stopped in front of the driver, who tried to stop the bus but was unable to do so. In order to avoid a serious accident he directed the bus over the curbstone, where he was stopped by coming in contact with a telephone pole. One of the passengers in the bus was injured and sued the owner of the motor bus for damages. It was held that, taking into consideration all the conditions which were in force, the fact that it was a very foggy morning with a consequent short range of visibility and the icy condition of the pavement, and the fact of the possibility of a street car appearing, the bus driver was at fault in that he did not display proper caution, and the passenger was entitled to damages.

A party in a restaurant and confectionery business decided to sell out and did so by written agreement. In this agreement it was provided that the vendor would not for a period of five years engage in the same town either directly or indirectly in the business of restaurant keeper or confectioner unless the purchasers had previously given up possession of the premises which had been transferred in the deal and which had formerly been occupied by the vendor. Subsequently a new restaurant was opened in the same town under a different name and the purchasers came to the conclusion that whereas it was supposed to be owned by a third party it was in reality the business of the vendor, and that the third party was merely a nominal head of the business. It was found that one of the vendors was really the "boss" of the establishment and that he had put money into the business, but the question to be decided was whether he was in the employment of the nominal head or whether he was actually carrying on business as a restaurant keeper. The courts held that he was actually engaged in the business of a restaurant keeper. As far as the other vendor was concerned it could not be shown that she had put any money into the business but was employed as a waitress, and in her case the court held that she was not a restaurant keeper but merely an employee.

In the Manitoba Court of Appeal it was recently decided that the Sale of Shares Act of that province in so far as it attempts to legislate on Dominion Companies is ultra vires of the province. This means to say that none of the restrictions set out in the Sale of Shares Act as far as Manitoba companies are concerned apply to Dominion companies. This is in keeping with the opinion which has already been expressed in these articles on many occasions. It simply provided a loophole for fraudulent companies to flood the country with all sorts of offers of shares without restriction of any kind. There is nothing that the Provincial Legislature can do to combat this evil unless it can persuade the Dominion Government to introduce a Dominion Act similar to the Provincial Sale of Shares Act, permitting provincial authorities to insist upon a license being taken out in each province by the Dominion Company.

During the year 1925 "A" sold to a limited company two carloads of potatoes to be shipped by "A" to the company at Winnipeg. A few days later "A" delivered a certain quantity of potatoes to the railway company, paid the freight and received the company's bill of lading. On the same date "A" drew upon the company attaching the bill of lading and on the following day drew upon the company for freight. The car left the station in good condition, but when it arrived at Winnipeg, the

company broke the seals of the car and inspected the contents, when the potatoes were found to be badly frozen. As soon as this was discovered the Winnipeg agent of the railway company wired the agent at that point from which the potatoes had been shipped to the effect that the company had refused to take delivery on account of the potatoes being frozen. This agent was authorized to serve a statutory notice upon "A" requesting immediate payment of the charges shown in the statement with a further intimation that if these charges were not paid the company would sell the goods without further notice. When this notice was served no charges had accrued, 48 hours free time being allowed to take delivery after a consignee had been advised. The agent handed the demand to an employee of "A" with a request that the railway company be advised as to the disposition of the potatoes. Later on "A" admitted that he had received this demand and copies of the telegrams which had been despatched between Winnipeg and the town of shipment. Quite a correspondence passed between the parties, particularly as to the question of the right of inspection which had been exercised by the consignee, although the fact of inspection having been made was unknown to the railway company.

"A" refused to give any orders as to the disposition of the potatoes and a few days later the railway company sold the potatoes, deducted the auctioneers commission and certain sums for demurrage and government inspection, the sale having first of all been advertised in the newspapers in Winnipeg. It was held that under all the circumstances and especially in view of the Railway Act the company had the right to sell the potatoes without any demand of tolls or notice of sale as the goods were perishable goods, liable to perish while in the possession of the company by reason of delay in taking delivery by the consignee.

Answers to Queries

Medicine Hat, Alta.

Q. After a residence of twenty-five years or more in a province that is taking up the Old Age Pension Scheme, will it disqualify him from receiving aid if he has been residing in another province for two years and is now a resident of that other province? Will it be incumbent on the part of the pensioner to reside in the province from which he receives aid?

A. As far as we know the Old Age Pension Scheme has not been brought into effect in Alberta, and therefore we cannot advise you at present. If you will refer to us again as soon as the Act is brought into force we will then give you a full answer to your question.

Brandon, Man.

Q. (1) I kept a child for a woman living in Saskatchewan. She gets a pension every month from the government. She still owes me \$200.00. What should I do to collect this?

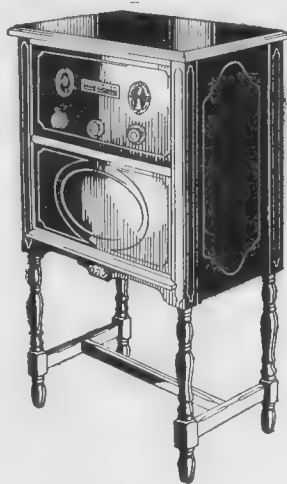
A. (1) We presume that the mother receives her pension from the Dominion Government. Perhaps if you write to the Minister of Pensions at Ottawa his department may assist you. Otherwise you will probably have to sue the account in Saskatchewan. You cannot garnish a pension from the Dominion Government. If your debtor fails to pay the judgment you may have her examined as a judgment debtor, and thereafter apply to a judge for an order compelling payments to you.

Q. (2) A friend of mine is a widow with two children under sixteen. Is she entitled to a Mother's Pension? Where should we write for information?

A. (2) A Mother's Allowance under the Child Welfare Act is only available

Continued on page 73

"These Fond Remembered Days..."



While the family is still young—how rapidly they pass—babes grow into boys and girls—youths into young men and women. Relentlessly Father Time shortens the days that remain for this circle of love and companionship.

The coming winter evenings will soon be fond memories of the past. They never can be renewed—a mighty reason for gaiety and animation NOW.

The gift of a radio set for your family circle makes home-life more attractive and twice blessed—"like the gentle rain from Heaven."

Westinghouse "AC" Console with six new "AC" Radiotrons, single station selector: Oval Cone speaker built in. Handsome and satisfying as only the best can satisfy.

Westinghouse dealers will gladly show you the 1928 Westinghouse models and explain the advantages that make them better.

Westinghouse

PIONEERS IN RADIO



See Page 106—A Beautiful Announcement For Your Gift

To every person you remember this year with a Subscription to the Western Home Monthly for Christmas we shall be glad to send in your name a Christmas gift announcement that is marvellously alive with the spirit of Yuletide.

Printed on heavy art paper, it opens to a brilliant sweep of color which delights the eye. Set on the desk or dressing table, it not only makes a jolly picture, but, throughout the year, will prove a useful and pleasant reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Autumn Bonfires

WHATEVER may be the case with other votaries of Guy Fawkes Day, it must be admitted that gardeners as a race have a very poor notion of making a bonfire. They set it going with as little as possible of paper and sticks; then they heat as much as possible of the stuff which they want to destroy, and let it take as long as it pleases about burning dully away. Men who live in a gloomy state of disappointment because mischievous Nature is always playing tricks on them, cannot be expected to snatch at the chance of a game; and in being wholly serious about the autumn bonfires they miss one of the best garden games of the season. It is a very cheap game. It can be played, after a fashion, with any garden refuse; but it reaches St. Andrews form only in gardens which include a wild part where bracken and gorse can be allowed all summer to prepare themselves for the autumn sacrifice. They must be destroyed, but let them be destroyed with honor. Let the bracken grow to its full height and turn brown and gold and red. Then it shall not be left to droop and decay; it shall be cut down and lie in the air until, if luck holds and the weather is fine, it has completely dried. And on the perfect morning—a sunny autumn morning, with a light breeze blowing away from the house and out-buildings—it shall be burned with ceremony. Unlike the merely practical gardener, the artist in bonfires begins with all the old newspapers and seed merchants' catalogues that he can lay hands on; a small can of paraffin, large heaps of dead sticks cut fresh from firs or other trees, and—this is a strict rule of the game—only one match. All this "bottom" is necessary because the incendiary's purpose is not merely to destroy rubbish. It is to reach back into his own childhood and the childhood of his genus; it is to play with fire. Once his bonfire is well started, he has a toy that he may play with, should he manage it properly, almost as long as he wants to. Now he may send flames roaring high; now (in common phrase) volumes of smoke as dense as the publishers' autumn lists, and certainly no less rich in variety and beauty. Now he may damp it all down to a sullen smolder, and having left it for the night, find it next morning burned through the middle into the form of a huge bird's nest, but still alight and ready to be pronged and persuaded and fed into new activity.

Rubbish must be burned. Even the gardener admits that; and he admits that the gorse and bracken and all the inflammable matter of the "bottom" hasten and facilitate the burning of his special contribution. A bonfire is more than play; it is play that serves a useful purpose; and nothing in the world can make a man so happy as play that is also useful. Yet, should his sense of duty continue to prick him a little, there are certain obvious reflections over which he may moralize to himself as he heaps on more fuel, or redresses the balance of the heap, or wakes up a sluggish strip with his long-handled fork. Playing with a bonfire comes to seem very like managing his own soul. In both there is rubbish to be burned by fire. Like human nature, a bonfire is deceptive and tricky. All seems to be going well, when suddenly the cleansing fire falls and the weight of the dead stuff chokes it. Nothing seems to be happening, and "the dark night of the soul" begins to possess him, when without warning the flame leaps through, and one more obstinate lump of refuse is destroyed. There are times of confident quiet when little smoke or fuss is to be seen, yet the faint cracklings from the heart of the mass prove that the good work is going steadily on. The false end is as common in bonfires as in conduct. It looks as if all had been consumed. A turn of the prong in the black remainder reveals a solid, caked mass that must be broken up all over again before the fire can prevail against it. So, as most men know to their cost, it is with the selfishness, the greed, the fear that are the refusal of the human soul, the dead stuff which the fire of virtue, or of good sense, or of love, or whatever it may be called, must consume if the ground is to be clean and the fruits and flowers are to grow. And one more reflection may occur to the player of the game as he puts his fork back into the tool-house and goes in to have a bath. This fire, which has seemed only to destroy, has also created. See the only half-concealed delight with which the gardener will take that heap of ashes to dig into his beds. In the destruction of rubbish new power has been made; the negative has been changed into the positive. Every man's experience can point to periods in his own life when dust and ashes proved to be sources of new growth.—London Times.



"Some" Hallowe'en Pumpkin

Isn't there a nursery rhyme about somebody named Peter who could not keep his wife until he put her in a pumpkin shell? Well, anyway, here is Ethlyne Clair, one of Universal's featured players, in a pumpkin shell, but she denies any husband.



ENDS

**Rubbing, Scrubbing,
Bending, Kneeling,
Stretching, Straining**

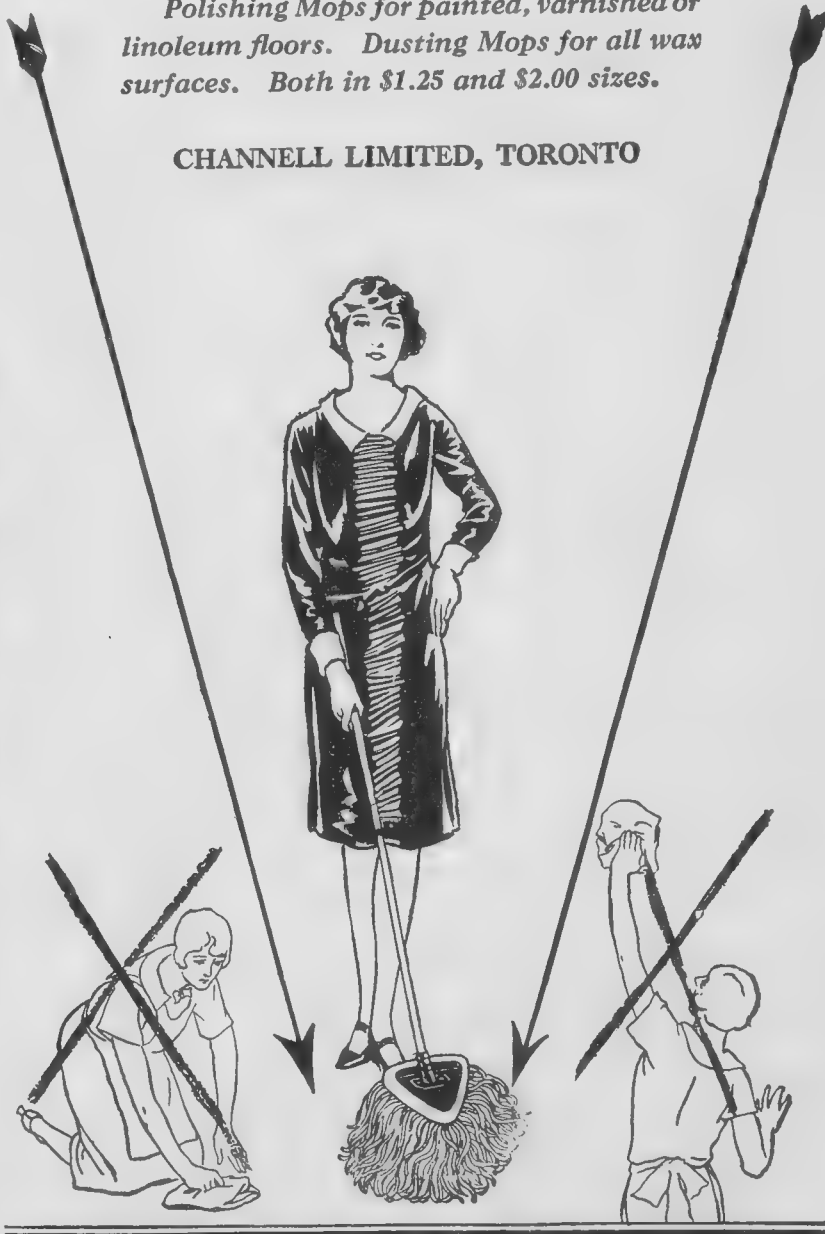
WHY wear yourself out cleaning your linoleum, varnished floors, doors and woodwork when the O-Cedar Polish Mop will do it for you—and in one-third the usual time.

Into every corner it goes, under beds and furniture it reaches. Up to ledges and shelves it stretches, cleaning, dusting and polishing all at one operation.

The O-Cedar Mop way is the sanitary way. Collects and holds the dust—never scatters it. Use it with O-Cedar Polish for best results.

Polishing Mops for painted, varnished or linoleum floors. Dusting Mops for all wax surfaces. Both in \$1.25 and \$2.00 sizes.

CHANNELL LIMITED, TORONTO





Safeguard your health

4 out of 5 needlessly suffer

Neglect your teeth and gums, and you open wide the door to vicious Pyorrhea. That is the simple reason why four out of five after forty (and many younger) suffer its dread effects, paving the way to serious sickness, loss of health and beauty.

So dangerous and yet so unnecessary! With reasonable care, you need never fear the ravages of Pyorrhea. Make it a rule to see your dentist twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

Forhan's for the Gums used in time, thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its course. It firms the gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white.

Forhan's, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere.

Start the Forhan habit today and use it regularly morning and night. Teach your children this habit. It is pleasant tasting. It is health insurance. Safeguard youth and health—get a tube today! At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's Ltd., Montreal

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



You can be
sure of this



Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. Try it.

My Escape From a German Prison Camp

Continued from page 34

trundling his bicycle with one hand, and keeping his revolver trained on us with the other.

Down the street we went, while small children stared goggle-eyed at us, and their parents passed remarks which fortunately I couldn't understand.

Up to regimental headquarters he paraded us and with a flourish brought us face to face with his superior officer. This chap, I was glad to note, had the red band around his arm, denoting that he was of the new régime, and I was still more delighted to discover that he could speak French. True, my French is far from fluent, but my grasp of this language is positively academic compared with my knowledge of the German tongue.

He asked me quite civilly what we were doing. I told him we were walking to Holland; thereby, as I glibly pointed out, saving train transportation. All the prisoners at Munster were walking, I added, which was a shocking piece of mendacity. And further, as he knew, the Armistice had been declared, so what could be gained by keeping us any longer?

He listened attentively with a curious smile on his face, and then, turning abruptly upon our captor, shouted at him for about 5 minutes without a halt. I couldn't catch a word I knew, but I'm very certain that he was pinning no verbal decorations on our friend the sergeant. When the shouting and the tumult died, the sergeant saluted stiffly, whirled on his heels and left, and that was the last we saw of him.

Once more the officer turned to me. "Do you know what I'm going to do with you?" he asked blandly. It occurred to me that there was a whole lot of things he might be going to do, mostly unpleasant, so I contented myself with a curt "Non."

"Did you notice a road on your right about half a mile from the town?" he continued. I had, and told him so. "Well," he said, "that road leads to Holland. Most of the prisoners we capture make the same mistake as you did. They walk past the road instead of turning off."

"Interesting," thought I, "but just what is this palaver leading up to?" Again he fired another query at me. "Do you see this man here?" pointing to a private who had been standing at attention since our arrival, and probably long before. This struck me as a silly question, so I maintained a frigid silence. "Well," he said, "I am going to tell that man to take you back to that road you passed, and show you the right road to Holland."

Now, there were a number of things I might have done at that moment. I might have burst into tears of joyfulness. I might have cast myself on the ground before him with a low moan of gratitude. I certainly might at least have said "Thank you," but I didn't. After three years and eight months of captivity in Germany, I had acquired a nasty suspicious turn of mind. I feared the Greeks, though bearing gifts in their hands, and I figured that if there was some subtle jest going to be perpetrated at our expense, I wasn't going to add to his merriment by thanking him in advance. So I looked him straight in the eye and said nothing. There was a moment's silence, the officer I imagine being hurt at our lack of enthusiasm, then he waved his hand, the guard slung his rifle over his shoulder and ushered us forth into the sunshine.

"What did he say? What did he say?" Jewell asked me, for Jewell knew not a word of German and considerably less French. I gave him an outline of the interview, and Jewell promptly took the same jaundiced view of things as I. "There's something fishy about this," said my friend, as we tramped down the street back to the road we had passed. "Ten to one that blinking officer has told the guard to lead us up close to the border, and then plug us in the back when we start to cross over. Let's get this blighter in between us, and at the

first sign of dirty work we'd better bash him one." The idea seemed a sound one, but we had no time to put it into execution.

Our guard, being out of sight of the barracks, evidently saw no sense in walking any further than he had to. He beckoned to a group of boys, the oldest of whom could not have been more than fourteen, and after a few words with them turned on his heel, and left us without even kissing us good-bye. For the first time since our capture I began to feel at ease. The lads, six of them in all, were a friendly bunch. "English?" they asked. "Of course," said I. "Going to Holland?" I assured them that such was our earnest desire. "Come," said the leader, and putting his hand in mine, we walked happily onward to the road that led to Holland. As we walked we indulged in a cross-fire of questions. I found that our youthful companions knew every inch of the paths through the woods that lead to Holland. Small wonder, as it turned out. Even the youngest, during the war, had made the trip time and time again to Holland and had come back laden with tobacco, coffee, butter and other delicacies which were plentiful in Holland and woefully scarce in Germany. They were smugglers, this band of juvenile criminals, but from what I could gather the guards on both sides of the border closed at least one eye when these boy-smugglers made their trips.

They were a nice bunch of kids, and how they did enjoy our English cigarettes! They found we were hungry and nothing would do but they must stop at the house of the eldest lad and get some "butter-brot" for us. Two bread-and-butter sandwiches for each of us, with real butter on them! We had no money with us, but Jewell presented the lad with a pair of wool mittens, whilst I donated a big wool muffler to him, both of which gifts were thankfully received.

At last we came to the road of which we had heard so much. On each side of it were trees, and as we walked down the lane my friend raised his hat politely to a somewhat thicker bunch of bushes than we had passed. I asked him the reason for his salutation. "Oh, that was a guard," he answered airily. "I know him. He's a good man," and looking back I saw the bunch of bushes was in reality a cleverly camouflaged sentry box with a guard inside. He was indeed a good man!

A hundred yards further on, the boys halted and shook hands with us. My young friend said something to me about "links," which I knew meant "left," but that was all I could understand. The most important feature seemed to be, we had reached the border and our guides were no longer needed.

Thereupon Jewell and I solemnly shook hands, this seeming the correct thing to do, and pushed on into what we fondly imagined was Holland territory. The road stretched straight ahead, a wide cutting through the woods, and though the soil beneath our feet was wet and muddy, what cared we? This, of course, should conclude the narrative, but you must bear with me a little longer. Dumbells that we were, we were marching gaily along back into the heart of Germany! You see, at this point a portion of Holland runs into Germany in the shape of a narrow triangle, so that unless you keep exactly to the right path you can wander back into German soil on either side of the triangle. We had passed a tiny lane to our left just after the boys had said good-bye to us, and this, of course, was the path to our left, or "links" to which our guide had referred. This was the real path to Holland, but it looked much too insignificant to us. On we marched in blissful ignorance of our mistake until a small cottage came into sight. "How about some coffee—some good Holland coffee?" I suggested. "Jolly good idea," said Jewell, smacking his lips. So we rapped on the door of the cottage, and made our wants known to the good-natured looking woman who opened the door.

She popped a big pot onto the stove and in less than no time she had filled two big cups with what smelt like excellent coffee. I say "smelt," advisedly, for we never tasted it. As I was reaching for my cup, I said to the lady of the manor: "This is Holland, isn't it?" Nay, nay," she replied with a friendly smile, "This is Germany."

Suffering wildcats! If the lady had exploded a stick of dynamite under my chair, my uprising wouldn't have been a particle more rapid. "Let's get out of here at once," I bellowed to the startled Jewell. "We're in Germany!" and down went the cups and out of the door we bounced, leaving the poor woman with her coffee untouched, and a firm conviction, I am sure, that our captivity had driven us absolutely stark, staring mad.

By this time evening was approaching and for awhile we stumbled through the woods, all at sea. It's true that we met a peasant in our erratic wanderings who volunteered to put us on the right road, but we would have none of him.

It began to grow dusk. The air grew chilly and in our wanderings we had plunged time and again into swampy ground. It was time to make some definite decision as to the direction we were to take, or we stood an excellent chance of spending the night in the woods.

Out came the map and the compass, and after profound cogitation we decided that due south was the proper point to make for. For an hour we held doggedly to our course, wading through swamp and crashing through bushes like a couple of thoroughly disgusted rhinoceri. Just after the sun went down we spied another cottage in a clearing and made a bee-line for it.

More raps at the door. An old man answered us. "Are we in Holland?" I croaked wearily. "Yes, this is Holland," he replied—and that was that.

Windows

Roberta Edwinna Clares

*There are windows in France and old England,
There are windows in bright Italy,
Beautiful windows that please the eye;
But if you'll only listen, I'll tell you why,
They do not appeal to me.*

*There's a cottage with windows so tiny and plain,
That are beckoning forever to me,
There's a dear face behind, so patient and kind,
Looking anxiously out to the sea.
But those windows at night, when the crimson sun sets,
Are painted with the purest of gold,
And that sweet face behind, so loving and kind,
Will welcome me still though I'm old.
So now you can see, why they appeal not to me,
Those beautiful windows of Rome,
Is because in a cottage beside the blue sea,
Behind a plain little window—is Home.*

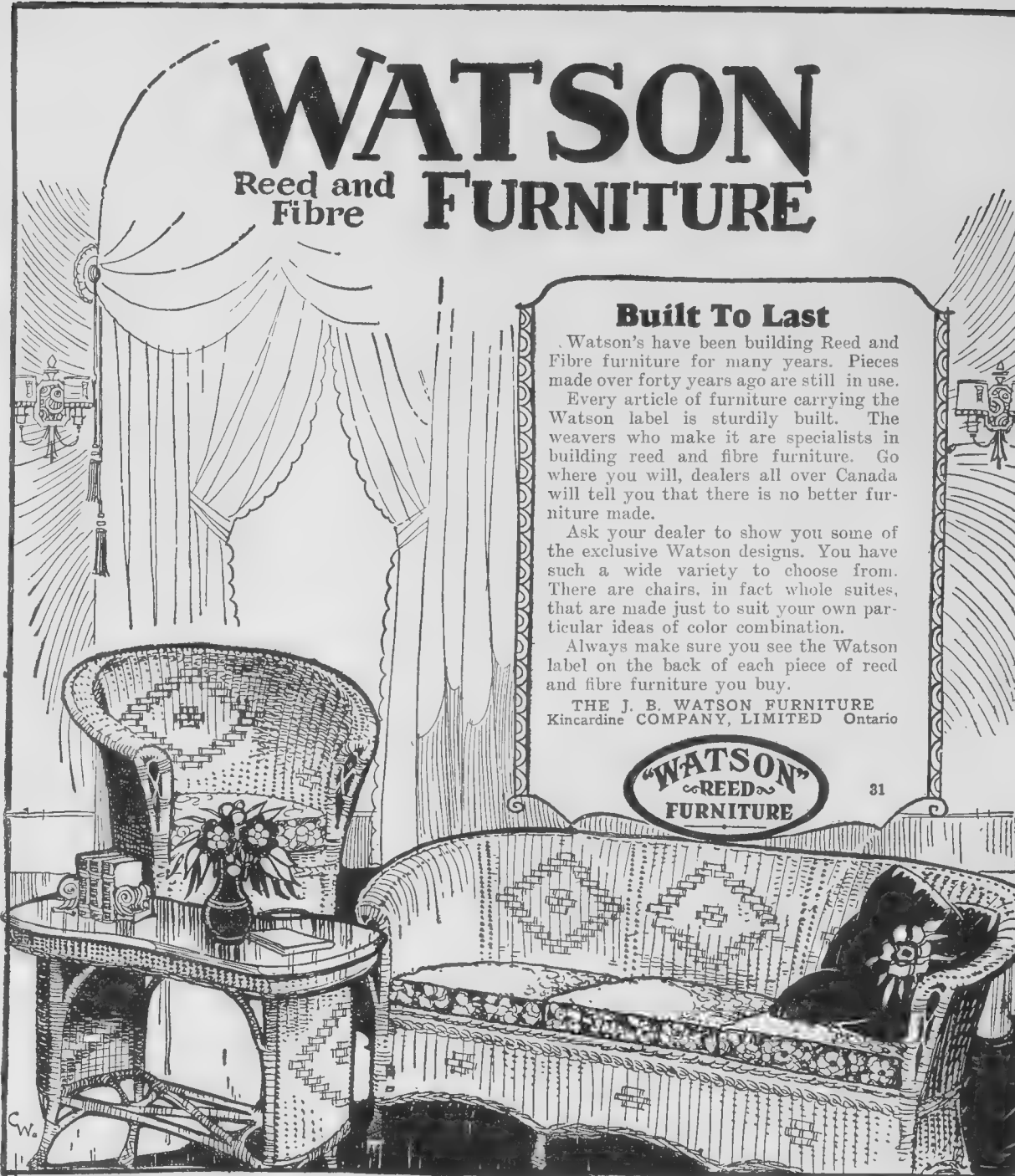
Wheat

Donald A. Fraser

*O Sun, smile on this field of waving wheat!
O Rain, refresh it with thy gentle shower!
O Wind, breathe o'er it with thy subtle power,
And bid it flourish through the summer heat!
Then, Autumn, come and make the work complete;
Ripen each acre with thy golden dower,
Till reapers bring it where high garners tower,
And men with gladdened eyes the harvest greet.
Hark! How the hungry nations crave this grain!
"Bread, Bread!" they cry, "that we may live in peace!
O Plenty and Content, with us remain!
O Fields, bestow on us your rich increase!
We thank Thee, God, for this that Thou didst give,
This wheat that faces Death, and bids us live!*

WATSON

Reed and Fibre FURNITURE



Built To Last

Watson's have been building Reed and Fibre furniture for many years. Pieces made over forty years ago are still in use.

Every article of furniture carrying the Watson label is sturdily built. The weavers who make it are specialists in building reed and fibre furniture. Go where you will, dealers all over Canada will tell you that there is no better furniture made.

Ask your dealer to show you some of the exclusive Watson designs. You have such a wide variety to choose from. There are chairs, in fact whole suites, that are made just to suit your own particular ideas of color combination.

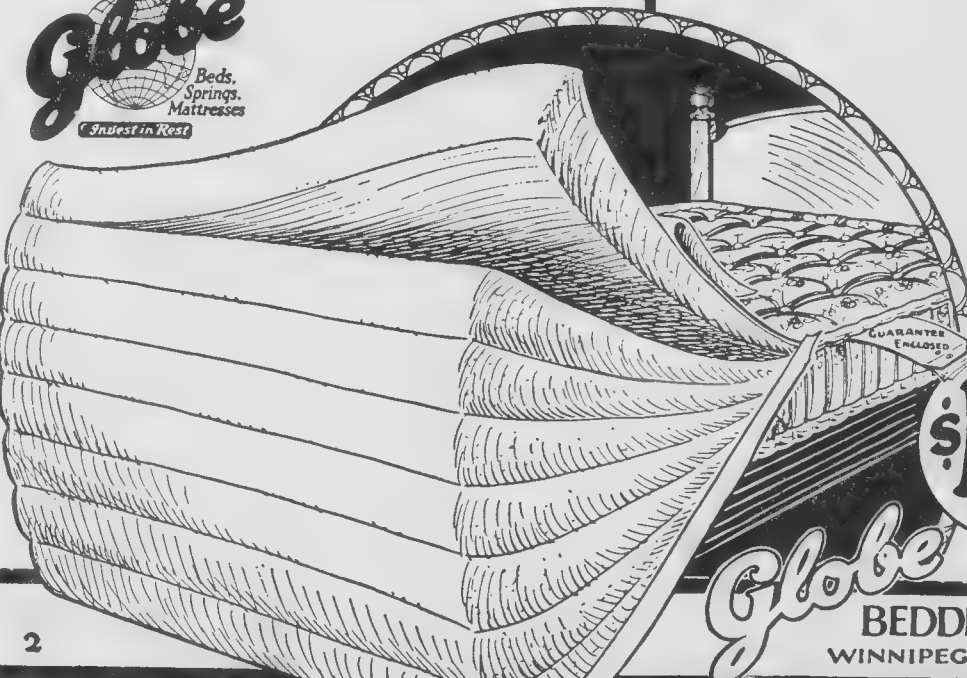
Always make sure you see the Watson label on the back of each piece of reed and fibre furniture you buy.

THE J. B. WATSON FURNITURE
KINCARDINE COMPANY, LIMITED Ontario


31

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

"And it's Built Layer upon Layer"



The ComfoRest Mattress

Sleep on a billow of snow-white felted cotton... with extra filling at points where displacement of body-weight makes the ordinary mattress sag.

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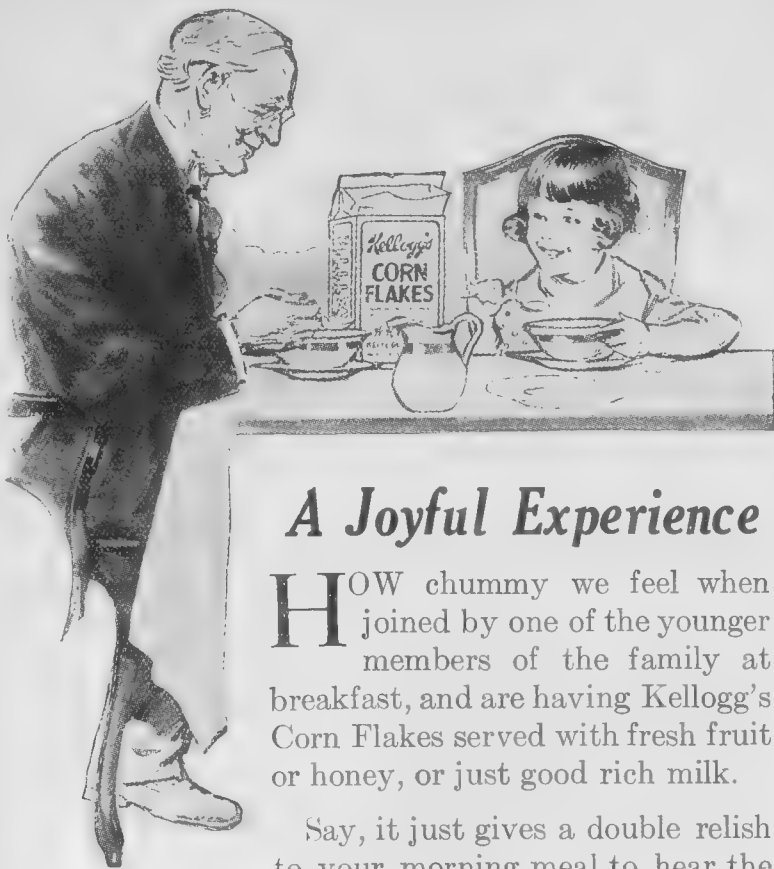
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CORN FLAKES

A Day in Wainwright Park

WITH his shaggy front and hind parts like a poodle, the buffalo is a curious yet kingly creature. To him, the tourist of today must seem little different from the Cro-Magnon cave-men who drew him so many thousands of years ago for Mr. Wells's Outline of History. We of today carry coats and cameras instead of the beards and battle-axes of that earlier age: that is the only difference. Even to movie-men the monarch of the plains is accessible.

Only one object disturbs his equanimity—a horse. For long years he has been hunted and herded on horse-back. So he (or she) charges in a fury of inherited anger when a cowboy or ranger appears. One man had the heel of his boot horned off the other day by a young bull, who came at him over the brow of a hill before he had time to put spurs to his cayuse; but accidents are few. The buffalo has all the magnanimity of the great; if he can run his adversary down and toss him once or twice he is quite content, and goes galumphing away to pasture.

A day spent in Wainwright Park in Canada is an education in pre-history. It was on plains such as these, amidst such surroundings, that dawn-man hunted and mated and died among the buffaloes and elk and little jumping deer. The trails, the wallows, the wolf-willows with crow's nests in them, the lakes, the swell of the ground, the yellow of the autumn grass and the blue arch of sky—nothing has been changed for a hundred thousand years in this world horizoned by wave-moulded uplands.

One can drive right up to the buffalo herds in a car and gaze, if one wishes, into their contemplative eyes. But they drop them soon and trail their beard on the ground, thick-nibbling the prairie wool which is their pasture. They tell no secrets.

Only a century ago the buffalo roamed the prairies in the mightiest bands of any quadruped on earth. A single herd has been known to muster half a million. For some years 3,000,000 were killed annually, partly for their robes (i.e., fur) and partly for their tongues, a delicacy which sold for a shilling. At the beginning of this century they were almost extinct. But now, under Government care, they are multiplying again. Each autumn instinct prompts them to bunch together and drift southwards. The migration was beginning when I was at Wainwright: they were gathered in groups under the snow-charged sky for their promenade of eighteen miles (instead of the thousand miles of the old days) to the winter quarters provided for them at the southern end of the Park.

There are also yaks at Wainwright. Impressive, gentle, affectionate creatures

these, with lustrous eyes and long tongues, who spend their time licking each other's faces.

Canada must be paradise for them after Tibet. Instead of carrying burdens over the passes of that desolate land, they find themselves asked to do nothing here but look interesting (and Nature has provided them with horses' tails, cows' bodies and a hula-hula skirt of silky fur) and propagate their species.

Finally I inspected the cattaloes—curiouser and curiouser. They are bred from Hereford or Aberdeen-Angus cows, by buffalo bulls, with the object of producing an animal that will walk up-wind in a blizzard (as buffalo do) instead of drifting down it to their doom in the manner of domestic cattle, and that will rustle through snow to reach its grazing. At present all that can be said of the cattalo is that he is a worthy creature who means well. He is not entirely satisfactory yet, but what is a decade in the long purposes of Nature? One of these days the happy hybrid will be found.

At the ranger's house I saw a pet baby moose. Although it was only a few months old, it consumed two gallons of milk a day. I was given a bottle to feed it: directly he saw what I held, the voracious infant abandoned his pensive air, flew up some steps to where I stood, chucked up his chin, elongated his neck and showed his baby back teeth. I stuck the bottle down. In about a second he had sucked it dry and it came out of his throat with a pop. Sighing heavily, he turned his milky snout away, and began to browse.

As we returned through the twilight, over surges of land that had once been sea, there came to me again a sense of the overpowering past: to my drowsy senses it seemed as if we drove back in time as well as space.

A group of buffalo stood on the skyline, patient, pensive, regardless of time and fate a group from the childhood of the world standing there as buffalo are standing tonight, and will stand when we are gone. The profile of one big bull is silhouetted in memory: his beard just lapped a pool that caught the glory of sunset, and he seemed to be thinking, thinking deeply, with that curious air of abstraction animals assume at night. Our headlights turned his eyes to jewels. Suddenly, with the frolic of a fawn, he galloped away and was lost in the wide grey dimness.

The National Parks of Canada are one of her glories. Their wildernesses satisfy the spirit's hunger. In them rather than in material riches Canadians will see the soul of their motherland, the grace of her waters and the glory of her open spaces.

—F. Yeats-Brown in the London Spectator.

Good Teeth

It is on this rock—the non-possession of good teeth—that a lot of health-wreckage takes place in middle life—and a lot of trouble is got ready for the years of old age.

There is nothing on which you should less grudge to spend money than on the care, repair, or purchase of good, useful teeth.

It has been said lately, on very high medical authority, that to lengthen life dentists are of more importance than doctors!

No food, no matter how good, or nutritious, or suitable, can be of the same value to those whose teeth are few or defective as it is to those whose masticating implements are in a sound state, and "all there"—even if they be but artificial ones.

Most of us were taught as children that candy has a destructive influence on teeth; and fortunately for us candy was a good deal more scarce and difficult to get than it has since become.

Then, as we grew in years and reasoning power, we began to doubt the reliability of our earlier information. We read of candy as "food," we heard that it was dealt out to soldiers in the army as part of their daily ration. We learned of experiments conducted by dentists who had immersed teeth for hours or days at a time in strong sugar solutions with no visible effect upon the hard enamel. And we began to wonder whether what our parents had taught us was not based merely on unwillingness to give us what we so much craved.

Medical science can speak a good deal more authoritatively on this subject now than was possible a generation ago; and its verdict is against too much candy, especially for the growing child. Candy does attack the teeth directly; the lactic acid formed by the fermentation of the sugar eats away the alkaline substance in the enamel of the teeth and favors the development of micro-organisms. But this is only one of the deleterious ways in which sugar acts.



The Princess and the Silk-Moth

Continued from page 19

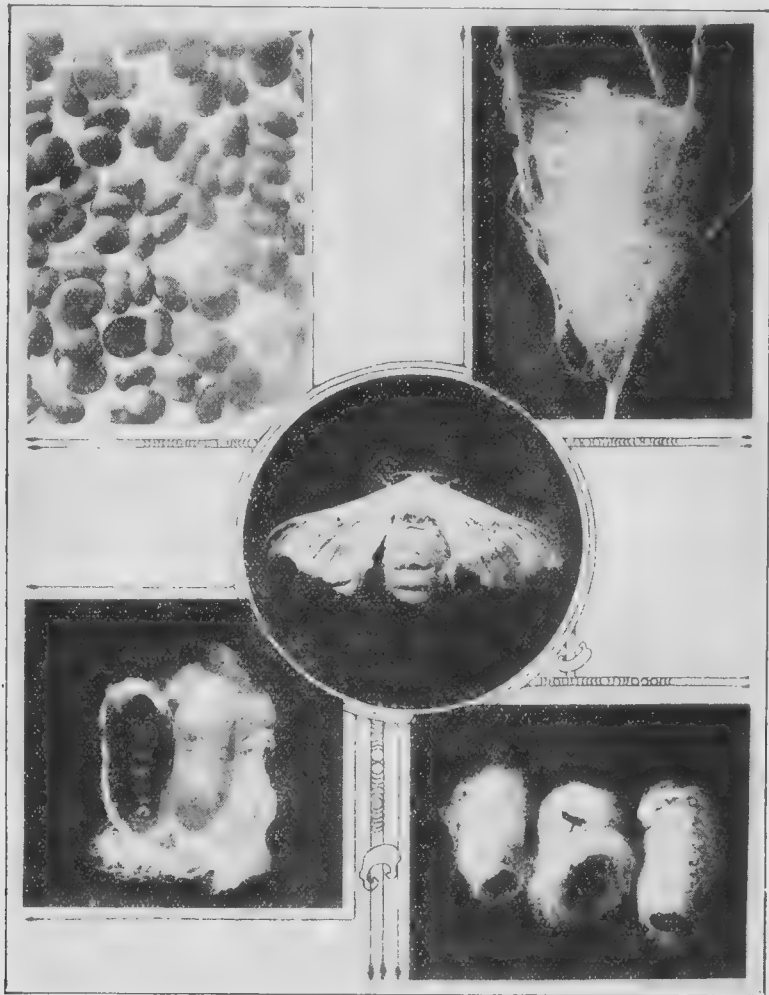
Scribble being worried at the absence of the Princess and thinking she was on a visit to the Silk-Moth's nest, hurried to find her, just as she was going to call him to come to see the little wriggling things which were beginning to crawl in all directions.

"Hurry! or they will all be gone," called the Princess, and up rushed the Scribbler, out of breath, as usual—to see the baby silk worms.

Each worm had sixteen legs, and twelve rings around its body, and on each side, nine black spots with little rings through which they breathed.

her eyes—and sure as she was alive, looking directly at them, and poised as if ready to fly, was one of their very worst enemies, and one of two or three they feared the most. Realizing that there was no time to waste, she whispered to her daughter, "Follow me, we are in great danger."

The child began to cry as hard as ever it could. Off the limb they flew, and into the open, for Mrs. Robin was a wise old lady and knew if the moon peeked from behind a cloud Mr. Owl would be helpless to see them in the glare of its light.



They were brown, but seemed to be growing paler.

"What a wonderful world this is!" exclaimed the Princess, looking right in Scribble's face.

"Very," replied Scribble, really meaning what he said.

Back the little naturalists went to the Palace, to tell of their interesting discovery.

The first thing the Princess did was to go directly to the Chief Steward and ask if a mother and daughter had called for something to eat.

"I will ask the Butler, Your Highness," replied Mr. Rusty Miller, this being his other name. The butler knew nothing about the mother and child, saying "he had about all he could attend to, without feeding a lot of strangers who could look out for their own meals."

This is exactly what Mrs. Robin and her daughter had been doing, and at that moment were so full of squirming things they had fallen asleep.

Startled by the sound of Mr. Owl opening and closing his sharp, strong beak, Mrs. Robin Red Breast opened

This was what happened, and it was a lucky thing for the Robin family that it was so. Mr. Owl started after them like an arrow from a bow, the Robins darting this way and that. Never in all their lives had they been so frightened, and just as Mr. Owl was about to grab Mrs. Robin Red Breast, out popped the Moon.

"We are saved," cried Mrs. Robin, "We are saved," for she knew if Mr. Owl ventured to go any further, Mr. Night Hawk would get him. Dazed by the light, Mr. Owl faltered, then turned and flew back to the dark wood as the moon passed behind a very black cloud. It was too late then for him to retrace his steps. The robins were tucked in their nest in a jiffy, and so tired they went right to sleep dreaming about the moon.

Time and time again, when Scribble was swinging in the mulberry tree, he would see the silk-worms that afterwards turned into moths, thinking it jolly fine fun to watch them carrying on the work that Nature had taught them, never playing, never idle, but very greedy, eating day and night.

The Homeland By Albert Wilton

Go—live upon the Isle of Dreams
Read ye the Rainbow's story,
Go—sail the Main or live in Spain
Or sing of Fame and Glory.
Go—seek the caves of Pirates bold
And list to heathen chanting,
Ye may not find the precious gold
Lest where a Sunbeam's slanting.
Go—follow where the West Wind calls

And live the dreams of childhood,
Go—clasp the hands of Sun Kist Sands
Or linger in the Wildwood:
Go—where you will upon this earth,
When the fires of life are dying,
From that Homeland that gave ye birth
Ye hear a voice a-crying—
Thy blood will prove the thrill ye lack
In that insistent call—Come back!



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The TRUANT SOUL

The Western Home Monthly's
NEW SERIAL

IT WILL begin with our November number, a wonderfully interesting story by Victor Rousseau. It is the story of hospital care and medical triumph. In it one meets saints and sinners, angels of light and demons of darkness—their defeat and victory, sorrow and joy, hatred and love. There is plot within plot and mystery succeeding mystery. Above all shine out unselfish sacrificial love and undying trust. The ending is just what we would have it. A rare story in every sense, splendidly written by a great writer. Do not miss it. Victor Rousseau lived a great number of years in Canada and acquired an intimate knowledge of our people and our country.

The Red Fox in Canada

By Bonnycastle Dale

"WHAT a magnificent country to hunt the fox in," my assistant said to me. We were on the Clyde Barrens which extend into many counties. They are the results of the mighty bush fires which swept the pine trees off this sandy stretch of land which fills all the centre of Nova Scotia, extending for hundreds of miles. The land is flat with a few hollows which were gouged out in the Ice Age. That Glacial ride covered the land with its debris from the moraines, small stones which litter the ground and large ones, bleached white now and looking for all the world like a cemetery at a distance. Save when the berry pickers are out for the blueberries which cover these barrens in places that have been burnt lately—they must burn the bushes to keep them prolific—and in the autumn for eight weeks when the moose hunters are out, for the savannahs, those low places are well forested with spruce and pine and wire birch and alders on which the moose browse—this wide silent land is unpopulated. A fox hunt could have miles of ground to work over and you naturally ask are there any foxes? This is why we were standing on that little hillock watching the day I write of.

Ahead, on the slope of the next low rise was a newly thrown out bed of sand. Another similar yellow streak on the next hill showed another den—"You work ahead with the camera and I will make my notes from here I said." He advanced and I watched him through the binoculars. First one little grey head popped out of the hole—Laddie at this instant descended into the hollow. Out popped another, two more, and yet two more—Six little bright-eyed pups of about six weeks of age stood now on their hind legs with their forelegs hanging down watching for the tall dark animal to emerge from that hollow. I whistled. Laddie saw them and focused and continued his advance. Down they went, in a tumbling mass, one alone remained watching, he got his picture of this one. It found the way blocked into the den by the five scrambling, tail waving snapping pups and started off to find, by instinct I think, the other hole out of which the vixen, when in extreme danger could run. But this was not finished right up to the sod so we captured the little gray furred, grey eyed, active, handsome little chap and I grabbed him up into a hat while Laddie took his picture.

All this time the vixen was growling and snapping down below, evidently she was calling this errant youngster. So we liberated him and watched him scuttle down the hole. On many a surrounding swell of the ground the yellow scar told of another den. What we wonder at is that the many trappers, with the actually millions of snares which are set out all over this long province, do not almost exterminate the breed. No, they catch very few of them. Laddie gets the specimens for my Natural History work so that I may get all my weights and lengths and colours right and he never gets more than one fox a season. He hardly ever sees a chance to shoot one. Remember the fox in this Canada of ours is not a thing to hunt with hounds, rather it is a pest to the poultry yards and the live game birds and the young and eggs of the grouse and must be kept down. But it is so very clever that it rarely gets into a trap or a snare.

Laddie found a place where a fox had a runaway and where he stepped from the end of a log onto the earth rather than wet his feet, so my young naturalist lost his mercy and played he was a trapper and he endeavoured to go about it just as a Micmac would (Indian of the Algonkin stock, the natives of this coast when the white-men arrived). He first of all cleared off the end of the log and set his trap in the notch and then covered it with moss and he got a very handsome specimen in this cruel but usual way. He killed it with a merciful shot as soon as he saw it and he brought it home. Here was an adult in his prime of sixty inches long, yet he weighed but 12 pounds, he was as light as the shadow of a dog one might say. I have seen these very beautiful alert animals speeding before the dogs over a northern lake. He just seemed to glide and leave the dog standing still so great was his speed. They put up a short snarling fight when overtaken by the dogs

—the Indian way of hunting them. As the pelts are worth but twenty dollars they are not classed among the valuable furbearers.

We have many other foxes in Canada. From this Red Fox (*Vulpes fulvus*), come as colour accidents—The Black or the Silver, the Patch or the Cross foxes—all out of the Red. Then we have the White Artic Fox, the "Blue Fox" of the north, a rather handsome fox but the colour of the pelt did not take with the fashions, now they tint it. Then we have the Kadiak fox of Alaska. I must explain that the Artic white Fox and the "Blue Fox" are esteemed to be one and the same animal but those in the south are dark or "Blue".

These vagrant foxes keep down the plagues of rabbits in Canada, (Varying hare, white in winter, brown in summer) and the hosts of mice and ground animals, I am sorry that they have also to kill off the nimble, rare, jumping mice of the Barrens but they evidently prefer them as sport. One is liable to see a fox of a shade unknown to him, as the colour phase called the Patch and the cross are banded and crossed by big black marks. A natural Black fox is valuable, but not as valuable as one bred as a breeder in the pen. Nor is he useful as a breeder as he may hark back to redcoats in the young at anytime. In great Old London this black fox has been exchanged for a price of six hundred pounds.

All over Canada as we caravan along in our motor home we see the tall fences and the galvanized inch mesh wire of the fox ranches. We were at a very good one at Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, owned by Mr. A. B. Clark. Here, in the long series of pens, each with ample running room and a good back box for a hide for the nervous female, were some one hundred adult black foxes and several hundred pups, just how many, he did not know as they never handle the young close to their birth and the public are excluded until August from the pens where the young are born in March and April. His assistant brought out a basket full of his own stock of young pups, really beautiful things, but darker in shade than the young of the wild red fox, as these men have been breeding black to black so long that they rarely if ever have a return to the natural basic red coat. While the eyes of the wild youngsters were of a beautiful shade of slaty blue these had blackish pupils, and when I was allowed to gently pick them up I at once noticed the softness, not to say the sluggishness of these ranch bred pups. The wild ones were masses of active highly strung nerves and muscles while these lay inert in the hand and were very pulpy to the touch.

It rejoiced me to see just a simple wooden button on the ranch gates which in some cases held from one thousand to one hundred thousand dollars worth of foxes, as they were selling these for five and six hundred dollars a pair, of say one year of age, in perfect health, guaranteed and tattooed in the ear for identification. They were shipping these all over the world. In one shipment from Prince Edward Island, the original home of the fox ranches, they sent 150 pairs away in one shipment. Of course the United States, with her immense duty wall has now put on a duty on black foxes, but how she squeals when we protect our own rubber crops.

They were feeding these young foxes after weaning on milk, fish, biscuits, bread. Although the industry is now on a firmly paying basis, as even the death rate has been reduced to about one per cent and to two in a bad season, there were times when the men who were the originators trembled for their results. I know of one man who put in as much as thirty thousand dollars to start his fox ranch, he lost at first but is now a big winner.

They are getting as many as 44 pups in ten litters, a good average, nine of the adults weighed ten pounds on an average, and in length averaged 55 inches tip to tip—but the big chaps go as long as seven feet. I have a wild Red fox pelt of 66 inches. The average litter was 3 pups as far as we could collate and the average life of a breeding adult some seven years. They were then selling pups for five to six hundred dollars a pair, every one

registered, that accounts for the wooden button on the gate, there is no stealing for every puppy is marked before it enters the selling adult stage. They have obtained a few more males than females in the batches of pups. It is an odd thing that the wild foxes which abound in all this country are never seen near the fox ranch pens. These were in many cases placed right on the tops of sunny knolls, others deep in spruce groves. We asked if the bright sun did not "burn" the pelts, but it seemed both parties were getting good results from sun and shade.

There seems to be no enemies of the ranches, no attacks from the ground or from the air. The inner pens have an overhang of 3 inches and some lay the wire on the ground and place stones on it and others put wire over and under all the ranch. I think this is the better way. The price of the rolls of wire have gone down as the use increased. Much of the wire comes from England and a number of pelts are sold there annually, but you must notice that Canada now has her own fur auctions. There was a time when we sent the pelt to the London market and then bought it back, but that is over now.

Much of the sales are of live stock as they prefer to sell this way. The beautiful creatures in the pens know their owners perfectly and are very shy of strangers, yet they do not allow the owner to handle them in the adult stage, there is a scurry and a sly nip when the owner tries to touch one of the adults in his own ranch. I found that the best ranches had pens of 20 by 75 feet for each pair, these of course were fences inside of the main ranch fence. There was a wooden fox house in two compartments with a "sluice" where the vixen has her young. The breeders use the word male and female all the time, not dog and vixen. Before the young are born the male is put in a "dogbox"—they do use the word here however. The females keep very quiet during the first 2 months after the pups are born. In fact the day when we were there, at noonday too, the only sound was made by one female which climbed a tree to look at me and she sounded for all the world like a crying parrot, so high was the note.

This active owner paid as much as fifteen thousand dollars a pair for his first foxes. Four pairs were purchased at this price. Then down went the prices just before the World War broke out. Still they persevered and are today a great success. Odd to say there is a lot of inbreeding going on. It should have a tendency to establish a poorer race, but "line breeding," male to female pup, establishes a certain type of fox now needed. For instance, in the whole 100 pairs one male might stand out and by using him for line breeding good results might be obtained.

"The Canada of Tomorrow"

By Robert Oliver Unwin

ARE you prepared for the good things which are coming to Canada? I am tempted to ask such a question owing to having received a letter from a dear friend of mine in North Western Canada. His letter sparkles with optimism, and he is in a position to know what he is writing about. He speaks glowingly of Canada's Golden West, and regrets the inability of us city people to see the signs of the times.

Harry was ever an optimist. I first met him in the trenches, in the year 1917. He had just received a letter from his sweetheart, and he laughed uproariously. "Oh, listen to this boys, just listen, 'My dear—brave—boy'." A laugh ran through the trench like the sound of a volley of musketry. When the laugh had subsided he continued, "Ah, she is a good kid just the same. When I get back I shall ask the old man for a quarter section of land, and I'll marry her all right." Harry did get back, he did marry her, and today he owns two full sections of choice land. Harry is not looking to municipalities or governments to do things for him, he is doing them himself. He has confidence in himself, he has confidence in his country. He chastises me by saying "You city birds can't tell wheat from chaff, and you need a bomb to wake you up."

Harry is right. We cannot or will not see the good things ahead of us. The war disorganized our young manhood, kept back the development of our resources, and unquestionably damped our energies. Capital and labour—in amazing quantities, left our shores, and pessimism got a strong hold upon us. That is the Canada of yesterday. "CAN YOU SEE

Some ranchers are bothered by females hiding their puppies. These nervous mothers would take them out and hide them again as soon as they were returned to the box.

The height of the fences was nine feet. For snowdrift height ten feet with an overhang of the outer wall of a foot and a half inside. There have not been enough escapes of foxes from the ranches to establish a percentage to figure on and they are always caught, the number examined, and the truant fox returned. It is of course the adults that stray if any, the little pups cannot run away.

The death causes were, dosing with medicine, overfeeding. The loss is usually from the young being destroyed at birth by the females from carelessness, even this is not a regular occurrence.

It is the moist climate of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island that gives these grand black pelts England should raise most excellent fur.

The only rivalry we saw among these breeders was as to who should get the most pups to a litter. This Mr. Clark had eight litters of six each. Most excellent result. In the first twenty litters examined there were 102 pups. One female produced twenty pups in three years. Worth six thousand dollars as adults. There seems to be no difference in the tempers of the males or the females. They fight like bears, when you catch them they are real cranky. While they will eat out of the master's hand they will not let that hand touch them. The fur seems to keep up to its standard and by careful breeding may be improved.

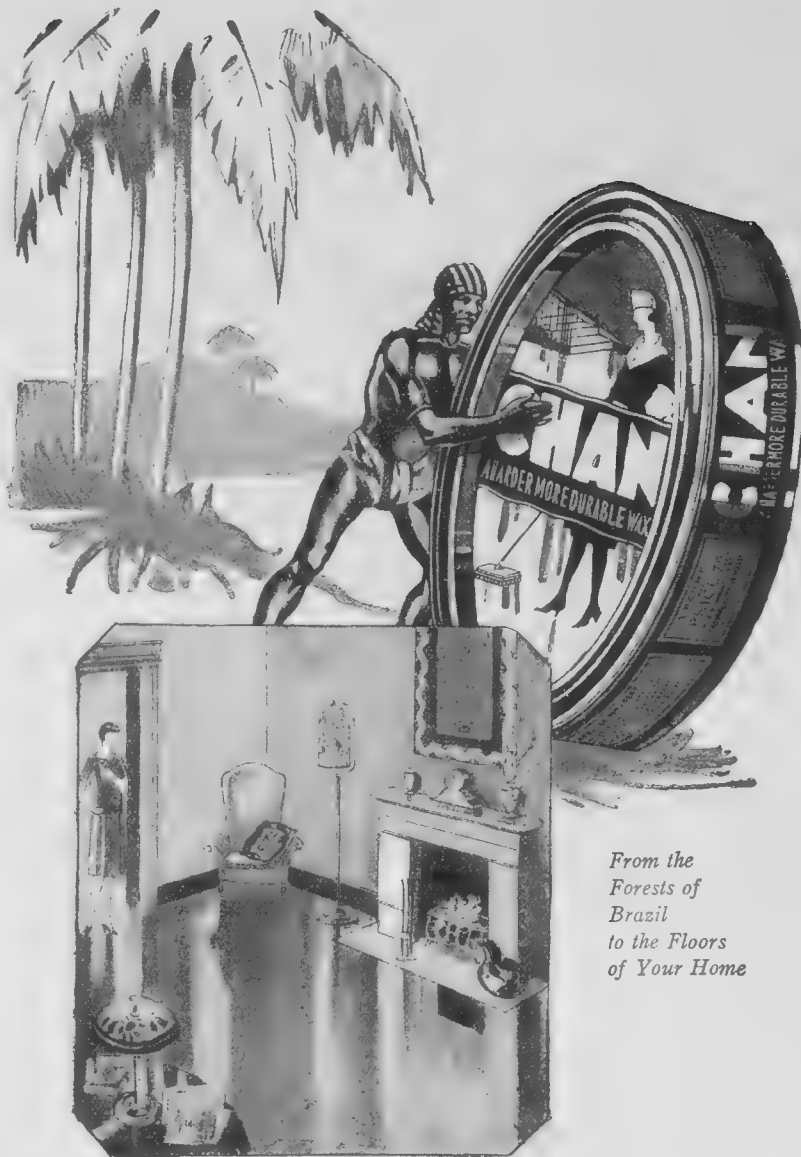
To any men who are interested in starting black fox ranching in Canada I know of no man who would do better to advise to than Mr. Clark or the secretary of the Prince Edward Island Black Fox Breeders Association, Mr. Pritchard. There is also a magazine published in Woodstock, Ontario, "Rod and," which often carries news of the black fox industry.

They tell some odd tales of early days in the work. There was a bit of theivery then too. Once, when we were coming along the road we saw men, with guns in their hands, concealed in the bush. We knew the war was over and on enquiry found that a black fox had escaped and there was a reward out for his recapture. But it did appear odd in this peaceful, hot summertime, to see an army with guns. In olden times or the early days of the Black Fox industry they tell of one old river pirate who sneaked up to a neighbour's and stole his black male fox to mate with his lone female, and when he got back home lo! and behold! the female was gone—that neighbour had been out fox stealing too.

THE CANADA OF TOMORROW?" Our dollar can now look the world in the face. Our people are flocking back from every part of the globe, and Canada is painted so vividly upon the map as to be claiming the attention of the world. We are looked up to as that one part of the British Empire which will make that Empire "greater still." Canada never had such glowing prospects as she has today. There is a spirit of optimism flowing in her veins which will soon affect every one of us, and we need care, lest we fall into the hands of the speculator and the exploiter.

The United States has closed her doors, and Canada is looked upon as the one big receptacle for overcrowded Europe. We need not envy the States, but in many respects we need copy her. There is something to admire about a nation which pays the highest wages yet floods other markets with cheap products. It is as Harry says, we need a bomb to wake us up. It will be to our everlasting disgrace if, at a time like this, we allow any foreign element to step in and run our country. To those who have held on during the troublous times I would say "still hold," do not be stampeded when victory is in sight, but reap the reward of loyal perseverance.

Canada is now on rock bottom level. It is at a time like this that she can map out her history. Mad booms are not Canadian, nor do they coincide with Canadian spirit, but if we do not grasp our possibilities others will step in and take them from us. Dark days we have had, but today THE SUN IS SHINING UPON CANADA.



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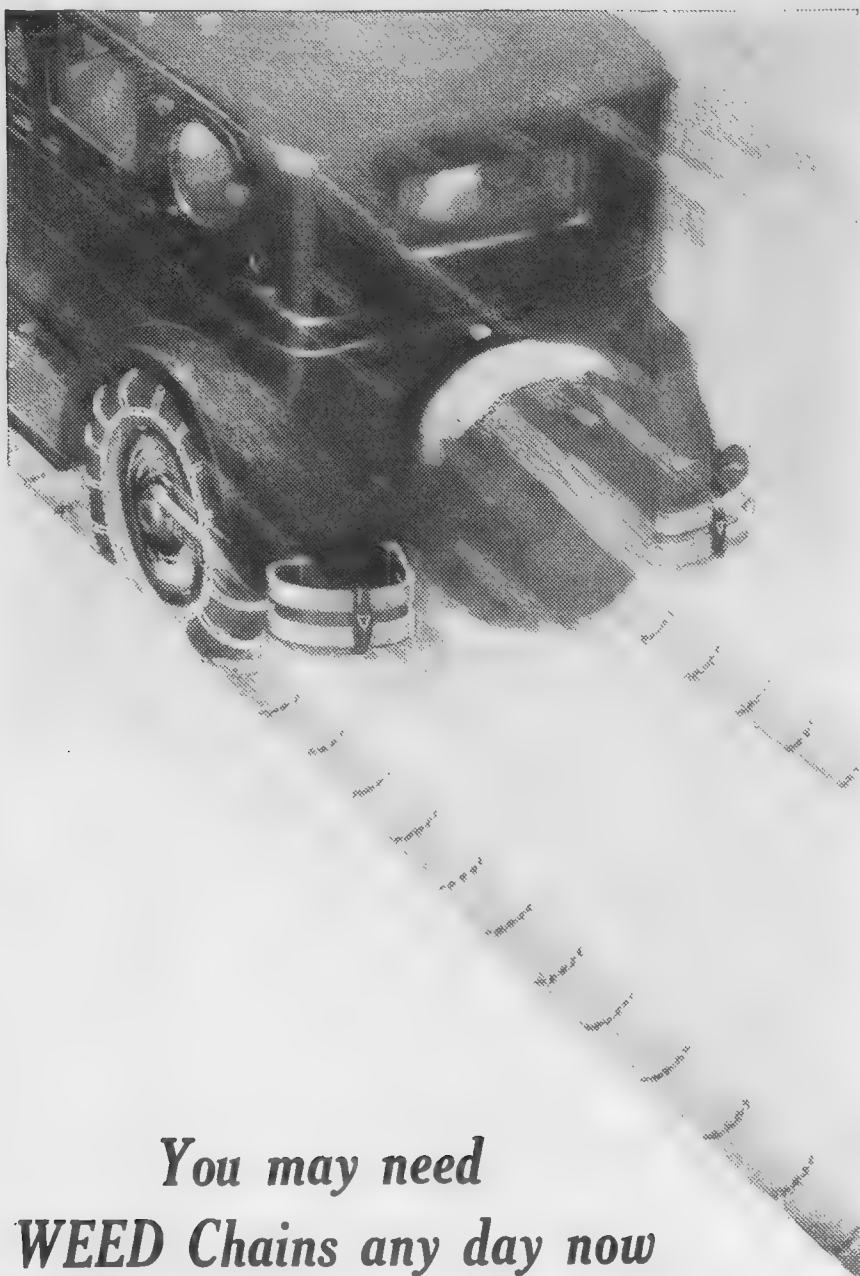
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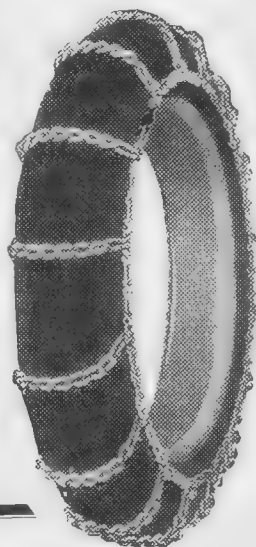


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British Opera Stars Lead

THE famous Covent Garden Opera series, in pre-war days considered the most important of all, is passing through its annual stage of doubt. Just concluding one of its best seasons since the Great War it is again faced with the nightmare of discontinuance owing to lack of sufficient support and there is some conjecture as to whether or not this deficiency is due to the same causes which affect to some extent the great opera companies of the United States, namely too great a disregard of native genius.

America, like England of today, leans largely to the practice of using foreign artists rather than native ones in the belief that they are better. Perhaps they are, but it is passing strange that, taking these two countries, for example, many of the reigning artists in one country seem each to hail from the other. Perhaps one of the principal reasons is that each is prone to discourage the home product and tempt the visitor in the matter of emoluments.

Some of the most brilliant operatic exponents on the American Opera stage today are Britishers by birth or adoption. The highest paid stars in the land of the Stars and Stripes largely hail from the British Isles or the Dominions. Most of them appear everywhere but at Covent Garden. Think of a company having within its ranks such stars as Edward Johnson, a Canadian, whose talent thrills the New York audiences season after season. Florence Macbeth, originally hailing from above the Tweed, a soprano whose charm and song has endeared her to the American millions during the years since she was carried off from London by a famous American impressario, after a sensational debut, and who today is one of the leading songbirds of the world; Alfred Piccaver, who in one brief season won the admiration of Chicago's opera goers; Leonora Sparkes, a Bristol girl, and one of the most sterling artists ever seen on the operatic stage; Florence Easton, hailing from Yorkshire, but now of New York, adored by music enthu-

siasts and unfailing in all that she does; Frances Alda, an Australian, almost an institution in the New York Metropolitan Opera House, whose success year by year needs no emphasizing; Florence Austral, also from Australia, making her mark in America; Frank St. Leger, another Australian whose ability with the baton ranks him as one of the leading operatic conductors of the day and whose talent has won him many ovations with the Chicago Opera forces; Charles Moor, an Englishman, whose masterful creations as Stage Director in a single season with the Chicago Opera Company has won for himself a high place in his sphere of duty; with all these, and many others unnamed, what a company for Covent Garden.

But we suppose the question will arise as to their fees. What matter? London has not reached the day when its purse was so pinched that it could not afford the best of its own. And besides, perhaps they would not be so high where expenses are so much more reasonable. In any event what New York could pay, London would. Frances Alda, Leonora Sparkes and Florence Easton might want two hundred pounds a night. Frank St. Leger, Charles Moor and Florence Austral might be satisfied with one hundred pounds a week. Alfred Piccaver, for two hundred and fifty pounds, Edward Johnson for three hundred pounds and Florence Macbeth for four hundred pounds a performance. These sums are only about one half what they earn in America and it must be remembered that usually those paid by the performance only appear about twice a week so that the figure would be quite admissible. There is little doubt that the drawing power of any one of these artists would do much to eliminate that element of doubt which annually creeps into the hearts of the opera directors as to the possibility of continuing their good work and none that these famous artists would add lustre to the annals of Covent Garden.—U.S. Photo News Agency.

Motion Picture Workers Have Their Own Language

VISITORS in large motion picture studios would have a rather difficult time of it trying to understand the coined words and phrases tossed about among the workmen, technicians and players.

For the exigencies of film production have evolved a language peculiar to the industry, and the chances are that many of these colloquialisms will eventually find their way into our every-day speech.

To the layman "twins," "perambulators" and "baby spots" would be things associated with the nursery, just as "pans" would be connected up with cooking. But they are labels for something of a different order.

Any third assistant electrician, however, will tell you that "twins" are nothing more than a special kind of light. The word has its origin in the two identical carbons which this particular light holds.

A "perambulator" is not a baby carriage, but a mobile platform on which cameras are mounted as a means of following the subject about the set.

"Baby spots" are merely tiny spot-lights, and "to pan" means to sweep the camera from one side to another or up and down in order to take in more scope.

The movie "rotary" is not a commercial club; it is a light whose carbons are rotated by a motor in order to keep them equi-distant at all times.

Nobody ever got any money out of a motion picture "bank" except, perhaps, the man who sold or manufactured it. That, too, is a special kind of light.

Everyone in the studios knows the fable of the old lady visitor from Hicksville who fainted at the director's command to "Kill that baby!" The poor old woman thought it was an order to commit infanticide, when it was the director's simplified way of telling the electrician to turn off one of the small lights.

Don't think the cameraman brutal when you hear him shout: "Hit 'em." What he means to say is: "Turn the lights on full force, if you please, Mr. Electrician."

One often hears the director's order for a "flood," yet no water is ever forthcoming. One does not even see or hear the cameraman carrying it out by focusing the lens wide open so as to spread the rays as much as possible.

"Roll 'em up," means that the company is done for the day.

The phrase is derived from the neat little coils the electricians make of the disconnected cables.

And below are listed a few handy phrases of the movie persons' "slanguage":

Props—properties or the man who handles them.

Niggers—black screens to fence off light.

Broads—wide, high-powered lights.

Juice—electricity.

Juicer—electrician.

Klieg eyes—eyes burned from heat and sulphur fumes given off by Klieg lights.

Groan box—organ supplying studio music.

Ears, Flags, Silks—varieties of shades for lights.

Scoop—a light with hollow reflector.

Box—camera.

Ribbon—film.

Stills—still photographs.

Fan—airplane propeller used to create wind.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios are planning to compile and publish a catalogue of those colloquialisms for the benefit of most of their baffled visitors. It will dispense with a deal of explanations which must be made day in and day out by workers on the company's valuable time.

Cariboo Gold

Continued from page 37

great distance to view the discovery of a channel that he had intended searching for and prospecting years ago. This was an enthusiast, yet kindly and wise in his counsel to his juniors; he seemed to seek his pleasure in the attainment of things rather than their possession. It was indeed a surprise to find later that he was none other than John Likely, then an inmate of the old man's home at Kamloops, who it might be said was instrumental in relaying the story of possible wealth to Lynnes and Platt and encouraging them to prospect there.

The village below was re-christened in his honour and whatever else may have been done, it is regrettable to think that these pioneers who forego a life of ease and comfort, to the advantage of their fellows, should be allowed to pine away and die in penury. We could well take our pattern from Australia and make the status of our prospectors more secure by development bonding. A system that has proved its worth in the Antipodes, otherwise the prospector has no assurance that his life's work will be encouraged or recognized by a dependable organization like the government body corporate.

Our launch set out for Likely passing the deserted Stevens' cabin, that had sheltered us some five years ago, but in addition were several primitive tents and log dwellings in the vicinity. One of these fifty dollar dwellings was decorated with a three hundred dollar five manual wireless set. A truly significant condition when the owner claimed he could listen in on New York and Frisco. With the installation of a ticker, mining stock quotations could be watched with universal and ground floor interest.

Our travelling companions were absorbed by the beauty and interest attaching to this country, especially a wise man from the East, who claimed the City of Hamilton as his resting place. He gave his address as P.O. Box No. 9. This perhaps explains the open free trend of his discourse. A keen sportsman, he was interested in the facilities for hunting besides the magnetic attraction for gold. The hunter is well provided with facilities and A. D. Knight will chaperon any party of tenderfoots on request. Fishing in Quesnel Lake can hardly be classed as a sport. It resolves itself into hard work, due to the abundant supply of trout large and small. The hotel at Likely has ample and comfortable accommodation for all comers. The cabaret on a Saturday evening is the main weekly attraction, particularly for the miners from the neighbourhood miles around. The original name of the village was borrowed from the Wing Dam who rears his gaunt and ancient skeleton to view beyond the bridge. This unfinished task was one of Hobson's development schemes long since abandoned.

PROVIDED with a seat in the waiting automobile we started out for Ashcroft via the Bullion Mine, leaving Likely enveloped in the early morning mists, as we climbed to the summit beyond Muirhead. The weather was sharp and clear and the road excellent in spite of the recent rains and subsequent frosts. We saw the extensive workings of the Bullion Mine from a distance. This mine was Hobson's main development scheme and was operated for a number of years previous to his death. Jimmy Simpson, our Antiquary friend, was storekeeper there some twenty years ago.

Our Hamilton friend was in raptures over the ever changing view as we descended the summit at Muirhead, where the water supply for the main ditch to the Bullion Mine finds its source in the low waters of the lake behind. Many a pound of gold has been transported over this road. Many also were the ruses employed to defeat the few outlaws ready for a haul. Dummy bars were successfully used on one occasion. This fake consignment was sent ahead of the real stuff and although both lots got through to their destination safely, the attack was made on the first lot unsuccessfully.

The Cariboo Trail is now an historic name. It is a splendid motor road. The mile stones are road houses measuring their distances from Lillooet. It is the main Pyke feeding one of the richest mineral belts in British Columbia and is second to none in its transportation facilities, unless one wishes to suggest that the Pacific Great Eastern is a fair

competitor. The Government Offices have since been moved from the 150 Mile House to more commodious premises at Williams Lake. With all the attractions of this natural playground few travellers were met. The present day craze for speed apparently makes the South in place of the North more attractive. Its present attraction may lie in its rural and pastoral calm as its length is a traverse of beautiful valleys and waterways; intended by nature as a mixed farming country, but now held by a few people operating extensive ranches to the exclusion of a more prolific population. Lake La Hache is on the way. It offers good fishing both winter and summer. The residents indulge in an original sport in winter time chasing fish over the glare ice. The fish can see and be seen by the skaters who round them up and chase their quarry over a swift irregular course to the shallow waters where the ice is broken and the land-locked fish are caught.

IN THE unblemished sunlight of late Fall the tinting of the landscape fascinates and compels. It is true one cannot live on scenery, it is equally true one cannot live on bread alone. The shoddy display of artificial tinsel and light of our modern cities is a poor makeshift. For choice give us the open places, where nature metes out a just reward in return for honest effort, the only spawning ground for virile men. Yet the country is empty; the hills are deserted and seventy to eighty per cent of our population are content to dwell and live a parasitical existence in the compressed air of the cities.

Speeding onward and southward, by the power of modern mechanism, switch-backing and swaying through this natural park, clothed and coloured by dame nature, it might well be said that man to man the world o'er should brothers be, as discord and enmity were here conspicuously absent. At the Hundred Mile House we stopped to gaze on the old mail stage coach, with the six horse hitch. A comfortable well sprung vehicle, faded with exposure and age. The only evidence and monument to the past. One could imagine the pioneer trail (straddled with mule and pack ponies, horse and dog teams) guiding the march in the search for gold. It was Cariboo Cameron who came out from Barkerville with over 3,000 pounds of gold bullion as a reward for his labours. He died a poor man chasing an illusive theme, that labour could be employed profitably without guidance or discipline. It cost him his fortune to convince him otherwise. These hardy types are not so frequently met with today. Pioneering was their life blood, and to our basic industry—mining—we owe them a crown. Britons of today have to thank coal and iron for their material accomplishments and the ten commandments for their attainments.

Uncertain as the immediate future of mining may seem in this Province, it is encouraging to know that there is more real interest and money available for development since 1910. So let us reflect and take heed lest we miss the opportunities that nature offers, by following too closely the beaten track and abiding too well to the rules of modern conventions; as production, no matter in what form, is what this material world rewards, not abduction as our present practices in economics would have us believe. Nature's enduring law of compensation will reward well directed, persistent effort and penalize half hearted tries. To those who make money their God is left the dregs for latter days.

CARIBOO GOLD

*Seek ye treasures in my store,
Faith; the key will open the door
To a consciousness of life,
Free from narrow selfish strife.*

*As ye search, so will ye find,
Stores of knowledge, peace of mind
From a task worthwhile when done
In the race of life well run.*

—Antiquary.

Jakie: "Fadder, the man you owe five hundred dollars to is on de 'phone."

Jakie's Fadder: "Tell him we had de 'phone taken out."

Far More

**Power, Beauty and Value
In This New Series
A-5 Six**



"I HAD not driven the car ten minutes before I realized that some important improvement had been made that profoundly affected performance."

This comment from a thoroughly seasoned motorist, recounting his experience with the New Series A-5 Hupmobile Six reflects the universal impression this new series is making on all who drive it.

The cause? Primarily a Hupmobile development, Hyper-Expansion of Fuel—perfected high compression.

The Hupmobile application of a new engine principle that sweeps the car forward with power as smooth as an electric current. Naturally, too, it means faster acceleration and far greater fuel economy.

This is the celebrated engineering feature originated in the Distinguished Hupmobile Eight. It is built into every model of the New Series Hupmobile Six and not a penny has been added to the low price—\$1910.

The new car is winning its popularity on appearance as well as performance for its beauty captivates at once. There are six charming color options for the Sedan and four for the Brougham.

The Brougham is especially appealing to a majority of buyers. Check its features. Try it for easy entrance and exit. Next drive it for a few minutes. Then you will know.

Modern as tomorrow and unusually complete, including: wide choice of optional colors; smaller wheels; improved clear vision; satin finish hardware; harmoniously arranged instrument board under glass; indirectly lighted; remote door control; light control on steering wheel; new and improved thermostatic water control which, with manifold heat control, quickly brings engine to efficient operating temperature; vibration damper; air cleaner and oil filter; four-wheel brakes.

Hupmobile Six

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New Model Pocket Ben

YOU will like this new model Pocket Ben.

The service it will give you is equalled only by its good looks. It is handsomely designed and you will especially like its attractive, easy-to-read dial.

It's a sturdy, steady, faithful friend—the watch you will want to carry every day.

The new model Pocket Ben is sold everywhere. Price, \$1.75. Luminous night-and-day dial, \$2.50.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

Are the Children Going to Pass

By Phoebe Cole

ARE your children going to pass this term?

"My goodness!" you exclaim, "how can I tell? They've only just got started. It's too soon to tell how they're going to do with this new teacher."

Success in school, however, depends far less upon the teacher than upon the child. And his success depends as much—nay, more—upon his body as upon his mental capacity. If he is not up to par in a physical way, his school year will probably not be either a happy or a successful one.

It is easy to pick out the near-sighted child, and see that he gets glasses to correct faulty vision. It is easy to pick out the child with adenoids, those wretched little physical defects that seem to affect mental brightness so closely. Alas, it is not always easy to pick out the child who is suffering from faulty diet and faulty elimination, yet children so suffering may be among the most wretched creatures alive, listless, irritable, nervous, head-achey. So it depends largely upon the mothers who provide their diet whether or not these children will be promoted when February comes.

It is one of the ironies of life that many children coming from comfortable or even wealthy homes are found to be suffering from malnutrition, not because they have lacked plenty of food, but because they have lacked the proper food. This is true in cities and in the country. Many a well-laden farm breakfast table contains not one thing suitable for a child of six or eight years to eat before he starts off for his day at school!

Feeding a child properly and scientifically (as we feed our stock and poultry) is neither a very expensive nor a very troublesome task. It costs more in thought and planning than in money or work.

If you were able today to take your children to the greatest child specialist in the greatest city in the land, he would advise this type of diet for children from the nursery through the high school age:

1.—**MILK.** This food is essential (because of the large amount of calcium it contains) throughout childhood until the last of the permanent teeth are cut. A quart a day for each child is the daily ration that all experts agree the child should take. If the child dislikes milk as a beverage, part of the daily quart can be taken in the form of junket, custards, milk soups, milk toast, or with vegetables. But get it down him some way!

2.—**CEREALS.** Cooked cereals are more trouble to prepare than the ready-to-serve ones, but they are preferable for the baby and growing child. Be sure that they are cooked thoroughly. The fireless cooker is a help here, though cereals cooked in the afternoon or evening of one day and cooled overnight are easily and quickly warmed up in the morning. Vary the kinds so the child will not get tired of them, alternating oatmeal, cream of wheat, farina, rice, hominy and corn-meal mush. Vary the monotony still further by sometimes putting into the hot cereal a cupful of seeded raisins, chopped dates or chopped figs, wholesome and gently laxative fruits that the child will enjoy.

Bread should be whole-wheat, graham or rye rather than white. One mother I knew used to keep bread pieces in a pan in the warming oven where they dried gently and became the most delicious and wholesome crisp toast which the children eagerly devoured when they came home hungry from school. The child who is a little "picky" about eating in the morning can sometimes be tempted to eat by offering him one or two slices of French toast (bread dipped in beaten egg and dropped into melted butter in a fry-pan), or cinnamon toast (battered toast sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon). Another good "spread" for hot buttered toast is a paste made of powdered sugar and orange juice.

3.—**PROTEIN.** Cheese, eggs, meat, fish, and such vegetables as peas, beans and lentils.

4.—**GREEN VEGETABLES.** Tomatoes, turnips, celery, lettuce, raw cabbage, spinach, carrots.

5.—**FRUITS.** Oranges and apples especially. Dried fruits, stewed until tender, are also excellent.

Meat is not necessary in the diet of the child, if he gets plenty of milk, vegetables, cereals and an egg two or three times a week. When meat is given the child, care should be taken that it is well cooked, and that it is a type he can digest—beef, chicken, lamb, mutton or fish. Pork and sausages are too rich for the juvenile digestion to struggle with and account for many a pale little face and undersized body. Well cooked bacon may occasionally be included in the child's diet, but roast pork, spare ribs and sausages should be left out. Fish is a most excellent food, and one of the easiest to digest; oysters are especially nutritious and digestible, either raw or slightly cooked.

Every child likes sweets and the system needs a certain amount of sugar, which is a real body fuel. But the sweets should be given at meal time, not between meals in the form of candy, lollipops, chocolate bars and the like, which half-satisfy hunger and discourage the appetite for sensible food when mealtime comes. Custards, rice or bread puddings, sponge cake, crisp cookies, dates, figs, and fruits are the best sweets for children, with perhaps two or three pieces of pure candy or milk chocolate given as the finishing touch at the meal.

When the family is having pie (such as custard, pumpkin or fruit) it is very little trouble to make a small individual dish for each child, omitting the bottom crust entirely, and in the case of two-crust pie, giving the children a few narrow strips across the top of theirs; these individual "pies," which contain little or no pastry, will satisfy the children and be much easier on their digestion than portions cut from the family pie.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of giving the child daily some fresh fruit. Apples are excellent, but oranges, which fortunately are in the market the year around, are perhaps the most beneficial of all fruits. Every child specialist prescribes them in the daily food ration of infants and children. This is not a mere fad. They contain valuable mineral salts. Also, it has been scientifically and conclusively proved that children who receive orange juice or an orange daily actually retain more of the mineral salts which they eat in their other foods; since the child who is to form sound teeth and strong bones needs these mineral elements, the oranges are a definite help in his building process. Too many mothers forget this important fact, that the child eats not only to sustain himself for that day, but to build for the future. We owe it to our children to give them the best of building materials, so when they are grown they will have sound, white teeth, and strong straight bones as well as sturdy muscles.

Never let the child go to school in the morning without eating. Many children have an indifferent appetite in the morning, and may need to be coaxed a little or have something extra prepared for them, but don't scold them if the family breakfast does not appeal to them; it isn't their fault, but rather their misfortune if they are not hungry.

A raw egg beaten into a glass of milk and slightly sweetened, or into a glass with the juice of an orange or two, is also a tempting and nourishing beverage with which to coax the child who declares he "doesn't want any old breakfast." And sometimes a cup of broth, made from a beef or chicken cube, if no meat stock is on hand, will do the trick. The main point is to put something nourishing into that indifferent little stomach before the child goes to school. If you let him go off empty, you may be sure he will be faint with hunger by ten o'clock in the morning, a burden to himself and to his teacher as well.

Most schools make an effort to serve a hot lunch or at least one hot luncheon dish daily to children who cannot go home for a hot meal at noon. When this cannot be done, the child should have a thermos bottle with hot soup, if possible for him to carry it.

Light up..for Comfort



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Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, P.C. A Great Commoner

By A. Turtle

THE New York Times some time ago aptly referred to the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin as a "great commoner," and he certainly is entitled to be so regarded as much as Edmund Burke, John Bright and Gladstone. He comes of a typical family of the Nonconformist manufacturing aristocracy, his childhood was spent in the country in the environment of a fine old Elizabethan mansion and ancestral estate in the garden county of Worcestershire, then passed through one of the most famous public schools of England, Harrow, and the University of Cambridge, after which he became a partner in a hereditary business in which he was on familiar terms with his own men, gaining a knowledge of men through contact with other people in the daytime and satisfying a taste for good literature in the quiet of his evenings. Then upon the death of his father he not only succeeded to the business but as a member of parliament for the division of Bewdley and, finally, by a series of political accidents was propelled into the Premiership, suggesting rather a character out of a popular novel than that of actual history. It is easy to imagine the relief felt by the Conservative party and the country at large as it welcomed such an embodiment of the fundamental virtues of his class after the exciting episode of Mr. Lloyd George.

It is over thirty years ago since I used to come in daily contact with him at Bewdley where we had our yaws and yachts on the beautiful Severn, where we vied hard to outdo Henley on the Thames. Nothing appeared to gratify Stanley Baldwin so much as sprawling in the stern of my yawl taking part in the discussions ranging over the fields of philosophy, science and literature, with pipe firmly held between his fine even teeth, and then occasionally driving us home to the beautiful Elizabethan mansion situate in a fine wooded and undulating park.

I think Baldwin was the most restful companion I ever had the good fortune to meet, or a man whose modesty concealed such high qualities and vigor of character. He never sought notoriety and nothing was more characteristic of him than a speech. I heard him deliver to his constituents just after he succeeded Bonar Law as Prime Minister. "I am just one of yourselves," he said, "who has been called to special work

for the country at this time. I never planned out or schemed for my life; I have but one idea, which was an idea that I have inherited, the idea of service, service to the people of this country. All my life I have believed from my heart the words of Browning: "All service ranks the same with God." Political, even personal, ambition is not always to be despised, but that assurance was accepted by his hearers with applause as it not only rang true, but was characteristic of the man, for his peculiar fitness and honesty adds to the dignity of the position he holds.

It is particularly felicitous that he should have accompanied H. R. H. the Prince of Wales on a tour through Canada, who has for his motto, "I Serve," and who has lived up to it so beneficially to Britain and the Empire. I recall how I used to meet daily the youthful buoyant figure beating it alone on the railway track known to us as the "Ondank Siding," when the terrific fighting was proceeding in the Passchendaele sector, as he went to the front of the 14th Corps, and how he used to salute the Leopold star I wore on my outer tunic as if I were King Albert himself who had pinned it there. No man lives up to his legend or heraldic device to a truer extent than does our beloved Prince Eddie, and though Baldwin did a large share of the talking on their itinerary through Canada and bore a considerable portion of the burden of responsibility Canadians will remember that fact.

With his quiet voice, wise manner and deep regard for the highest ideals; his practical insight and veracity; typically English, and with his capacity for compilation and rendition of things reminiscent Baldwin was bound to make a profound impression upon his audiences as he made his public appearance among Canadians. He mistrusts mere brilliancy and frothy rhetoric and calls himself a plain man. He is essentially English and is passionately fond of England and impregnated with the belief that an Englishman is made for a time of crisis and for a time of emergency, serene in times of difficulties, though apparently indifferent when times are easy. He has a wit and wisdom all his own and possesses a happy and pleasing delivery and is not averse to telling a joke upon himself. I remember one he told at an after-dinner

Continued on page 67



Children's Colds relieved without "dosing"

Millions of Modern Mothers
Now Use External Treatment

CONSTANT "dosing" often upsets children's delicate stomachs, and lowers their vitality, thus inviting fresh colds and other ills.

Yet, every cold should be treated promptly; if neglected it may pave the way for serious complications in later life.

Rub on Vaporizing Salve

The safe and effective way to treat head and chest colds, spasmodic croup, bronchitis, sore throat and other cold troubles, is to rub the throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub.

This modern vaporizing salve acts two ways in bringing relief:—

- (1) Its ingredients, vaporized by the body heat, are inhaled direct to the inflamed air passages, loosening the phlegm and easing the difficult breathing.
- (2) At the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster, "drawing out" the soreness and helping the vapors inhaled to relieve the congestion.

Equally Good for Adults

It is this two fold action of Vicks which has made it so successful in millions of cases for more than 20 years. It is just as good for adults as it is for children.

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at once
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NOW OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Judgment Day

Continued from page 38



Washed Clean Polished CLEAN

No wonder teeth sparkle and glisten when washed with this dual-action dentifrice

TWICE a day—the first thing in the morning, the last thing at night—you brush your teeth. Each time you think they're clean—but are they? You can not be sure until you've used Colgate's—the tooth paste that washes and polishes every tooth surface.

Dual Cleansing Action
Modern mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful, bubbling foam. First, this foam

loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces.

Then it thoroughly washes the entire mouth—teeth, gums, tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequaled cleanness; removes the causes of decay. If your teeth are normally healthy, you can best keep them so through cleanness—plus regular visits to your dentist. And your teeth will be cleaner if you use this dentifrice designed to clean, rather than some drug-filled dentifrice that claims to cure but fails to clean.

Colgate Co. Limited



FREE to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most people use.

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95 ST AMBROISE ST., MONTREAL
Please send me a sample of this modern
dual-action Dental Cream

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City..... Prov.....

Christopher was very white. "You seem—interested in my wife."

"Yes, I love her." Ned spoke as though that were a simple and even righteous fact. "And she won't be your wife much longer."

Christopher still had not understood. "Why not? What do you mean?"

Ned rose, then forced himself down again, took up the slow, patient explanation: "When you tell her that you have been rich all the time she was grinding her heart out and being so heavenly sorry for you, she will be angry—get that? She will be very angry. So angry that she will tear up the universe. You're going to meet the Judgment Day, head on! Then she will leave you."

Christopher was shaken past concealment, but his mind groped for the familiar law and order of the normal world.

"I do not admit divorce," he stated. "I will not consent to it."

Ned was pitiless. "You can't help yourself!"

"And then I suppose you think that you will marry her?"

It came with smashing certainty. "I know I will! You have had your chance and you've thrown it away. Now it is my chance. You can tell Mary or not, as you please—I give you two hours." He looked at his watch, rose. "At four o'clock I shall be there, and if you haven't told her, I will."

Then Christopher's anger burst out, a stammered, choking tirade, calling Ned scoundrel and swindler and destroyer of homes.

"But you can't do it," he shouted. "Mary isn't that kind! She's my wife, and you will find that that means something you can't break! Go back to the lawless place you came from—you don't know the first principles of faith and honor and civilization!"

Ned standing with his hand on the doorknob, listened unmoved. When Christopher stopped, he opened the door.

"Well—remember that Mary comes from that same lawless place," he said over his shoulder, and went out on an ominous "Four o'clock!"

Christopher started after him, but his body, under-exercised, under-fed, turned sick and dizzy. Precious time went by before his mind cleared and he saw what he must do. He became cool, alert, crafty, a creature fighting for more than life.

IT WAS nearly three o'clock when he reached home. Mary was in the front room, mending a torn curtain, or, at least, kneeling beside it with thimble and thread. She had not had a word from Ned since she told him he must go, and though that was quite right and what she had commanded, she fell into trances over her work, staring at nothing with sad eyes. She started to sew at the sound of Christopher's key. "You?" she greeted him. "At this hour?"

He closed the door and sat down beside her. He was very short of breath, but he hid that, smiling down at her so kindly that she put up a generous hand for his.

"Cold hands for a day like this," she said. Chris, you don't half take care of yourself."

That gave him his opening. "I think we both need a change, a holiday," he began. "How would you like a trip to Bermuda?"

Mary laughed. "Why not Europe?" "Perhaps, later. But we could be off to Bermuda in the morning. I telephoned to see if we could get reservations, and it is all right if you would like to go."

Mary sat down squarely on the

floor. "You don't seem delirious," she said. "Is it a joke?"

"Mrs. Andy would come and look after the house," he went on. "Your clothes are always nice—we could get you something down there if you wanted it. We will—"

"Christopher Rolleston," she broke in, "will you tell me what is back of all this nonsense you are talking?"

This was the hard moment, for Chris was naturally a literally truthful man. Even now his words did not lie. "I have done rather well, Mary. Some property that I have nursed—has sold to good advantage." His lips were stiff with the effort. "We shall be more comfortable after this. I can count on giving you—" he hesitated, wiping beads of sweat from his forehead—"five hundred dollars a month," he finally brought out, a clear saving of five hundred over what he had meant to say when he started for home.

Mary was uncritical at the amount, so happy for him that her own relief came as an afterthought. She even cried over it a little.

"Ah, my dear, how you have hung on! You knew best what you could do," she praised him. "Chris, you have been magnificent!"

He could not meet her glowing eyes. "Well—Bermuda?"

Mary held back, offered objections and excuses; and the clock said three-fifteen. Christopher made his next move:

"I have a reason for going so suddenly." Her quick glance was a question and he answered with solemnity: "I don't want you to see Ned Brewer again."

She flushed, trembled. "Why not?" "You know why not, don't you?"

Her head dropped on her arms. "Yes," she breathed.

"An honorable man does not fall in love with a married woman," Christopher said with harsh insistence. "I want you to write Ned a note saying that you will have nothing more to do with him."

"Oh!" It was a smothered cry of pain, but his ears shut it out, his mind refused its implications.

"I have taken the burden off you," he insisted. "You must do this for me. Now."

She pulled herself up, went slowly to the desk, and presently he could hear the movement of her pen. This was the critical moment. If she had not been so sick of her own hurt, she must have heard the strain in his voice.

"Oh, Mary—don't tell him anything specific about money. Say simply that your financial troubles are over and that he need not concern himself further with our affairs."

The pen paused for so long that Christopher's heart fainted in his side. It was now half past three.

"Chris, how did you know—that Ned cared for me?"

He made an inspired choice: "He had the insolence to tell me so himself. I don't want to discuss it. As my wife, you have just one thing to do."

She finished the letter, addressed it, then brought it to him.

"You are being very decent," she admitted heavily. "I want you to read what I have said."

He scarcely saw the lines that thanked Ned for his goodness, told of the sudden trip and said good-bye. This was what he looked for with hunted haste: "You need not have me on your mind any more. Chris has done wonders, and our money troubles are over. Bless you, Ned. I wish you every good thing. But I am not going to see you again. Mary."

In his relief the barriers of years fell

away. "Mary, I love you—don't forget that—I love you!" he stammered.

She touched his shoulder, kindly, comfortingly, and went away. He had counted on her going; she would inevitably shut herself into her room after such a baring of souls.

At four o'clock he saw Ned coming and went out on the steps, looking down at him in cold triumph and offering the letter without a word. Ned read it, read it again, muttered amazedly.

"All right—you win," he said at last, and went away.

It was Christopher who attended to the house, sent for Mrs. Andy, mailed checks for outstanding bills. Mary moved passively, doing what he said, very sweet and patient, but with a stunned quiet that hurt worse than shouted accusations. All night Christopher was defending himself, explaining to the darkness that he had taken the only possible course. In the morning he watched for the mail, and wisely, for there was a long letter from Ned. Suppressing a letter was torture to Christopher's scrupulous mind, yet how else could he save his home? Ned's words tolled in his ears: "She will be very angry! You will meet the Judgment Day, head on!" In her anger she might do something from which there was no recovery.

"I am saving her from herself," he argued as he destroyed the letter, unopened. He knew very well what it had said.

IF THE weeks of sun and beauty were a torment to Mary, she gave no sign of it except for a dismaying acquiescence. She had no desires, no will of her own; she was ready for anything Chris suggested. In his efforts to rouse her, he kept finding more good news in his mail, making small increases in their income. He did violence to his own instincts a dozen times a day, hiring carriages, seeing fights, buying things, and tried to veil his terrible little economies in jest and excuse. He had grown conscious of actions that had seemed so simply right in the cool, free days before Ned had burst into their lives. An offer for the house meant a profit of five thousand dollars over the purchase price, and he was insistent about giving her that outright.

"As soon as the deal goes through you shall have five thousand dollars to put in the bank or invest—or spend," he promised, giving her his best, and, to please him, she rejoiced in it, talked of it boastfully, made jokes about putting it into a yacht or airplane; but all the time there was a look just back of her eyes that nearly crushed him.

The house was sold, but theirs till the first of January. Mary on their return indifferently kept Mrs. Andy and let the lodgers go, but she shrank from plans and action of any kind. When Chris, tormented by jealousy and his goading sense of guilt, came home at unexpected hours, he usually found her up in her room, lying idly on the bed or staring out of the window with heavy eyes. She was always kind, but one day, when he came up to her unheard, she started away from his touch, and the question he wanted least to ask was shocked out of him: "Do you care for that fellow?"

She hesitated, made a strange answer: "Well, you see, I'm comfortable now."

"You are comfortable?"

"I'm freer for it"; she struggled for words. "And you—didn't want it—for so long." Then she sobbed into her hands. "I'll be good, Chris, I'll be good," she promised over and over.

It was said and could not be unsaid. The long struggle to subdue Mary had brought them to this incredible disaster. In his reliance on law and order Christopher had never foreseen anything less than a lifetime in which to

fight it out. He had not sufficiently realized that Mary had reckless blood in her veins. That promise to be good frightened him to the depths, betraying as it did impulses that were not good. In those bitter days the two passions of Christopher's life were no longer in conflict. The one thing that mattered was to secure Mary, and he did not know how. He could only bring her futile offerings, show her dry courtesies and bear without wincing the effort in her kindly response.

He fell ill of it all, very ill; the best appeal he could have made to Mary. She was more like her old self while she took care of him. Then he felt the delirium coming on and insisted on nurses; two nurses, insisted with such fright in his eyes that she yielded. After that he watched the door for her, but, when she came, he was uneasy until she went away.

"But he isn't religious," Mary said, and wondered if old fears lurked in that queer, hidden personality. When he was nearly well, a grey, shrunken figure sitting up in a dressing-gown, she told him of it.

"Did they terrify you about Judgment and hell-fire when you were a little boy?" she asked. If she had not been busy with his lunch tray, she must have seen his sick fright.

"I don't know—I don't remember," he muttered.

"Perhaps something you had been reading stuck in your mind," she said easily.

In his weakness he longed for the relief of confession and absolution. He could not risk telling her and yet he had to hover round the subject.

"I don't believe you would be a harsh judge, Mary," he said, selecting his words with slow caution. "You have always been so indulgent of your father. I cannot imagine you—passing a final judgment—on anyone."

"Oh, yes, I could," she said, not dreaming how hard she struck. "Father has been bad, if you like, but he never was mean. I do hate a mean little sinner. Father sinned on the grand scale, and now he's good on the grand scale—he is really a darling. I'd like to see Dodo's babies," she went on as he said nothing.

The last concession was still to be made. "When I am quite well again," Christopher began, taking her hand; but Mary cut him off, jumped up, remembered something that took her away. She wanted nothing of him, nothing, not even the children she used to be always talking about. No doubt, she was horribly disappointed that he had pulled through. A dark discouragement settled down on his spirit.

Mrs. Andy, neat and whole in her new working dress and white apron, came for the tray.

"Did you like your lunch?" she demanded. Her manner to Christopher was always disciplinary, and since his illness it had taken on a new severity.

"Very nice, very nice." He waved it away. "I have no appetite."

Mrs. Andy affected to rearrange the dishes. For several days she had lingered over trays, trying to open a conversation, but he had impatiently put her off. Today she got her start: "Appetite—yes, your millions won't buy you that."

He looked up sharply to see what she meant. "My millions?"

"Sure. I sat by you one night when the night nurse had toothache, and you did fine sums in the millions." She laughed comfortably. "Won't you try this baked apple?"

"You may leave it"; he was faintly gracious. "You must never pay any attention to what is said in delirium. It means nothing."

"That's right. It's just ravin's" was the hearty assent. "You named sums and counted up your taxes—it was grand to hear you." *Continued on page 58*

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Judgment Day

Continued from page 57

"Dreams—dreams," he insisted.

"And you took me for Mr. Ned Brewer." She chuckled down at him, looking like a wicked old camel. "My, you had a fine row with me. I had to hold you down in your bed." She gathered up the tray. "It was cruel the way you worried about that letter," she said over her shoulder as she went out.

It was truly cruel, the way Chris worried now. Evidently the woman had got something out of his delirium and meant to hold it over him. Not for money; he felt sure of that. Her devotion to Mary had always made her hostile to him. And yet, if she had pieced his secrets together out of his sick ramblings, she had said nothing to Mary. His wife was even remorsefully kind. She came back that afternoon with flowers and new books and made the light an excuse to sit across the room from him, reading him long chapters of which he did not hear one word.

Never, not even in the redwoods, had he been more conscious of her bodily grace and the rich warmth of her spirit. She was being good, as she had so passionately promised. The longing to be shrived, to tell her everything and face judgment even though he lost her, was a torment in his soul. And now, with Mrs. Andy hinting knowledge, he saw that he must tell her; but he put it off, not recognizing that life was giving him one last, brief chance.

"Tomorrow. I shall feel more equal to it tomorrow," he decided.

All night he faced it, getting the words ready. He was up and dressed when Mrs. Andy brought him his breakfast. If Mary had brought it, he would have told her then, so straightly and from so contrite a heart that he must have reached her.

Mary was later than usual in coming. She had shut the door, quietly and carefully, before he looked up and read his sentence. At last Mary was angry. He had never seen such a white blaze in any face. She had the morning paper in her hand.

"You are the Sales Company"; it was a new voice, sternly cold. "There is no other Sales Company—I have looked it up. It means you."

She thrust the paper at him, but in his confusion he could not see.

"What is it? I can't make it out," he exclaimed. "I can't see it, Mary!"

Her hand struck the page. "They are publishing the income taxes of rich corporations and prominent citizens," she said with biting clearness, and saw his hands fly up in defence. "Yes—I don't wonder you jump!"

"They have no right—" he stammered. "It's against the law!"

She cut him short. Nevertheless, there they are. On last year's income, shall I tell you what the Sales Company paid? Do you want to hear? Sixty-five thousand dollars. That was your income tax." Oh, it was the Judgment Day! She threw away the paper as though she threw him away. "What per cent of the year's profits is that—sixty-five thousand dollars?"

"It was not income"; he tried to tell her about it. "Profit on sales, Mary—not a yearly income. Just that. Profits—really capital."

There was no hope of reaching her now. "And how many millions of profits the year before, when they didn't publish the tax? Answer me that!"

He could not answer. His hands fell together in a gesture of hopelessness.

"So you have been rich!" She looked down at him as though she saw him for the first time and he were horrible.

"All these years, when I was slaving for you, working till I dropped, grinding down to save a cent here and a cent there, you've been rich, rich! I've lied for you, mean little lies because I owed money and didn't dare offend; I've toadied and flattered, I've let them almost put their paws on me because we owed a hundred dollars and poor Chris couldn't pay it!" She swung away from him, her body straining, swollen, with the passion of her anger. "Oh, the pity, the compassion I gave you because you struggled so hard and couldn't succeed! All those years of loyalty and being sorry, so horribly sorry; and you took it, you cheat, you mean, mean soul!"

"Mary," he pleaded. "Let me tell you—"

"What can you tell me?" she blazed. "It could have made us a rich, warm life—but you loved money and didn't love me. My children—the children I could never have! I had a right to children! I would have died for children! But I've gone lonely and starved and stood by you—because I was so sorry!" She laughed sobbingly. "Oh, was there ever such a fool! How can you live with yourself—how can you forgive yourself? What excuse can you make?"

His head was sunk on his chest. "None," he muttered. "None. It was a craving. You couldn't understand."

"No, I couldn't understand! I suppose you mean you're a miser. Well, I am a lover, but I gave it up to stick by you." Then she remembered his concessions and laughed again. "Of course! Ned found out the truth and frightened you, so you squeezed out your little hundreds, and I so grateful and touched and being so good with my heart breaking in my side for Ned! I'm going to him—I'm going today. I've got your magnificent present, that five thousand dollars will be more than enough to set me free of you! And I earned it, I earned the profit on this house!" She wrung her clenched hands. "Oh, you call my father a bad lot, but he was never so bad as this! And if Ned hadn't come, you'd have gone on to the end—" She broke off, shocked to stillness, staring dazedly at the past. "Ned found out the truth," she repeated. "And he didn't tell me? He didn't tell me? Oh, how could he have gone away and not told me!"

Christopher lifted his head, struggled to speak, gave it up. The silence grew until Mary broke it with a cry:

"Oh, no one is true! And there's no such thing as love! Oh, I'm done, I'm done!"

She broke into tearless sobbing and went out, leaving him crushed down in his chair, stark naked to his sentence, lost.

THE desire to be out of the house—that hated house—was a fever. Mary dragged down trunks and tumbled out her possessions in a rage of pain. There was no joy in release; she had given her loyal best and had been cheated, made a fool of! Cheated by her husband, left in the dark by her lover. She could have torn up, smashed, shouted aloud in the passion of her resentment.

It broke her at last, bodily broke her. Mrs. Andy found her lying on the floor, white and dizzy, and helped her to a couch in understanding silence, then brought restoratives and warm covers and stood by until the trouble had passed.

"So you found out," she said at last. Her thumb indicated the open trunks and the strewn clothes.

Mary lifted heavy eyes to her face. "So you knew too? Did everyone but me know?"

Mrs. Andy had an immense nod that suggested omniscience. "I always had my own notions about that man; but it wasn't until he went out of his head and added up his taxes that I had anything to lay hold of." She began folding and packing. "I was going to tell you meself as soon as ever he got on his legs. With him sick, I was afraid you'd be soft."

"No, I'm through with being soft," Mary muttered. "I'm leaving him."

"No praise be for that!" Mrs. Andy was vindictive. "Then I'll be leavin' him too. Another day and I'd of heav'd a tray at 'im. Dear, you want your shoes in the bottom, not in the tray." Her head was in the trunk when she went on: "Maybe you'd want that I should go with you."

Mary wanted no one, nothing. "I'm going home, to California," she said dully.

"Well, I'd like to see California," Mrs. Andy volunteered. "Dmitri's a good little Dago—he'd like the climate fine. And he's that handy with the pushcart, he could learn your automobile for you in no time. You say the word and we'll come."

Mary had no smile for her. "My home couldn't afford that."

Mrs. Andy's jaw dropped. "Then you're not makin' him pay up? Now, Mrs. Rolleston, the pocket's the one place where you can hurt that man." Mary's sombre headshake gave her no hope. "Ah, I knew you'd be soft somewheres," she lamented.

She had to work off her disappointment on the packing. Presently she found cheer. "Well, you'll be havin' another home, one of these days." She disappeared into the closet, coming out with an armful of things. "You'll be seein' Mr. Brewer out there?" she asked casually.

Mary's eyes grew dangerous. "No; I won't see anyone but my family," she said fiercely, and, dragging herself up, she tried to empty drawers; but her head could not direct her hands, and her feet stumbled.

"Now you're not fit to start today," Mrs. Andy urged. "You'll never get a lower at this late hour; and the wash not home and all. You wait a day."

Mary turned on her: "Spend another night in this house!"

Mrs. Andy was undisturbed. "He'll never know it. He'll stay like a sick bear in his cave. I'll take him in some lunch but he'll ask me no questions."

"Oh, don't argue with me!" Mary burst out. "I'm angry! I'm angry to the bottom of my soul! Leave me alone!" She drove her out, shut the door on her.

The trunks were finished some way. What was not there could be left behind. Mary tried to think what she would need on the train, but looked helplessly at her half-empty bag and gave up. Then she remembered her desk and went down to clear it out.

Mrs. Andy had boxes in the dining room and was packing books and possessions. Mary tried to say some grateful word, but it would not come. She had no kind feeling, nothing but this hard core of wrath. The papers in her desk were meaningless to her. She could only bundle them together and take all. When she rose with them, she found Mrs. Andy blocking the door.

"I sent for the expressman, and I'll run out to the bank for you," she said. "Just write me the check for what you want."

Mary obeyed laboriously, putting her mind on it with a dreadful effort, then rose to escape, but Mrs. Andy was still there.

"I wonder, did he tell you about the letter?" she began.

"Letter?"

"Yes. The letter he burned up."

Mary was not interested. "All I

know is that he has been a rich man, for years! Once you had to wait three weeks for your money—do you remember? And he was hiding millions!" She trembled so that the papers fell from her hands. "Oh, I could die of anger," she muttered.

"Well, now, about that letter," Mrs. Andy persisted. He was ravin' and rantin' about it, how he'd done right to burn it up. And I kind of got to puttin' two and two together. I wondered, would it be Mr. Brewer's letter?"

Mary had at last begun to listen. "What are you saying?—Mr. Brewer's letter? What letter?"

"I'll put these together for you with a rubber strap," Mrs. Andy knelt to gather the scattered papers. "Well, Mr. Brewer, he come here just after you'd set off for Bermuda, and he was in a state to find you gone. Won't you want your check-book with you? We'll put that in your bag."

"The letter?" Mary's hand grasped her shoulder. "Tell me!"

"Well, he asked me, did I notice if you'd got a letter from him that morning; a long, thick letter it was, he says. He'd got a notion that maybe it would go wrong in the mail or something. All I could tell him was I'd seen you with letters in your hands."

"Oh, I didn't get it!" Tears rushed to Mary's eyes, dropped unheeded. "Of course—he told me everything and I didn't get it! Oh, cruel!"

"Maybe it was lost in the mail," Mrs. Andy heaved up to her feet. But, as I'm tellin' you, Mr. Rolleston in his ravin's, he worried something fierce about a letter he'd burned up. He kep' tellin' me he had to, that he was savin' the world by burnin' it up. So I got to thinkin'—"

"He burned my letter!"

"Well, all I know—"

Mary had brushed by her, gone sobbing up the stairs.

ALL that long day Christopher sat crouched down in his chair, his chin on his breast. He heard sounds of trunks, dragged down from the attic. Hours later, someone passed his door, sobbing. Mrs. Andy must have brought him lunch, for there was a tray beside him, but he had not noticed her coming. It was the crying that made him look up, turn his eyes again on the outer world.

His inner world lay in ruins. He was once more like a blind person given an hour of sight, and he saw the warm, living riches that he had sacrificed beside the cold, dead riches that he had kept. He saw his cramped virtues against the free virtue of a loving heart. He saw the pit of loneliness that he had dug for himself and that must henceforth be his home. Judgment had been passed on him, and there was no mercy. Stripped, outcast, utterly a failure; all day he sat with that relentless vision of himself and offered no excuse. It was all true.

Mary had gone in hard anger, but now, hours later, she went by sobbing. Not in wrath; it was a grieved, choked sound from an opened heart. Mary's heart—Mary's life? Christopher had been too stunned by the revelation of himself to see beyond his fall until that crying took him past his prostrate self to her. Suddenly he was sorry, sorry, bleeding with sorrow for what he had done to her. The contrition of the morning was an empty gesture beside the passion of remorse.

He started up, trying to find ease for his pain. To do something for her, give her something—what in all the world had he to give her? She would fling his money back at him. His life? That seemed almost too easy, too little to give, and yet he went back to his chair to consider it. Though it was giving her what he no longer wanted, it would at least set her free, rid her of him forever. *Continued on page 60*

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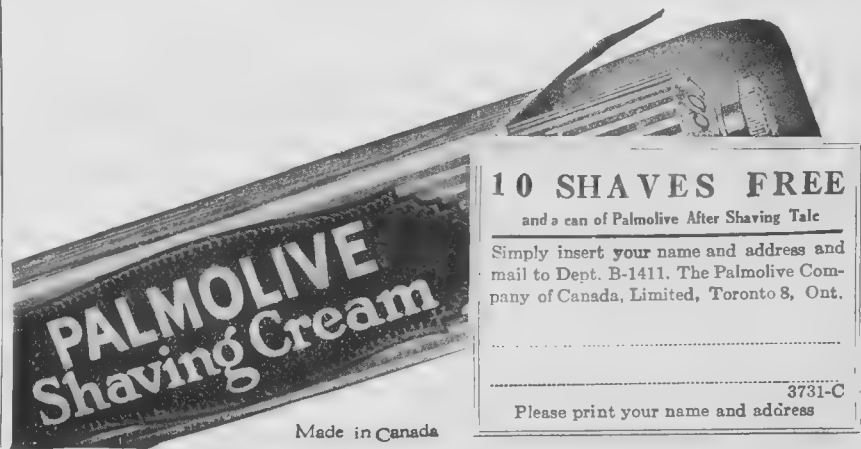
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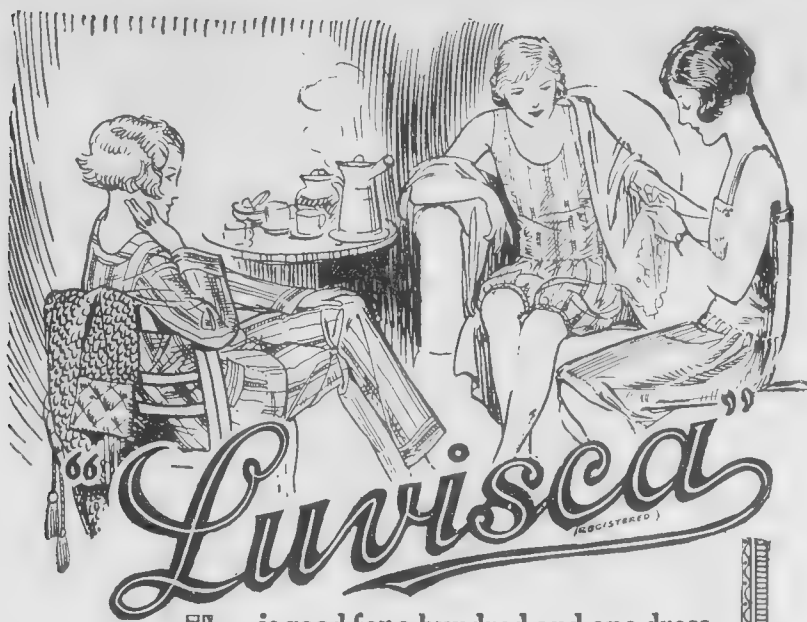
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Montreal	Oct. 21	S.S. Montclair	to	Liverpool
Quebec	Oct. 26	S.S. Empress of Scotland	to	Cherbourg, Southampton
Montreal	Oct. 27	S.S. Metagama	to	Belfast, Glasgow
Montreal	Oct. 28	S.S. Minnedosa	to	Liverpool
Quebec	Nov. 2	S.S. Montclair	to	Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp
Montreal	Nov. 4	S.S. Montclair	to	Glasgow, Liverpool
Montreal	Nov. 11	S.S. Montclair	to	Glasgow, Liverpool
Quebec	Nov. 16	S.S. Montclair	to	Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp
Montreal	Nov. 18	S.S. Montclair	to	Glasgow, Liverpool
Montreal	Nov. 25	S.S. Melita	to	Belfast, Glasgow, Liverpool
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Judgment Day

Continued from page 59

But would it? He knew her deep heart. She would presently see herself as executioner as well as judge, and she would suffer torment. She would wrap about the memory of him all his little virtues, and forget this lightning-clear vision that had placed him for himself. She would never be happy again. To kill himself would be revenge, not reparation. That was not the way.

He had not expected to see her again. Their good-bye was said! The house was so quiet that he thought she must have gone. Hours later, he heard the trunks go. When, toward dusk, the door opened, he supposed it was Mrs. Andy and motioned her away, keeping his ravaged face averted.

"Chris." Mary's voice was gentle, almost old. A glance showed her leaning on a chair back as though too spent to stand. All her tears had been cried away, taking with them the hard, hot anger. She was worn down, but there was a disembodied loveliness about her, as though her compassionate womanhood had put on immortality. "I know everything now," she was saying. "Ned wrote me, and you burned his letter."

His bent head moved in assent. "I am beginning to understand," she went on, slipping into the chair. "The money was a real passion, as real and as secret as love. Ned said that he would break any law in the universe for me. What you felt about money was as real as that. And you broke laws for it, that's all. Just as Ned and I longed to break them. I do understand."

He made no attempt to speak. Every generous word was like a blow on his nakedness.

"And yet the money wasn't all," she told him, divinely just. I can see that now. You wanted to keep me. I think you have always cared for me—in your way. It wasn't my way and I made it hard, so you shut it up inside yourself. But, of course, these last months, I've had to see that it was there. You have cared. And tried to be patient and win me back. I've seen it all." Her voice trembled, her head sank on her arm. "Oh, that is what will kill me," she whispered: "Remembering that you did care and tried to get me back. Seeing that you couldn't help it, being what you were—and knowing what an awful loneliness I'm leaving you to. Oh, Chris, what can you do, all alone with no one?"

Her heart was mothering him as it always had, as it always would—unless he set it free. In a flash Christopher saw his way to atonement. There was something he could give Mary. His head came up.

"I shall do very well." He spoke in the impatient voice of every day. "Companionship is not necessary to me. I can make my own life to suit me, and there is no need for you to concern yourself."

She had started, straightened. "You want me to go? You would rather I went away?"

He did not flinch. "I want you to go. I think it is best for us both. As soon as possible."

THE END

"Oh, now, this minute!" She rose to her feet, and the crushing burden of her compassion fell from her. "Chris, I would have stayed if I was hurting you too horribly. You're sure?"

"Quite sure." The corners of his mouth were clamped tight. "I wish you well. If your freedom requires that I refuse to live with you—I do. I refuse it. I will not have you in my house."

She went to the door, paused there a racking moment, then came back to him. He would not meet her eyes, but had to bear her hand on his shoulder.

"Let us forgive each other and say good-bye kindly," she urged. Her lips touched his forehead. "Good-bye, Chris."

"Good-bye," he muttered.

She went with a new step, made strong and free again, going straight to happiness. Chris sat motionless until she had passed down the stairs and the front door closed on her. Then he slid to his knees, lay prone on the floor.

"Mary, Mary!" he cried. "Don't leave me—I love you, Mary—my wife—oh, don't leave me!"

A cab door had slammed and now the street was quiet again.

THE new owners claimed the house and the furniture was sold at auction. Christopher took a couch down to his office and set up a washstand behind a screen.

"It will do for a few days, until I can find suitable rooms," he explained to the janitor; but no one cared what anyone did in that old building.

Hidden in the washstand was a small gas stove and a few utensils. A trunk and half a dozen hooks behind a curtain held clothes and linen. Christopher settled everything in its place with meticulous care. There were no covers to launder, no rugs to sweep. A padlocked box on the window ledge held provisions. He carried them in a brief case and took away in it little packages of garbage, which he dropped in the city rubbish bins when no one was looking. A keen, cool joy went through him as he found bargains in cereals and fruit, saved a penny on the milk and two cents on the butter. Sometimes he walked miles, studying the prices in windows, too intent on his quest to notice that the shabby streets found him a queer figure in his threadbare clothes.

Once a day he brushed and dressed with the old precision, took stick and gloves in his hand and went out into the city to eat an exact ration of meat and vegetables in some dairy or cafeteria where tips were not necessary. If anyone sat at his table, he laid newspaper clippings by his plate and read them as a defence against advances. That done, he went home, hurrying eagerly up the dingy flights to burrow among his maps and papers for long, sweet unbroken hours. There was no one to fight his ways and keep him on guard and make demands; no one to spoil the delight of his lean, solitary nights and days. Safe in the blind walls of his fortress, alone with his passion, he was a happy man.

What the Jews are Doing in Palestine

Continued from page 9

garrison in the country. In any case they have accepted the mandate, and must honor it. They are pledged to the establishment of the Jewish national home, but on the distinct under-

standing that it does not interfere with the liberties and rights of the existing native races; and their immediate policy should be an assurance to Arabs and others that they have nothing whatever to fear.

Out on the Silver Range

Continued from page 18

by the same curiosity that draws crowds in a city, trotted nearer. More came running from half a mile distant, bellowing and thundering in clouds of dust over the hills like stampeding herds. Two hundred strong assembled around the dead steer and fluttering birds in a brown mass that milled together with a great clattering of horns and hooves and loud wheezing of hot, dusty nostrils.

The tawny coyote held his ground. He forgot the magpies and faced his new enemies. They were not afraid of him any more than they were of a dog, and sometimes a bold steer, maliciously displaying the whites of his eyes, snorted furiously and charged. At such times he merely dodged lithely to one side or slunk closer to the carcass. Once he leaped nonchalantly at the head of an advancing bull, snapping his jaws shut in his very face and causing a general agitation throughout the bugling herd. For half an hour he stood guard, darting at moments upon the clamoring magpies but always eyeing askance the menacing circle of horns.

BY THE time the sun had taken the chill from the earth half a score of fat bluebottles and red flies that had miraculously escaped the clutches of the night frost, droned lugubriously down upon the bloated carcass and crawled heavily under the raw flanks away from the prying eyes of the magpies.

At the foot of the plateau's walls a thin spiral of smoke was ascending through the yellow leaves from the chimney in the log house. Inside Al Hardy stood over a hot stove and prodded roughly a piece of sturgeon sizzling in the frying pan. He was mad with himself; with the whole world in general. Here it was broad daylight with the sun blazing in the east—and his brother coming back from Kamloops soon with three hundred ewes—and just one more day to finish the corral for those sheep before he arrived. That's what came of giving way to a melancholy of loneliness and inviting those fool halfbreed farm hands to play poker until the early hours of morning. How much had he lost anyway; quite a sum; he was frightened to think of it. Well, he had learned a lesson. If it ever reached the ears of his friends he would never hear the last of it. It would serve him right, too. Yes, it would serve him right!

That was Hardy's nature all over—to be severe with himself, with everything and everybody. He was a strange individual. His philosophy decreed that a man should have a temperament or pander to his feelings. There was too much sentiment in the world, he argued, and sentiment only bred discontent and certainly never made anyone prosperous. According to his neighbors he was heartless but not cruel. For instance, he kept his horses in the pink of condition by giving them the best food and shelter, knowing that he would be reimbursed for his trouble by getting more work out of them. If he found that some birds freed his orchard of insect pests he encouraged them, deeming them an asset to his ranch—not bringers of cheer and happiness. To him a dog was either a sheep dog or a watch dog, not a companion.

Al Hardy strode briskly to the door and yelled across the yard. Weren't those two breeds ever going to get up for breakfast? They should have been stripping the old lumber from that shack on the plateau by now for that new corral. Lot of time they had to loaf in bed! The very sound of the

melting frost pattering from the cottonwoods onto the roof and porch aggravated him and he added heated words to another call. He was about to step inside again as a faint sleepy reply came from the direction of the bunk-house when a black speck sailing of a distant blue-hazed mountain caused him to pause. It came rapidly towards him, dropping parallel with the slope of the hill. He grunted under his breath and entered the kitchen, slamming the door after him. Then he suddenly recalled a thought to mind, and, taking the glasses from the wall, went onto the porch again. He made out the speck to be a giant golden eagle, just as he had supposed, swiftly drifting on the high wind like a yacht before a gale. When the brown monarch reached the plateau it started to circle slowly as if interested in an object below.

"That eagle's watchin' something," he declared to himself. "The Lord help me if one of my lambs has wandered up there—damn the critter!"

Al Hardy thought of the coyote that had howled in the dark hours early that morning and quickly became alarmed. It meant serious business when both coyote and eagle arrived on the scene. He decided to investigate at once. Gulping down a hasty breakfast he gruffly issued instructions to the two half-breeds that appeared grinning at the door and hurried over to the improvised corral in the orchard. One glance showed him that none of the dozen lambs had escaped and he uttered a sigh of relief. The usual flock of magpies was not hanging around the fruit trees, he noted, which convinced him that a kill had been made somewhere out on the range—perhaps that little black calf. He cursed all coyotes and swore that last night's songster would never howl again if he could help it.

He returned to the house for his gun and, choosing a short cut between two mud turrets to the plateau above, scrambled up a steep gravel slide and paused, gasping for breath, on top. He was not surprised at what he saw first of all—just a bunch of cattle herded together near the centre of the field, a usual sight. But his thin brows gathered into a perplexed frown when a quick survey of the immediate range revealed no other grazing cattle in view and that there seemed to be a commotion among the assembled steers nearby. He dropped to one knee and pressed the glasses to his eyes—an exclamation breaking from his lips as he did so. The range sloped gently away from him, forming a saucer-shaped depression among the hills, so that it was possible to look down upon the mass of restless steers as if it were a stage in a vast Roman amphitheatre. It was what he saw in the centre of the cattle ring that held him with breathless attention—a confused flutter of white, a giant brown bird swooping down on wide vibrating pinions and a tawny form leaping up with bared fangs to drag it to the ground. He recognized instantly the bird as the golden eagle that he had seen half an hour before. The coyote he naturally associated with the howler of the previous night.

The screaming of the magpies and the trumpeting of the bulls as they surged with clattering horns back farther from the battling pair brought a wild glow to his eyes that was rarely seen in such an indifferent man as Al Hardy. He felt like taking off his hat and shouting encouragement impartially to both combatants, but common sense restrained him and he crept

Continued on page 62



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Out on the Silver Range

Continued from page 61

closer, foot by foot, as if he were watching a fight between pugilists. One moment he saw the coyote suspended in mid-air and grimly clinging to the breast of the mighty eagle; then both beast and bird crashed to the earth and broke free. The golden monarch, apparently unharmed, bounded into the air and swung around and around overhead, while the tawny defender sunk on his haunches and savagely licked his wounds. The steers moved perceptibly nearer, pawing the ground and shaking their heads threateningly.

HARDY, with his hands trembling nervously from excitement, pumped a shell into the chamber of his rifle and started to worm still closer. Just then the magpies, which had sneaked up between the feet of the cattle, scattered frantically for shelter, and the eagle, checking himself in an uncompleted arc, plunged down on hissing, half-closed pinions, striking the coyote unexpectedly on his flanks with a sharp sound of buffeting wings. Al sprang to his feet and saw the coyote on his back, legs wildly clawing in a smother of brown feathers. Suddenly the medley of sounds that filled the air increased in volume and a new note, terrifying and ominous, burst upon his ears, clutched his heart. It was the triumphant bellowing of enraged bulls, the dull sound of trampling hooves—of hooves that were ready to stampede. The beasts were closing in upon the fighters, a confusion of swaying bodies. He heard the clattering of horn on horn, and above it a yelp of mortal agony. Something cried out in him that it was not fair; his very being revolted at the injustice of the attack. He hardly knew what he did. He snatched up his gun and dashed yelling upon the crazed multitude, firing shot after shot in the air. Somehow he drove the steers back; the whole ring gave way. He saw the coyote, saw the eagle on top—and fired; the bird flopped limply to one side. A peculiar silence followed. Two hundred bulls stopped their milling and stared with nervous wonderment, and the magpies, that had long since ceased their outcry, vanished mysteriously. The fluttering of the dead eagle seemed singularly loud.

Hardy stood there in the middle of the circle, rapidly becoming his normal self again, and gazed at the form stretched at his feet. The coyote's hind leg was crushed, his back raked and torn, his beautiful fawn belly flecked with blood that oozed from several wounds. There was blood, even, on his head. Al was conscious of a pang of regret surging through him—remorse for that lifeless shape on the ground. It had not been fair, that fight—hundreds against one, against one little coyote. He hated coyotes, though. He had meant to shoot this one. But after all, he thought, eyeing the bloated carcass nearby, which, he concluded, had been the cause of the trouble, it was the sick yearling bull that had died and he had fed upon. He was a scavenger of the range, a necessary evil, perhaps. He was pretty too; somehow he had never thought that before of coyotes. Quite a valiant little fellow in his way—fighting against odds for a living like the human race. He could never accuse a coyote of killing needlessly, now he came to think of it. He was economical in many respects, staying close to any kill until the bones were polished white. Yes, coyotes undoubtedly had their vices, but they had their virtues too.

"Well, I came to get your pelt and now I've got it but I'm darned sorry," he said aloud with genuine regret.

Presently Al laughed softly—an apologetic little laugh. He was becoming a sentimental old cuss, he told himself, for he could not recall ever having held before a tender feeling for any creature of the wild, let alone a coyote. It was altogether a new experience with him, something that had touched a new chord in his emotions, and he wasn't sure whether he did not like it. But he excused himself on another reflection; it was only a matter of fair play that aroused him. Yes, certainly only that. It was a good thing that the coyote was dead. It would have been necessary to have killed it anyway. What would his neighbor say if he ever let one of the pests go? He would be the laughing-stock of the valley. "Al's getting soft-hearted—the next thing he'll be falling in love," would be the jest.

HE REACHED for his pipe and knocked the ashes out by tapping the bowl lightly on the butt of his gun. As he raised his eyes again he thought he detected a slight tremor run through the tawny body at his feet. It might have been the eagle, though, on the other side, stiffening in death. He watched carefully and all at once became aware of a bright brown eye focussed upon his own; it moved ever so little. Hardy knew what that meant and bravely tried to quell the leap of joy in his heart by voluntarily pursing his lips and narrowing his eyes. He would have to act immediately before his emotions got the better of him. He raised his gun, fingered the trigger—but no shot came. Instead he lowered the weapon, smilingly cursing himself for being a sentimental fool again, and stepped quickly back to await the inevitable.

It happened the next instant. Like a dog that is disturbed during a nap the blood-smeared form arose stiffly on its legs, paused, glanced half appealingly towards him, and limped a few feet away, dragging a crushed leg behind.

Hardy expected to see the cattle charge the little creature again and realized the insecurity of his own position. But, even with his years of experience on the ranges, he did not fully estimate the cunning and courage of the coyote and was unprepared for what followed. As if on the verge of collapsing the coyote staggered toward a weak link in the circle of steers, when suddenly he came to life and dashed with astonishing agility between the legs of the startled bulls. Al gasped, then swore with sheer amazement and delight.

"Stunned and almost smashed to pulp," he exclaimed. "The plucky little devil!"

Safe on the far side the coyote slackened his gait and moved off on three legs in the direction of the hills, leaving a spatter of blood behind on the green stubble. He climbed wearily to the crest of a large knoll, looked back over his shoulder, and sunk out of sight into the labyrinth of gulches beyond.

Hardy stared after him for a few moments and then approached the bloated yearling bull. The big fat blue-bottles, relieved of their eggs, buzzed drunkenly and half dead over the field, the few remaining magpies stole silently away to a nearby haystack and the big bald-faced steers quickly lost interest and fell to browsing complacently as they spread across the range.

Al Hardy left, too, with the golden eagle slung over his back, and marched homeward whistling a little tune and forgetting all about his grievances of

Continued on page 114

Northern Slavonic Poetry

Continued from page 24

He stooped, and saw my lips of sin;
Tore out the shameful tongue within
Whose lies and idleness and feud
Bedabbled his right hand with blood;
Then mid my shrivelled lips he hung
A subtle serpent's prudent tongue.
With a keen sword he clove my breast,
Dragged forth my heart of vain desire,
And in its stricken socket pressed
A living coal of holy fire.
I lay as corpses lie, long dead.
Then God's great voice cried out, and
said:

"Prophet, arise! And in devotion,
Moved by the impulse of my Will,
Go forth aflame by land and ocean
To bid my people know me still."

A coeval giant was Michael Lermontov,
a poet of volcanic violence who was
killed in a duel in 1841 at the age of 27.
The following is one of his brief lyrics:

The Sail

A lone white sail on the blue sea soars,
Far away on the misty foam,
Seeking fresh cargoes on far-off shores,
Leaving its last in the ports of home.

Over waves winging the wild winds shrill,
Making the wracked mast groan in
stress.

Ah, it must look for fated ill,
Nor in its mission happiness.

But still before it the sea gleams blue;
Still on the sail shines the golden sun;
Still the defiant heart throbs true,

Fearless in faith as the gale is run.
The rest of the century brought no peers
of these two in poetic achievement. Al-
exey Tolstoy (1817-1875), a distant
cousin of the great novelist, may be
mentioned as a Russian Tennyson in the
technical perfection of his shorter poems,
such as the following:

Autumn

Autumn! Across our little yard its
breath
Strews pestilential - yellow leaves of
death;
And far off, from the valley-copses flash
The burning berries of the mountain ash.

I gaze into your eyes in mute distress,
Your little, trembling hand in silence
press,

My broken whisper cannot reach your
ears
But you can read the message of my
tears.

To the poets of the Revolution we are
still too close to judge accurately of
anything except their explosive power.

Ukrainian Poetry

THE Ukrainians, Ruthenians, or Little
Russians, number about thirty mil-
lions and occupy that portion of Europe,
centred about Kiev, in which Russian
life and religion first took form. In the
eleventh century, Kiev was one of the
most cultured cities of Europe, with
eminence in commerce, scholarship, and
painting. From this period dates a great
prose epic, *The Raid of Prince Igor*. Then
in 1240 Kiev was destroyed by the Tar-
tar invasion; and in the succeeding cen-
turies the land was ravaged by Lithu-
anians and Poles. Finally, in the eigh-
teenth century, the Great Russians con-
quered and absorbed the Ukraine.

The result of such an unsettled his-
tory was a tragic blighting of all the
earlier promise of cultural glory. The
country has been very rich in folk-
poetry and folk-music; but formal litera-
ture does not come until the emergence
of Ivan Kotlyarevsky (1769-1838), who
laid the foundations of a literary lan-
guage in his treatment of classical
themes, especially in adaptations from
Vergil.

The greatest Ukrainian poet is Taras
Shevchenko (1815-1861), who was born
a serf, was bought and freed by the
Russian poet Zhukhovsky, became a
great painter as well as a poet, and
exiled to Siberia for his patriotism, and
died, a broken man, at the age of forty-
six. The following sonnet was written
in 1847, just after he had heard his sen-
tence of exile:

Exiled to slavery!—I, who have been
free!

They call this Justice, but they mouth
a lie.

Yes, I was born a slave, but I must die
In a worse fate, in alien tyranny.
Hemmed by iniquities of circumstance,
I can but yield to force and coldly wait
For the fulfilment of my bitter fate,
Cursing the blind stupidity of Chance
Mid men who worship Folly with their
cries

And trample Freedom in the unclean
mud.

My heart grows colder as I realize
They will not even let me live a slave
In my Ukraine, where I love man and
God,

Nor even grant me a Ukrainian grave.
Later poets might be named by the
score. The most important are Josip
Yuri Fedkovich (1834-1887), Ivan Fran-
ko (1856-1916), and the poetess, Lesya
Ukrainka (1872-1913). The following
verses express Franko's love for his
native land:

Ukraine

She is all beauty and all grace,
Ukraine, holy, pure, and wise,
With heart's affection in her face
And light of honor in her eyes.

She is all beauty, yet all grief;
Sorrow has claimed her for his own.
Whene'er her poets seek relief
In song, they make her woes their
moan.

I have so known her through the years
That I have yielded her my heart,
Giving my joys away for tears,
Feeling she claims my life's best part.

I have so loved her that I swear
The likeness of her face will lie
Unfading in my soul through care
And desolation till I die.

And could I let this love forget
A holy debt of tenderness
To all who toil with blood and sweat,
To all who manacles oppress?

No, for the knave who welcomes not
As brothers all who weep in pain,
Nor pities each unhappy lot,
He loves not thee, thrice dear Ukraine!

Lettish Poetry

PRESENT-DAY Latvia is a little Bal-
tic republic which gained its inde-
pendence from Russia in 1918. The Let-
tish people (today numbering nearly
two millions) have occupied the region
from very remote times, but have, until
now, known no independence for many
centuries.

Their literature began with theolog-
ical activities in 1530. Vecais Stenders
(1714-1796) was the first secular poet of
any significance. The most important
poet in their history, however, is a man
still living, Janis Rainis, who was born
in 1865 and is now resident in Riga. The
work of Rainis has been two-fold, a
broad project of translation from world
literature coupled with original poetry
and drama of a strongly nationalistic
flavor. The following lyric is obviously
drawn from the period of revolutionary
struggle:

Broken Pines

The wind has rent the soaring pines
That towered by the ocean side,
Reaching strong arms towards far sea-
lines,
Cleft but unconquered in their pride.

"Thou breakest us, un pitying foe!
Yet hast not had the victory:
Horizon-yearning still, we throw
Hissed hate from every branch to
thee!"

The shattered pines lie spent no more;
Wrought into ships they sail the sea;
Proud-breasted o'er the waves they soar,
Scorning the wind's dark perfidy:

"Fling thy fell waves, un pitying foe!
The hope once quenched now radiant
gleams.
Crushed by the night, we rise to know
The dawn-touched distance of our
dreams!"

Continued on page 114

Anything that is safe in water is safe with LUX

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A BEAUTIFUL dress, made from lovely,
new-season material, was ruined in
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But it must be "Lux"—There is no
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Riviera Ramblings

Continued from page 27

the time of mignonette and carnations is in July. August, September and October sees the harvesting of the jasmine and tuberose. If you are a lover of flowers Grasse is not a place to visit. For its claim to modern fame is that it contains forty perfume factories. Here every year four million pounds of orange blossoms, and three million pounds of roses are bought and thrown into the gnashing knives of the machines, into the cauldrons of the distilling vats so that the world may have perfume, scented soap, eau de Cologne, and sweet-scented bath water. A total of twenty million pounds of flowers annually come from the fields in the thirty miles of surrounding country. Things change little in this region through the centuries. Grasse was famous in the year 1300 as the place which supplied the whole of France, Italy and Spain with fine leather, soap, and specially prepared oil. So, from the point of view of industry, its only difference is that where, in 1300, it had two factories, it now has forty. But I, at least, was more interested in its historic past, than its soap and perfume.

The old town of Grasse, like all such places, is a tangle of narrow streets. But if anything they are narrower here than Nice, or Paris. You can stand in many of them and touch the walls on both sides with your spread palms. Grasse, being today an industrial town, every inch of space is taken. And what rabbit warrens! One shudders as one walks down the dark lanes. On either side black entrances lead into the buildings, dark as night even in the height of the day. From them come smells far stronger than I met with when in the past I have put my nose to the mouth of a wolf's den, or a bear's cave in the West.

In the heart of the old town stands what is certainly the most remarkable monument in all the world. It was erected to the immortal memory of Bellaud de la Bellaudiere. He was a native son of this village between the years 1532 and 1570. He was an excellent poet, in keeping with his beautiful name. And his emotional ballads wrung the hearts of all the countryside. But poetry in those days was even more poorly paid than it is now. So Bellaudiere became a thief. His townsmen finally hanged him. But they still were not lacking in appreciation of his poetry. So as a poet he was honored by the people placing a marble tablet to his name on the Tour du Pay, an ancient Roman tower; while as a thief they hanged him with right good will. Being a writer myself I stood for many minutes with doffed hat before the tablet. Truly art is poorly served when a man must steal in order to have the time to write. Things are slightly better in the year 1927.

Few places in France contain so exquisite a cathedral as Grasse. But these perfectly preserved relics are a writer's despair. There seems to be no adequate words by which their charm, the perfection of their decoration, the peace of their interiors can be conveyed. Within its cool, hushed walls, there looks down upon you the masterpiece of the painter Fragonard, "Washing of the Disciples' Feet," completed in 1754. In the church is a piece of carving probably unique. It is a reliquary of St. Honorat in the shape of a miniature house carved out of a solid block of walnut, some three feet in length. It dates from the 15th century, but no one could give me any further information. As a work of art shaped from wood it is the finest I have ever seen.

DURING the days when I drove in the forty miles of country containing these many relics of the past, at intervals the driver would bring the car to a stop upon some piece of road giving a particularly fine view over the surrounding country. Dramatically he would wave his arms. There on various ridge tops were some more hill towns all worthy of my best attention. I looked up Cagnes, St. Paul Du Var, on Gourdon, and on Tourettes-sur-Loup. I give a picture of the latter because it best conveys to the vision how practically all of these old places appear. Commanding a ridge top, clutching tightly to the grey rock, a sharp descent on either side, the walls of the houses a solid fronting fortification, it stands today as it did five hundred years ago. But now it has about it something ineffably lonely, ineffably sad. It is deserted. The tiles of some of the houses have given way. The windows are sightless. Often in the past in some lonely forest glade in British Columbia and in Northern Manitoba and Ontario I have come upon a deserted cabin; and upon the prairie of those unpainted shanties of frame left forever in its surroundings of sandy soil. They gave me a queer feeling, an unnameable desolation. Even so did the town of Tourettes-du-loup affect me. But more so. There it stands on its barren stronghold, the terraces below it wild from years of neglect.

Here nature presents so hostile a face one marvels that even in those ancient days a town should here be reared. There is nothing more one can say of the place. The picture tells more than volumes of words what scores of these huddles of stone look like. I am glad I was not born in them; that I do not have here to remain and earn a living. No wonder the few natives of these villages are a lethargic race; nothing to look forward to but narrow days of toil on fields you could jump across. Here they plow as their fathers did four hundred years ago (see photograph plowing scene). There is no future, no chance to expand. Only one bright spot shows in the narrow sky of their lives: the coming of the tourists. Here at least is a chance to make something. So most of the women of these villages have gone into the post-card business. In Gourdon, a town of fifty people, I counted ten photograph and post-card stands. Here they sell you souvenirs of the country made in Birmingham or Paris!

Some fifteen miles by road from Nice on the edge of the "flower country," lies the town of Vence, the new part of which is a busy place, with many garages, countless signs of Mobil-oil everywhere to catch the eye; a town not unlike the average North American one.

But a little aloof is the old town, with its outer wall of houses forming a fortification, with here and there narrow slits through which the bowmen shot their arrows. Vence was one of the first large centres which took up Christianity early in the 4th century when St. Trophime established a church here. Since that time various churches and cathedrals have been reared. The present one dates from the tenth century, and no other in all the country could give such an impression of vast antiquity. In the west end of the church stands a gallery in which are fifty-one choir stalls of carved oak of a color only centuries can give. Upon these stalls are wrought a quaintly beautiful procession of animals, plants and human figures. Some are not quite what you would expect

Continued on page 65

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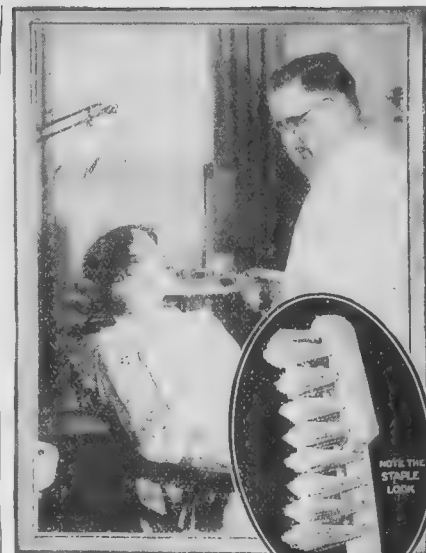
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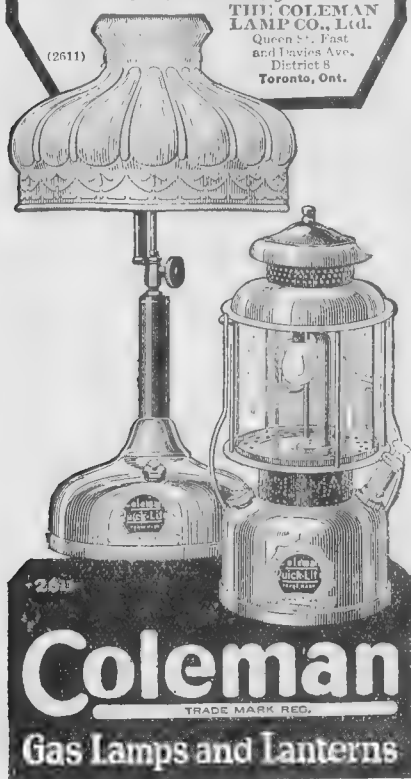
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Riviera Rambling

Continued from page 64

to find in a church. But in the olden days the artists were given much liberty. But it is not the age of the carvings which makes them so very interesting, but the life work they represent. In the year 1455 in the city of Venice there was a young man of a serious turn of mind coupled with a high artistic ability. Favored by independent means sufficient that he need not worry about his livelihood, he began at the age of twenty-five years to carve the fifty-one choir stalls. For 40 years, day in and day out, scarcely missing a day, this strange man worked at his self-appointed task, finding in it happiness. To me this human incident made the church the most interesting I had seen.

The old town is almost empty, a maze of small streets. Yet historically it is the most important in the region. Here was fostered the first great Protestant movement. It grew in town and country between the years 1550 and 1560. By the end of that time sufficient of the population had joined the new religion they took up arms. After a few engagements between small bodies of the new and ancient church, a lull came for a number of years, during which the Protestants were allowed to hold meetings as long as they did so outside the town. But in 1582 war broke out between the two branches of the church, ending in the siege of Venice by the famous Protestant leader, Lesdiguières. Though he failed to take the town this show of strength of the part of the forces of the new religion brought on a period of peace in which Catholic and Protestant practiced their religions side by side without further recourse to arms. And today this region of Provence still has one of the largest Protestant populations than any part of France.

So much for the ancient hill towns of Provence. I could go on almost indefinitely relating tales of them I have heard from different sources while visiting there; but I have only space to relate one more. This I tell to show how little times do change; that men are very sameful.

It happened in the town of Cagnes, a tiny place between Nice and Venice. Cagnes is the usual jumble of stone houses, except that they are built perhaps a little more on steep slopes than some of its neighboring villages. In the year 1678 it appears Cagnes must have been struck with one of those Charleston and Black Bottom dancing crazes similar to our own time. At least so it is set forth in an old chronicle a friend of mine showed me, dealing with the town. The dances were not described only in the words of a bishop of the time, who gave them the name "forences!" Now the nearest translation one can give of this is "gone mad," or "wild." In the centre of the village was a level open space. And here the people gave themselves to the dance craze. As there was only one place to dance, and this in the open air, the happening was of course called the more vividly to his attention. He was a man of forceful character; and by constantly appearing in the public square, which today is called, with the French people's usual lack of originality, the Place de la Concorde, the Bishop put an end to the dance craze of his day.

BY WAY of striking contrast to all these towns of the past and their quaint appearance and histories, I am going to tell of a modern home, and its two occupants. The house is an enormous modern villa, a miniature castle, wherein are a mere matter of forty

bedrooms. Here dwell the master and the mistress, aged English people. The master is 73, the mistress 83. Both have their own cooks. In addition a staff of forty servants, dwelling in a separate building, of course and not in the house of the forty bedrooms, look after their needs. And the old lady spends almost every hour of her day after dinner until midnight in the gambling rooms of the Casino. No matter what the weather, and unless she is ill, every day about one o'clock her Rolls-Royce is at the door. Madame, moving slowly, half a dozen maids and companions hovering around her, descends to the car, and is away to the gaming tables where for the past forty years she has spent the greater part of her life. The old gentleman devotes his days to reading and the furthering of his pursuit of collecting books.

It is in small places rather than in great cities that one most easily comes upon strange and interesting life stories. For weeks I had been going to the same grocery store. A little shabby old man waited upon me, rather out of keeping with his establishment, which is large, and has several clerks. Then imagine my astonishment when I learned that he was worth more than a million dollars; owned half of the town in which I dwelt. Behind his wealth is a curious story. The father of this old man was a sailor; the mother operated the public bake-oven in this little southern town by the sea. They were very poor. Then one day the father returned from being wrecked on an English ship which, loaded with a large shipment of gold, had sunk in the channel. The sailor went no more to sea; but remained at home and helped his wife with the bakery. Presently he branched out into a grocery store. It soon was noted that he paid for everything with English gold. Years rolled away. The war of 1870 ended. The towns along the Riviera began to boom on account of the growing tourist trade. The sailor bought land and houses. It is the son of this sailor that still today as an old man carries on the business. Though more than a millionaire in dollars, he is always a trifle shabby. He never takes a holiday, and he likes best those of his wealthy customers who pay cash. Money is truly a strange thing. Most of us go through life with never enough of it to buy the things we crave, while many people who have it know not how to make use of this great boon of life. Human nature is the same on the Riviera as on the Western prairies.

In another hour the shrill whistle of the Vintmille to Paris express will sound as it pops out of the long tunnel through the hole in the red grey crags by Monte Carlo. So I close my faithful typewriter, companion by my side these past fourteen years, and which has journeyed with me for twenty thousand miles, and I slip the old travelling strap upon it, and make my way stationward for another dash across the length of France, eight hundred miles of speeding back to that city which for 500 years has been the magnet drawing writer, painter and musician from all corners of the world; to a city which, if you wrote about it every day of your life, and lived until you were eighty, you would still not have told one fraction of the interesting things it contains. But some of which I will try to relate in later issues of The Western Home Monthly.

(To be continued)

For Her Dear Old Mom

The sweet young thing was saying her prayers: "Dear Lord," she cooed, "I don't ask for anything for myself, only give Mother a son-in-law."—Bison.

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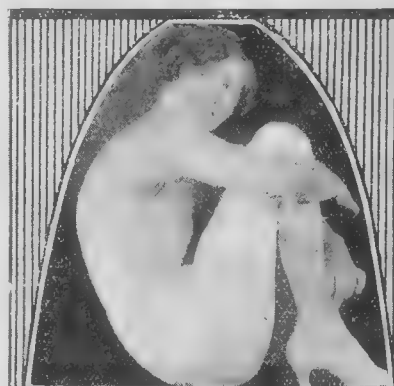
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Will Your Child Be a Success?

THE child who is a success in school will be a success in life." The statement is made by Helen T. Woolley, Ph.D., in the current issue of *Children, The Magazine for Parents*.

Formerly head of the Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit, Michigan, Dr. Woolley is now Director of the Institute of Child Welfare Research at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City. "Do not let yourselves be deceived by the case of a few geniuses who were school failures," says Dr. Woolley. "They are exceptional, not typical."

But this authority would not limit success in school to those children who receive high grades in their studies. The child who is a "good mixer," who develops a sense of "fair play," who is courageous, is the child who is successful, according to Dr. Woolley.

"In school for the first time a child is measured in terms of community standards," writes this authority. "No single experience of young childhood is apt to have greater possibilities for good or evil than adjustment to school. And the home plays an all-important part in preparing a child for this experience."

Consider, for instance, the pathetic case of "Mother's Boy" or "Mother's Girl," for that matter, when he enters kindergarten or the first grade. Dr. Woolley writes:

"If mother has carried him about and wheeled him about long after he could walk, if she has kept him from going up and downstairs early for fear he would fall, she has always pulled him off ladders and warned him not to do this and that for fear he will be hurt, she has kept him from having scooters, or roller skates, or velocipedes, because they are dangerous, then he will not have a good chance of helping to direct playground activities and become a leader. At play, as in the schoolroom, quickness of foot, hand, eye, and tongue, counts immeasurably. A child's future ability to play his part effectively in his social group will be in part determined by his success on his first playground."

Stand by Teacher

The most harmful thing a parent can do is to ridicule or criticise the teacher in the child's hearing. The instructor must be the child's guide in school hours and if you take away the young one's faith in his leader, he is bewildered. An affectionate parent has the impulse to flare up in his child's defence when there is trouble at school, but impulsive sympathy may do harm even when the child is wholly in the right. A quarrel between parent and teacher is almost as bad for the child concerned as a quarrel between his father and mother. A wise parent waits to see if a slight flurry will not blow over and holds a kindly, interested, impartial viewpoint. If the difficulty does not adjust itself, a conference should be held with the teacher. Even if the teacher is at all to blame, as she sometimes is, active partisanship of the boy or girl is not wise.

Know Your Child's School

Parents should visit schools for two reasons. First, to understand something of modern school methods. Second, to make the acquaintance of the teacher who is so very important in the child's life.

Much criticism of modern education is due to lack of information. Teaching methods change constantly and they usually change for the better, but some of us find it easier to criticise than to find out what is really going on.

Friends Among Books

Book friends! What parent does not desire them for his children? But with the opening of school come lessons and responsibilities that too often crowd out time for a boy or girl to read except what is required in connection with school work. This is a pity. At school, the pupil must be alert, keyed to high pitch of mental effort. This is one reason why good outdoor exercise after school hours is necessary for every child. But he needs mental relaxation as well to relieve the nerve strain of the school curriculum. In a home where there is the companionship of books, and with his own card at the neighborhood library, a child will spend several hours a week browsing among books, learning and living through their pages, finding endless delight. The responsibility of the parent is not so much to

see that the child read this or that as it is to encourage and guide him gently to a love of the best in literature. Building standards of taste must be a gradual process, and no two children are alike in their reactions. But all children can find friends among books if encouraged to do so.

For Fathers Only

IN the average home, the father contributes too little to the family life and the mother too much." A professor of sociology in Boston University and author of "Wholesome Childhood," Dr. Ernest R. Groves continues his advice to fathers by deploring what he terms "a mother fixation on the part of children." To combat this he suggests ways in which father may manage to see his children at times without the presence of mother.

Explaining his position, Professor Groves writes:

"It may be natural and good for young children to be more with their mothers than their fathers, but it certainly is not wholesome for these children to be brought up almost exclusively in the fellowship of their mothers. Fathers have something also to give the growing child, something that mothers cannot ordinarily give so well.

"You and I cannot be good fathers unless we face this fact squarely and make it a cornerstone of our family program. Unless we deliberately arrange to provide for fellowship with our children, we are apt not only to deny them the greatest gift in our power, but also to be forced gradually to assume a role which makes impossible any sympathetic understanding between our children and ourselves.

"Do you not know fathers who have been made family bankers and policemen? It has become their primary business to draw checks and punish the children. When they come home at night they listen to tales of disobedience and portion out measured punishment; when they hurry away in the morning they leave a freshly-written check on the breakfast table. None of us can be of any real value to our children if from early years they have been accustomed to think of us as the ones who bring home bundles, draw forth money from our pocketbooks, and inflict punishment; yet unless we contribute something in the form of fellowship we become of necessity associated in the mind of the child with family finances and punishments.

"There are fathers who believe that their sons need comradeship, but that their daughters can safely be left entirely to their mothers. No graver mistake could be made than to discriminate between sons and daughters in the giving of comradeship. Daughters particularly need their fathers if they are to have normal attitudes toward men."

What to Expect of the Five-Year-Old
HE should use handkerchief and toothbrush properly and cover his mouth when sneezing or coughing.

He should eat without handling his food unnecessarily and without spilling liquids or dropping many crumbs.

He should desire to come to school on time, to be careful of books and other supplies, and to obey the teacher or anyone else in authority.

At play he should be willing to engage in group activities, obey the rules of the group, and wait for his turn.

He should be able to choose something to do and to carry it through to completion.

He should obey the common rules of politeness (saying please, thank you, goodbye, etc.), and perform simple errands.

He should understand the use of pencil, paints, crayons, scissors, spade, saw, hammer.

He should be able to put on and take off his clothes, rubbers and wraps; to tie his shoes and button his clothing.

He should be willing to try new things and to have new experiences; he should be courageous rather than fearsome.

*Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin,
P.C.—A Great Commoner*

Continued from page 55

affair. He was travelling on the underground railway when a man opposite left his seat and took a vacant one beside him.

"Is your name Baldwin?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Weren't you at Harrow?"

"Yes."

"And weren't you at So-and-So's house in 1881?"

"Yes."

"H'm-m . . . What have you been doing since?"

And Baldwin was Britain's premier for a second term! Such is fame.

Comparisons with other Prime Ministers and their diversions are inevitable, but Mr. Baldwin is not a specialist like Gladstone, or the late Lord Salisbury, or Lord Balfour. Their hobbies in theology, science and philosophy were chosen and pursued with a purpose which often gave the impression that affairs of state were really of less consequence. Baldwin, on the other hand, is a plain man of the world who cherishes a few exalted ideals and philosophises quietly on life, and responsibility, and self-respect, as the days go by. His first administration was a heritage from Bonar Law and there were elements in it that made his life burdensome and oft I found him pacing Downing Street in deep self-commune fiercely puffing at his pipe, but upon returning to office he chose his own cabinet and admittedly it is one of the finest of all previous administrations, and he has been particularly fortunate also in his choice of representatives in the Dominions and Dependencies of the far-stretched Empire.

Baldwin has never paraded his scholarship; he has enjoyed it, and made it temper and diffuse his whole life. The following excerpt from one of his speeches will illustrate my point: "The voices that speak to us from the death and re-birth of nations touch every emotion of each succeeding generation in these later days, as they touched those who had ears to hear in Athens and in Rome; but they reach us with the added solemnity and pathos which cling to the remembered sayings of those we loved and have lost. Every ultimate problem was theirs, as it is ours, and the more you open your soul to their appeal the more profound your pity for stumbling humanity; the more eager your effort to bind together the family of man rather than to loosen it."

I heard him once say to a vast audience in London: "The word Imperialism still has to some people in England a rather sinister meaning. They associate with it—wrongly in my view and in your view—the idea of exploitation, of riding roughshod over the world, of jingoism and selfishness in public policy. It is rather this—the spreading throughout such parts of the world we control, or in which we have influence, of all those ideas of law, order and justice which we believe to be peculiar to our own race. It is to help people who belong to a backward civilization, wisely to raise them in the scale of civilization—an extraordinarily difficult task, and one which needs wisdom for its consummation."

In no conventional sense, be it said, but with sincerity which many of his political opponents share, England is proud of the Prime Minister as a typical English gentleman. Of whom it can be said—

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Wrong would triumph

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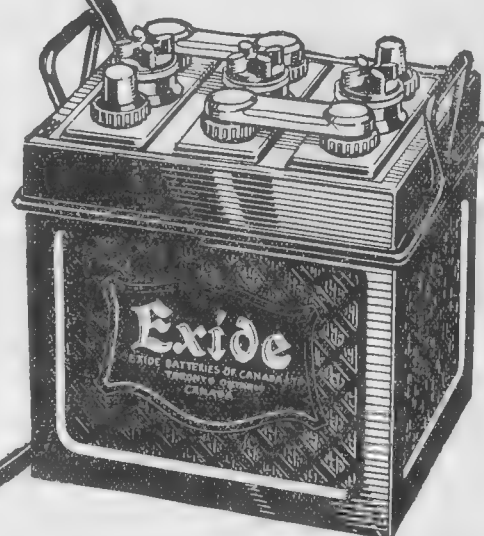
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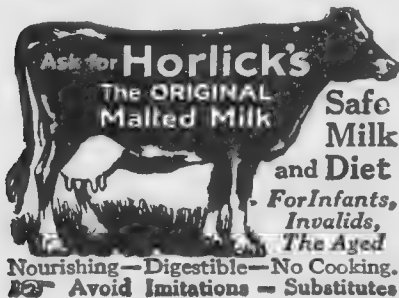
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Quaint Harvesting in Germany

By N. Tourneur

IN PARTS of Germany agriculture is strangely behind the times notwithstanding that science, applied mechanics, and technical education are the keystones of her industrial world. And nowhere is this conservatism better instanced than in the ex-Emperor's "most beloved" province of Pomerania.

The motor tractor and steam plough are not unknown there, but most of the farmers carry on as did their grandfathers. As a hundred years ago, they cut the all-important harvest of rye with hook and scythe, and reject the many advantages got by using the motor-harvester or other reaping and binding machines. And Pomerania is the granary of Germany. Fields, there, are flat tracts unbroken by ditches, hedges, and fencing. Only the well-made and as well maintained military roads and the straight broad tracks leading to the fields break up the interminable expanse, and it is dotted here and there with trees.

Harvesters in long pink-and-red blouses or smocks, and their women folk in bright-hued skirts and great sun-bonnets, ply hook and scythe in and out through the yellow rye, the females binding it into sheaves and stooking it as the males reap. The sun beats down with almost semi-tropical heat, and a stifling warmth comes up from the ground, but all work with surprising energy. Payment is not by the time taken to cut the corn but by allotments which are drawn for by lot or, as the case may be, apportioned by the farmer or estate owner. So, as there is always plenty cutting to be done, the quicker the harvesters work the more they earn, although, even our poorest-paid hired man would look askance at the gains, so low are they. In every country the agricultural workers are the worst paid, for it is their labor that feeds the nation. During the war many a prisoner sweated in the fields of Pomerania.

Early in the harvest one of the oldest ceremonial rites in Europe is carried out. A handful of straw with the ears is taken from a stook by a peasant lass, who has been elected as the "first maiden of the field," either on account of her good looks and general disposition or because of the position her father holds on the farm or both. Carrying this handful of the golden grain the girl comes to the side of the buggy or other conveyance in which the farmer drives around his holding, with his family, and twines the rye like a bracelet round the right wrist of his wife or eldest daughter, accom-

panying the act with the recital of a quaint little rhyme. The doggerel has come down from the ninth and tenth centuries and expresses the best wishes for prosperity and a large and happy family.

Another custom, more popular and greatly expected by the gnarled and rugged-faced workers—and one that is the cause of many a fight and many a broken head—is the distribution by the farmer or proprietor of numerous bottles, flasks, and as well as stone demijohns, of home-made brandy. And rye spirits, as Mein Herr Wrangell and his household brew them, is a deadly intoxicant, but far superior to the Irishman's "poteen."

Chief, however, of all farm and harvest customs in Pomerania is that of the harvest-home or feast. Wiseacres in Germany date it back as a survival of pagan times. Pomeranians, though outwardly good Lutherans, are at heart pagans still, with a curious strain of steely cruelty in their natures.

The night the harvest is finished all the workers, together with the local band—and everywhere in Germany you find a band, be the place great or small, save on the melancholy islands off melancholy East Frisia, known as the "Oogs"—after putting on their best clothes, betake themselves to the "big house," marching in regular formation, and headed by the band. Young and old attend, and everyone is bedecked as if going to a wedding. Last year, iron crosses were not so conspicuous as in 1920. Militarism is not inbred with the German masses. Two generations had it forced upon them as a cult.

The procession stops in front of the "big house," and the inmates give greetings. The band breaks out with a jig, and a pretty girl dances forward carrying the time-famous "straw man"—a male figure, made of straw and decorated with flowers. She dances up to the "boss," curtsies, repeats the inevitable doggerel rhymes and, introducing the "straw man" to the house, is supposed to introduce good luck for all. Then succeed much eating, and drinking, and dancing until the small hours.

In Pomerania, as in other parts of agricultural Germany, changes are in the air. When the tide of self-binding reapers sets in, the Teutons' quaint harvesting will come to an end. The motor car and tractor may be civilizing powers but they cause the disappearance of centuries-old landmarks and traditional customs.

The Business of Being a Dog

By David Lee Wharton

THE life of a dog, even the most fortunate, is not all downy pillows and juicy bones. The life of every dog is filled with responsibilities which he realizes to the utmost, but never shirks, even though the path of duty leads to the grave. And when a dog dies, he takes with him that which humans seldom bear away—his best.

Nevertheless, life holds for him many compensations, chief of these being the affection and companionship of his human friends, his moments of frolic. Every dog has a sense of humor, frequently developed to a remarkable degree. He likes a joke as well as any one, and how well he knows when the joke is on himself, and how good humoredly he accepts it!

Many persons seem unable to realize that a dog has any business on earth except as guardian of life and property, and playmate for children. To be sure, he fulfills these duties perfectly, but the role in which the dog shines with a lustre which time cannot tarnish, nor custom dim, is that of friend, prince of comrades!

Of a dog's many duties and privileges, not the least important, by any means, is that of confidant. No man bares his soul to a human as to his dog. It is the dog who hears the cry of the broken heart. It is the dog who crouches in mute sympathy as one pours out the bitterness of his soul in prayer to his Maker. It is the dog who sees the tear-stained face with its mask of pride and indifference cast aside. It is the dog who sees the pockets turned outward. It is the dog who truly keeps

the vow, albeit unspoken, to "Love, honor and obey, and forsaking all others, cleave to one, and one only, until death."

When a man calls to remembrance the loves of his life, there is one face seen through a mist of tears. With friends, it is the same, there is one friendship more perfect, more enduring. And so with our canine friends, no matter how many dogs one has owned and loved, there is one whose memory is greener, thoughts of whom bring always a smile and a sigh.

It may be truthfully said that a dog is a success in any role he essays. He is a thespian of no mean ability. And with what becoming modesty he wears his laurels! There are instances of dogs having been successfully trained by dishonest masters to become innocent criminals. Countless lives have been saved by the intelligent and courageous St. Bernard. In short, every day, every hour, the dog carries on tirelessly, uncomplainingly, without hope or thought of reward. Man's indebtedness to the dog is too overwhelming to be summed up in dollars and cents. Yet how little it costs to repay him. Food, shelter, kindness, these simple things, constitute his heart's desire. So easy to give, yet so rarely bestowed. But, after all, the chief business of a dog consists in being just what the Almighty made him—a dog! He would not be less if he could. He could not be more if he would. Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and, but for your dog, you weep alone.

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Fear of Old Age

By Helen MacFadyen

MANY people dread old age—so much so that they make themselves old before their time. Instead of enjoying the present, they spoil it by worrying about a problematical future—and worry is not conducive to health, happiness, or good looks.

"Oh, if I were to end in the Poor Home!" bewails one, "Who is to know what may happen in the future!"

"If I become bed-ridden for twenty years, like poor Grannie," moans a second.

"If I became faded and wrinkled, maybe my husband will lose his love for me!" cries pessimist No. 3.

"It must be awful to be old, and not to be able to enjoy anything!" sighs No. 4.

"What if I become 'queer' like old Mrs. Perkins! One never knows. I'd rather die right now, than live to lose my sanity," groans No. 5.

"How I would hate to be dependent on relations in my old age! Yet I see so many poor old men and women in that position—sometimes even grudging their little bite of food," quavers No. 6.

And so the weary chorus continues—and those foreboders may eventually bring down upon their devoted heads the very evils they spend their time in visualizing. It does not matter to them that a kind Providence has given them so far—quite a pleasant time on this little planet—they ignore past and present joys and make sure that their worst times lie ahead of them. Did they realize the mighty power of thought, they would sternly repress those useless, nervous fears—for we become what we think we will become. Our thoughts gradually mould us to their own pattern. Constant dread of something seems to bring that "something" into active being.

And after all, the reason is simple and not far to seek. Fear is probably the worst enemy anyone can entertain—so how foolish of us to let that enemy gain possession of our inmost citadel. Fear weakens, paralyzes, crushes—kills healthy ambition, and encourages inertia of the spirit.

If we go about in fear of the future, then we don't feel like beginning new enterprises. We begin to feel as if nothing new were worth while attempting—with this dreadful unknown FUTURE in front of us, which has probably all sorts of "crushers" in store for us, if we could only pierce its shadowy veil.

Fear of bad health in old age is quite likely to bring bad health in its train. Fear of the work-house might stimulate the average person to new energy in the matter of earning and saving money, but this pessimistic fear which is so certain of the worst, enervates the person who cherishes it.

"What's the use of trying!" is their swan-song. "We are fore-doomed to failure."

The same pessimistic fear of losing a husband's love in old age, is pretty certain to achieve that unwanted result, for worry and suspicion breed crankiness or whining—and he is a patient forgiving man indeed who is still able to love such an unpleasant partner.

It is the same with the other fears already mentioned. If we are absolutely convinced that we are going to become "queer," then, ten to one, we are driving ourselves to that goal, just as quickly as we can travel. The very morbidity of this fear shows that the mind is not quite healthily balanced. So out with that spectre once and for all! Keep the mind alert and active—have lots of interests to keep you happily occupied and expect to become a little wiser each year you live.

Nowadays, we see so many happy and active aged folk that it should be quite encouraging to our nervous fretters just to consider them.

Make up your mind that the bogey of old age is just a bogey after all. Look forward to it with hopeful thoughts and cheery plans, while fully appreciating all the blessings of the present. We can be young up to the day of our death, no matter what our birth certificate reveals. Keep young in spirit, widen your interests, enlarge your circle of friends. Old friends are splendid—but new ones are good, too. "There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," so don't be afraid to make new friends—while still keeping a tight grip of the old.

Get the best out of life. Quit the idea that God likes us to be long-faced and solemn. The best Christians are the happy, smiling ones. Don't be self-centered. To be self-centered, to have no interest in the joys and sorrows of our fellow-creatures—that is real, bleak, old age, even were we only thirty. The self-centered person simply cannot be happy. He loses all the "pep" and "vim" that the friendly spirited being gets out of "the daily round, the common task."

So, be happy and active in the present, and be happily active every day of your life. Keep to a few sane health rules.

Then—the body may fail at last in its strength by reason of great age, but go on—following your own determined programme—extract every drop of honey that you can. Enjoy God's sunshine, enjoy His handiwork, enjoy the friends He places round you, enjoy His promises, enjoy the little bit of work you are still able to perform—and, when the tired heart stops beating, it will be a fair, beautiful, happy, young spirit that will pass, without fear, to the Great Adventure.

Women and Adventure

By a Modern Woman

MEN find adventure in various fields. Although we glory in our independence, still we are unable to seek adventure as they do.

Not for us deliberate roaming in dangerous places after night-fall. Face to face with danger we have only our woman's wit to save us, and against sheer brute force that can avail us little; yet I believe that all of us are conscious of the same adventurous spirit.

Being denied breathless thrills such as those experienced by the Cave-woman, when she saw a wild beast sauntering towards her cave entrance and knew that her lord was afar, we turn to love affairs as a substitute. A poor enough substitute—but what would you? Every woman is keenly interested in love—her own or another's—and some of us have many love affairs because of our feeling of boredom if one man claims all our evenings, when possibly we might spend an adventurous time with others.

In his "Advice to a Lady," Littleton wrote, "The important business of your life is love." What was true then is true today, though very few single self-confident girls are prepared to admit it.

Without love, Life can be deadly dull. By this I do not mean that it is necessary for a girl herself to be in love—it is just that she likes to know someone is fond of her, and at pains to arrange "accidental" meetings with her. Often she is far more in love with Love than with any man for himself. The desire for affection is a perfectly natural one; those who feel themselves unwanted cannot be happy.

An out-of-date Term

The word "flirt" is out-of-date. A modern girl does not giggle and "make eyes" at men, or try to entrap them into saying things they do not mean; her self-respect is at least equal to her self-confidence. She has gay times in men's company, and her understanding and sympathy are such that she can share most of their views. Certainly her mind has become so broad that she scorns to consider the petty spite which attempts to raise small scandals about her person.

In the business as in the social world, a girl meets many adventures. Often she goes just a little farther than she should, in order to sense that glorious tang of adventure which seems to be Man's prerogative—but can she really be blamed for this?



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The Carillon of Ottawa

By Helen Creighton

IN the Old World the city of Mechlin, Belgium, lies still in the calm of the early evening. The streets which were once the scene of great religious activity; where men in periwig and women in gayest silks rode up and down are quiet now with the hush that precedes an event of great importance. The factories where lace is made for women of fashion the world over are closed. Even the canals are still, with but an occasional boat plying its sleepy way. Above all, the tower of S. Rombold's stands; that tower which has drawn men to Belgium from all the world because of the great treasure that hangs within its precincts.

Then in a little street a door opens, then another, and so on until the exodus from every house is general, and all make their way to one central meeting-ground—the Groote Market which faces the tower.

Those who arrive early take their places around tables at the restaurants, while others sit about in various places in the square, many of the carrying portable chairs for the occasion. The sun goes down and only the soft lights of the estaminets nearby provide illumination. As more people come and the hour draws near voices grow soft, and the music-loving people of Mechlin sigh with an inward satisfaction.

At last the great square is filled and the expected moment arrives. All traffic ceases. Breathlessly the crowd listens to a sound—the tolling of the hour. Then as though from heaven come the soft notes of the tiny bells. A pin may be heard to drop, so quiet are the people here assembled. With ears attune they drink in the lovely music, for the greatest carillon in the world—the carillon of Mechlin—is playing, and the evening's concert has begun.

In the New World in Ottawa where stately buildings stand overlooking the beautiful waters of the Rideau River, where majestic trees grow on every street and lane, where well-kept parks give rest to the weary, and happy birds sing sweetest music to the squirrels, the scene is much the same except for the contrast always to be noted between the old world and the new.

There is that same air of expectancy, that common movement towards a definite goal, that rush of motors going in one direction, that trend of feet towards the self same spot. And those pedestrians arriving early do indeed find a place to sit, not about tables, but upon railings at the front of the Parliament Buildings.

But in Ottawa there is no scene of grandeur passed away; no air of former greatness lost; no sign of prosperous days that are gone. Indeed Ottawa may well be the epitome of the world that is new, for well dressed people flock its streets, all is clean and well cared for, and the very poor of the city are so seldom seen that it would seem that none exist at all.

And Parliament Hill, a great open lawn, becomes the people's meeting-place, while the tower is the newest and dearest possession of all Canadians signifying that this is indeed a land of peace. Quietness—that intense leaning forward that no smallest note be lost, that drinking in of every breath as though it were a sweet refreshing wine, an elixir of life—is yet to be fully developed by the Ottawan. But the carillon is new, and from the old world comes a lesson to be more thoroughly learned in the new.

The sun sinks in the western sky as people take their places, and as the darkness of evening comes on the arc lights send forth their soft illumination. On Wellington Street below the square, mounted policemen divert motor traffic to further streets. On the Main Block of the Parliament Buildings the Peace Tower rises. When Parliament is sitting and on gala nights the beacon light, seen for many miles, is turned on, and

lights from the east and west block illuminate the tower, making it stand forth in the night, a thing of beauty to grip the proud Canadian heart.

But above all scenes of beauty and inspiration ever seen upon the tower were His Excellency's Foot Guards standing on the morning of Canada's Jubilee on the balcony below Big Ben. Their gilded helmets and brass instruments were reflected in the sun three hundred feet above the heads of all, and as these instruments were raised for each man to play they were reflected in greater glory, and the tower became a thousand times more noble.

The Prince of Wales on his recent visit must have been stirred by the sight of this great tower, the corner stone of which he laid on Sept. 1st, 1919, and which has just been completed as the lower part had to be left for seven years to set. And so great is the progress of man that the opening note of the carillon was heard not only in the city of Ottawa; not only on the American Continent; but thousands of miles away in the Mother Country and in the four corners of the world.

Within the tower, all unfinished as it is, the bells hang cosily, by now accustomed to their new home. The fifty-three bells of the carillon at Ottawa were made in England where the ancient art of harmonics has either been recently invented or else rediscovered after being lost for the past two hundred years. And indeed it is in England that the finest bells in the world are made to-day. The making of bells is one of the most delicate and most intricate arts, for they must not only be perfectly in tune with themselves, but also with one another.

High in the tower are the smallest bells, those that peal forth the little tinkling notes like the song of the angels. Those below are larger, and beneath the hand clavier upon a massive steel frame are the six largest bells of all. The greatest of them is known as the Bourbon bell, so named from a celebrated French bell-ringer of the mid nineteenth century. It is ten tons in weight, has a diameter of one hundred inches, and the note that it rings is "E." This great bell which all visitors note with keenest interest, bears the following proud inscription:—

"This Carillon was installed by authority of Parliament to commemorate the Peace of 1918, and to keep in remembrance the service and sacrifice of Canada in the Great War." A wreath of maple leaves is around the top of the great bell, and around the bottom are these words from the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel; "Glory be to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men."

On most of the bells there is but one clapper, but on the largest bell and three of the others there are two clappers. The second one is connected directly with Big Ben to ring the Westminster-quarters, while the deep boom of the Bourbon bell rings out the hours.

In a sound-proof room the keyboard stands, and there, hearing but little of the music that he plays, the carillonneur gives of his skill. The keyboard is much like that of an organ except that the keys are levers upon which he uses his closed fists and not his fingers. It seems impossible that the myriad little notes which are played in the countless runs of an evening's performance can be played in this manner, and as these levers have to be set quite far apart, the distance between notes and the whole sphere of the keyboard is much greater than that of an organ. The footwork is much the same.

All this necessitates a great deal of rapid motion, and because of this the carillonneur dresses in a gymnasium suit, and the bench upon which he sits is kept highly polished to facilitate his every movement. Four and one-half octaves can be played upon the bells,

and almost any music written for the piano can be adapted.

The music however, has to be re-written for the carillon, and for this purpose the carillonneur of Ottawa, Mr. Price, went to Belgium. The task of copying these notes being a lengthy one, he photographed the music, working it out at leisure upon his return to Canada.

In a community where the carillon is established the carillonneur becomes a man of great importance. This was strikingly illustrated in 1912 when Josef Denyn completed his 25th year as carillonneur of the city of Mechlin. Great was the holiday that was held in the ancient city, and great the homage paid to the beloved musician. All the city was decked with flags, and the bells were played by the finest players in Belgium and Holland. People of every rank took part from the King and Queen to the humblest citizen.

From the lace makers came a touching bouquet presented by a blind woman in token of appreciation of hours of labor made lighter by the music of the bells; from the King came the decoration of La Croix de Chevalier de l'Ordre de Leopold; from famous musician a gift of an album of autographic notes of appreciation, as well as many other gifts, and all to testify the great love of the people for the man who had fed their thirsty souls for so many years.

THE carillonneur of Ottawa is a young man, scarcely thirty years of age, and a graduate of the Belgian National Carillon School. It seems strange to the layman that he should have studied such a unique profession, but a musician once heard him playing the chimes of the Metropolitan Church in Toronto, and upon questioning him found him so well informed in the rudiments of theory and harmony and so exceptionally musical, that he did much to encourage him to take up the carillon as his profession.

That Mr. Price loves his work is apparent at every turn. He never tires explaining the details of the carillon, he personally conducts many tours through the great tower, and he prepares his bi-weekly concerts with a great deal of careful thought.

Picture him now—the carillonneur of Ottawa goes forth to play the bells; great fields to conquer! From his suite on the fifth floor he looks from the Parliament Buildings to the throngs already gathered upon Parliament Hill. Motor cars parked along the way, pedestrians seeking a spot upon which to rest; old and young, men and women,

all put aside other engagements on Wednesday and Sunday to listen to the bi-weekly concerts.

Inspired, Mr. Price makes his way toward the tower. The bells in hushed expectancy listen for his coming, breathlessly awaiting the touch they know so well—his hand upon the lever, the clapper pressing upon their sides.

The lower bells, being nearer the entrance, hear his step. "He comes!" they whisper, and the word goes through the silent tower. "He comes!" With light step he makes his way toward the clavier, his eye keen with anticipation of the conquest before him. his chin firm with that great determination which gives him character; which has brought to him success. He watches the time. The bells listen as Big Ben ticks away the minutes. Every tiniest bell tingles with excitement. The last second has passed. He sits quietly in his place, and the whole city waits for him to do what he alone in Canada can do.

With a last great breath of hushed expectancy he touches the first lever. The clappers respond immediately to his command. He has begun. The other bells take up the cry. The tower resounds with every peal, and the great throng of people waiting outside become suddenly quiet, hushed, breathless.

Now loud, now soft, responding to the master hand that leads them. The carillonneur slides quickly over his bench, an artist in the full enjoyment of his art. With what joy he takes his own compositions, the children of his brains, and presents them to his audience. With what pleasure he hears that they are good. With what thrills of great ambition he looks forward to the future. The world of the carillon is his to conquer, and he, but a youth, looks forward to conquering that world.

The concert hour draws all too quickly to a close. The audience, forgetful of the perspiring carillonneur, would keep him playing on and on. Wearily he touches the last notes of the National Anthem. With a sigh he lingers over the clavier, touching carressingly the instrument that means so much to him.

Then with that happy feeling which success alone can bring he emerges from the fastnesses of his enclosure, and takes his weary way towards a shower and a rub-down. And in his mind great thoughts revolve as he thinks of the greater concert which he will present upon the next occasion, and how in time the carillon of Ottawa will mean as much to the New World as the carillon of Mechlin means to the Old.

Looking After the Horse

THE horse is first, last, and always man's steadfast friend. He can be trained through kindness to do almost any feat that his master desires him to do. Horses have been known to fight for their owners, carry heavy-laden baskets of foodstuffs in their teeth—and a host of other things—but all of these things they learned through the kindness their owners showered upon them.

If you see a horse kicking and biting viciously, it is invariably the fault of his master. A stick or whip does not work the wonders upon a horse that it is supposed to do—it simply makes him fear the wielder of the club during that space of time, until he openly rebels and runs amuck through anger.

Horses, like men, have their good and bad qualities—each has to be approached, coaxed and controlled in a different manner—but nearly all respond to kindness. When judging horses the keen insight of a real horseman is required. For instance, there are many who say that if a horse be light sorrel or chestnut, with feet, legs and face white, he has the marks of kindness; that a deep bay, with no white hair, will be a horse of great bottom, but a fool, especially if his face is a little dished. They are always tricky and unsafe. A black horse cannot stand the heat, nor a white one the cold. The more white about the head, the greater his docility and gentleness. If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended upon as a horse for being trained to anything.

Intelligent animals prick up their ears when spoken to; vicious ones throw their ears back. Dish-faced horses must always be avoided, and a broad forehead, high between the ears, indicates a very vicious disposition; while a long thin neck indicates a good disposition; contrariwise, if the neck is short and thick; the nostrils of a good horse should always be large. But there are exceptions to all such general statements. Horses, like men, cannot always be judged by their looks.

Notwithstanding the various dispositions of the horse, remember he has his faults, just as you have your own. If you are fortunate in owning one, treat him kindly and he will mend his ways.

Horses are designed to work, and daily labor for them is as much a necessity to their existence as to man's. It is not the hard driving that wears a horse out, nor is it the heavy loads he draws; it is the worry by rough and inhuman drivers that uses up more horseflesh, fat and muscle than all the labor a team performs. Discard the whip, speak kindly to him, let him trot when he wants to, walk when he wants to—if he is not naturally lazy and stupid—and you will get better results. Put yourself in his place and think—would you work harder if someone pounded on you continually, or would you do the work more willingly if he encouraged you with kind words and acts of kindness? Think it over, and in the end you will appreciate your horse, and he will appreciate your endeavors in his behalf.



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Sonny Boy

Continued from page 13

you fight justice and rob men of their rights, what your cleverness will lead to? And what do you care?" Miller's hand was still grasping the revolver in his pocket—not once had he loosened his grip on it.

"The world is full of lawyers like you—clever men who are causing destruction. They are the whip-hand of the big corporations against little fellows like me. But"—and here he paused to give his next words emphasis—"after tonight there is going to be one less of them—one lawyer is going to pay the price, and tomorrow no one will miss him, save the rogues for whom he slaves."

"What good will it do to kill me—just one?" Bryce asked the question to play for time. "And think of the harm you will do."

"The harm! What harm could there be in the death of a man like you—who is there to mourn for you? What is there in your empty life to miss you? Where is your wife—where are your children? Men like you don't live lives that include them; you're too selfish for that."

There was just the faintest rustle of a curtain behind the young lawyer's back; Miller, his eyes glued on the doorway, took a step backward, a gasp of surprise on his lips.

"Please may I come in?" It was the voice of Sonny Boy, and a trifle timidly, the little fellow stepped into the room.

"Aunt and Uncle went out and left me all alone and I was afraid in the big house, so I came here to look for you. Can Sonny Boy stay?"

Sonny's plaintive voice broke the tension of that scene in an instant. Geoffrey Miller's fingers relaxed their grip on the revolver in his pocket; he was shaking from head to foot, and weakly his hand went to his forehead. John Bryce could not restrain a sigh of relief. He hesitated, then spoke:

"Of course you can stay, Sonny Boy," and there was more tenderness in the lawyer's voice than he had ever dreamed could be there.

"I'm glad," the child smiled happily, and he walked forward to slip his fingers in John Bryce's hand, so big and powerful. A quiver passed through the young man as he felt the touch of the childish fingers. Somehow he found a chair, and when he was seated, the boy climbed to his lap and cuddled to him. Bryce's arms closed about the little body and held Sonny Boy very close.

"An exclamation came from Miller, across the room, an exclamation smothered in a sob. At last he found his voice:

"I'm going, Mr. Bryce," he said, and all the anger and bitterness had fled. "When I came here, I thought it was to find a man in whom there was no good—but now I know how mistaken I was. There is good in a man who has the trust of a little child like that." Without another word Miller departed as noiselessly as he had come.

John Bryce sat like a man in a trance until he heard the outer door close.

"Sonny Boy saved the day," he breathed aloud; then Bryce did something he had never done to a child before in his life—he leaned over and kissed the little lad, reverently—and that kiss was from his heart.

THE boy broke the silence first.

"I knew you'd be here, and I knew you wouldn't mind," he told the man confidently. "You didn't mind, did you?"

"Of course I didn't, Sonny," Bryce found himself saying, as his mind was figuring out just what might have hap-

pened if the child had not come in as he had. "They don't often leave you alone like tonight, do they?" he asked.

"Oh yes," Sonny replied, "often and often. Sometimes it isn't so bad being alone when I'm real sleepy, but tonight I wasn't sleepy and (here Sonny hesitated, but he gained courage to go on) I was 'fraid tonight, terrible 'fraid, and I wanted someone to be with me, and to tell me stories. Then I got thinking about Bobs, and 'membered you—and I 'membered what a nice man you were—so I got dressed and came over, hoping you'd let me stay. You are going to let me say, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"And maybe you will tell me a story, will you?" Sonny Boy cuddled closer now.

"Why—ah—I don't—at least, what kind of a story, Sonny Boy?" John Bryce asked, for he had never told a story to a child in his life.

"Fairy tales," Sonny answered quickly. He had made it plural too, for Sonny was preparing himself for a great treat.

"I don't know any," Bryce confessed, a little confused. He could feel his cheeks reddening, for he felt such a confession would lessen him in the eyes of the child.

Sonny Boy sat bolt upright and looked straight into the young lawyer's eyes. "Don't know any," he repeated—"Didn't your mother ever tell you any when you were a little boy like me?"

"I didn't have any mother when I was a little boy like you, Sonny—just servants and relatives who didn't care much about little boys."

"Oh!" There was understanding in that exclamation from Sonny, for he had been having a taste of that kind of life.

"Can't you tell me a true fairy story then?" Sonny wanted to know. Bryce shook his head.

"Didn't you ever know a fairy—a real-to-goodness fairy?" and the child's eyes opened wide at the thought of it.

Bryce hesitated. "Yes, Sonny," he said. "Once I did meet a real-to-goodness fairy," and here he stopped.

"Tell me about her, oh, please," Sonny was all eagerness.

The child could not be denied, Bryce saw. The lawyer's mind worked quickly and he found himself weaving a little story:

"Once upon a time" — even John Bryce knew that time-worn beginning of a fairy tale — "there was a very beautiful fairy, and she spent all her days in casting sunshine into this world."

And then the man went on with a glowing description of his fairy, until the eyes of Sonny shone with pleasure.

"I know what is going to happen," Sonny interrupted, "she's such a beautiful fairy the other fairies are going to be jealous of her and they are going to throw her out into the world to shift for herself—and a prince is going to come along, a very rich prince, and he's going to rescue her." Sonny was well schooled in fairy lore.

"No," Bryce told him after some reflection. "It wasn't just like that—but there was a prince."

"Goody!" Sonny nestled down again but his eyes were still wide open. "I like princes."

"But you won't like this prince," Bryce warned him a bit doubtfully. "You see, he was a very selfish prince. He had always been so rich, and had had everything money could buy for him, that he was just naturally a selfish fellow. If he had had someone to love

Continued on page 74

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Legal Information

Continued from page 40

for the support of children 14 years old and under, though if a child over 14 years is, through deformity, sickness or similar handicap, unable to support itself, the allowance may be continued. The allowance is only available where the mother has not sufficient income. Apply Director of Child Welfare, Legislative Bldg., Winnipeg.

Saskatoon, Sask.

Q. A in good faith claims to be owner of a watch, which B has and retains. One night when he knew B was out A raised the kitchen window and entered B's house, found the watch and took it away. That was all he took. It now develops that B had the best right to that watch and he accuses A of burglary and is using the threat of exposure to A's disadvantage. Was it burglary?

A. No. It was not burglary. The intent to commit a felony is absent. It is not what A takes, but the intention with which A takes it, that constitutes the crime. A thought the watch was his. He could not have intent to steal his own property. No one can steal his own goods. A is of course liable to a civil action for the trespass and keeping the watch, but he is not guilty of a crime.

Prayer of a Teacher

By Dorothy Littlewort

*Father, between Thy strong hands
Thou hast bent
The clay but roughly into shape, and
lent
To me the task of smoothing where
I may
And fashioning to a gentler form Thy
clay.
To see some hidden beauty Thou hast
planned,
Slowly revealed beneath my laboring
hand;
Sometime to help a twisted thing to
grow
More straight; this is full recompense,
and so
I give Thee but the praise that Thou
wouldst ask....
Firm hand and high heart for the
further task.*

Conservative Knowledge

"My father and I know everything in the world," said a small boy to his companion.

"All right," said the latter, "where's Asia?" It was a stiff question, but the little fellow answered coolly: "That is one of the questions my father knows."—Pearson's.

Cause for Gratitude

At a church conference once a speaker made a number of disparaging remarks regarding the universities, finally expressing gratification that he had not been corrupted by contact with a college. "Do I understand that the gentleman is thankful for his ignorance?" asked the Chairman.

"Yes," said the other, "if you wish to put it in that way."

"Then," continued the Chairman sweetly, "all I have to say is that you have much to be thankful for."—Yorkshire Post.

No Meal Ticket

An attorney who advertised for a chauffeur, when questioning a negro applicant, said: "How about you, George; are you married?"

"Naw sir, boss; naw sir; Ah makes my own livin'."—Home Store News.

Mitts that Molt

Little Girl (whose mother has bought her a pair of woollen gloves for Christmas): "Oh, but Mama, I wish you had bought kid gloves. I hate this kind; they make my sweets so hairy!"—The Humorist.

"Why didn't you answer when the elevator man said 'up?'"

"I thought he was having indigestion."—Vassar Vagabond.



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- 3rd Prize, Mrs. E. Hirst, using Royal Household
- 4th Prize, Mrs. F. H. Thompson, using some other flour
- 5th Prize, Mrs. J. Myers, using Royal Household
- 6th Prize, Mrs. J. A. Nelson, using Royal Household

OPEN BREAD BAKING COMPETITION FOR ALL ALBERTA:

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- 2nd Prize, Mrs. W. C. Lyle, Arrowwood, using Royal Household
- 3rd Prize, Mrs. E. F. Betts, Hussar, using Royal Household
- 4th Prize, Mrs. R. Ness, DeWinton, using Royal Household
- 5th Prize, Mrs. A. Giffin, Okotoks, using Royal Household
- 6th Prize, Mrs. T. G. Kinvig, Medicine Hat, using Royal Household

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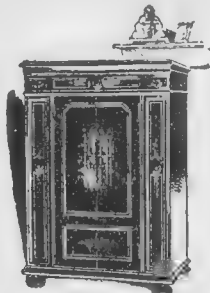


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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Sonny Boy

Continued from page 72

him when he was a little boy, perhaps he wouldn't have been like that—but he hadn't had anyone to love him—just guardians, and schoolmasters and other men to look after him and see that he grew up. Of course that wasn't as bad as it sounds—for money will buy lots of things to make a little boy happy, and lots and lots of money was spent on him—yet, it would have been nicer if there had been a mother, a sister, a brother, or maybe a father to share his good times with him; but there wasn't, so this little prince grew up into a selfish prince, caring for no one but himself—until he met the beautiful fairy."

"And the beautiful fairy loved him?" Sonny Boy's mind was running ahead of the story.

"Yes—and no! The beautiful fairy did love him—at least she loved some things about him, but there were other things she did not love—those were the selfish things, so many selfish things, too."

Sonny Boy's face fell with disappointment. As John Bryce caught the change in the child's expression, his voice thickened:

"You mustn't feel sorry for the prince," he cautioned, "for there was someone else loved the beautiful fairy too—"

"Another prince?" Sonny asked eagerly—there could not be too many princes to satisfy his childish fancy.

"No," came from Bryce after a moment's silence—"I hardly think he could be called a prince."

"Then he must have been a peasant," Sonny reminded him. "Only princes and peasants fall in love with fairies. I'm sorry he's just a peasant." The child had lost all interest in this new character—peasants were not to his liking, apparently.

"Oh, but this was a very nice peasant," Bryce hastened to say; "a very noble fellow, and so very unselfish—and besides, he was doing some big work that was going to take him out of the peasant class, and he really loved the beautiful fairy with all his heart—"

Didn't the prince love the fairy with all his heart too?" Sonny wanted to know. "Didn't he love her as much as the peasant did?"

Bryce reflected. "Yes," he answered finally. "I know he did. He loved her with all his heart, and all his soul—but he did not know then what a big thing love was, and how empty life is without it—so he let the fairy see all the selfish side of his nature, and he lost her. She married the peasant, and they went away and left the poor prince all alone." Bryce brought his story to an end.

"Oh!" The child was more than disappointed at such an ending, but suddenly his face brightened. "But the prince found her again, and a big dragon had eaten up the peasant, and the prince slew the dragon, I'll bet," he added to the tale.

Bryce shook his head. "No, I'm afraid that isn't so."

"That's too bad," Sonny declared soberly—"and what did the poor prince do?"

"Just kept on being selfish, I guess. You see, he wasn't the right kind of a prince at all."

"But he was," Sonny defended the prince loyally. "And I just think the fairy might have married him to make him happy—then he wouldn't have been selfish, would he?"

"No, Sonny, I don't believe he would have," Bryce answered in all seriousness. "Perhaps—" but here the telephone bell cut short his words and the young lawyer placed Sonny to one side

of the chair, and rose to answer the ring.

It was Malcolm Hughes on the line. The events of the last half hour had caused Bryce to forget the engagement he had hoped to arrange for that evening, but the sound of Hughes' voice brought it back to his mind.

"I had hoped to be able to take advantage of your kind invitation to spend an evening at your country place, Mr. Hughes," he explained over the wire, "but an unexpected caller has come in—I won't be able to get away now."

Hughes was not only surprised at this unexpected social concession on the part of the hermit lawyer, he was also flattered. He assured Bryce how sorry he was, and hoped another evening would soon come when the visit could be made. As quickly as possible, without breaking any of the laws of courtesy, Bryce brought the conversation to an end, and returned from the telephone to the child in the chair. As carefully as a man used to fathering a child, he lifted the little fellow up, regained his seat in the chair, and put Sonny back on his lap.

"Now you tell me a fairy story," he smiled into the child's face, as he settled back, prepared to spend the evening.

Until late that night those two sat there like that—the man who was known as a cynic and a foe to sentiment, and a little lad. Story after story Sonny related to his new-found friend as the big man listened enraptured by the prattle of the little voice, while a heart long grown cold was warming up with the heat from a little body and from the touch of tiny baby fingers. When at last the child fell asleep, John Bryce did not move him from his arms, but clung to the little fellow in a helpless attempt to keep him comfortable. It was not until an early hour in the morning that a sudden light in the next house acquainted him with the fact that Sonny's aunt and uncle had returned. Very, very carefully, he lifted the child and carried him from the house to the place next door.

"He was lonely," he told the astonished aunt and uncle, "and he's been spending the evening with me. Please don't reproach him for it—I have been glad to have him, it would spoil it all if you did."

And then, almost before his elderly neighbors had taken the boy from him, John Bryce slipped back into the night, to return to the big empty house next door.

THAT night had worked a big change in the life of John Bryce. A love for Sonny had sprung into being that seemed to control his whole mind—and the child loved him too, there was no mistaking that.

With Sonny Boy new interest had grown for John Bryce. He hurried home from his office to get out in the garden with the boy—to dig in the flower beds—to build castles in the sand pile he had transplanted to the rear of his house—to fix up the grave of Bobs, the pet they both had loved. He had never enjoyed his evenings at home so much as he did that summer—just because Sonny Boy spent them with him. The old aunt and uncle next door looked on in wonder. They did not know what it all meant; they did not try to know—but they did know it relieved them of having the burden of a little boy around, a little boy they could not understand—so they countenanced it all without a word.

John Bryce's business habits had been moulded too long for a quick

change to come over him at the office, but there was a change, and his business associates noticed it. His outbursts of temper were less frequent, he was more considerate of those who worked under him—he was more courteous to those who called on business that did not interest him—and he did not take nearly so much pride in the homage of the big corporations.

It was the junior stenographer who made the remarkable discovery. Mr. Bryce had been noticed, on several occasions, studying a somewhat unusual-shaped book. One afternoon he left it on his desk.

"A fairy tale book!" the junior stenographer gasped as she picked it up to make sure her eyes weren't deceiving her. "Whatever in the name of common sense had got into J.B.?"

She could have found her answer to that question that very evening, if she had seen her employer, sprawled out in a big chair in his library, Sonny Boy cuddled in his arms, as the contents of the fairy tale book were related with grave seriousness. John Bryce had developed a wonderful talent for story telling.

But always Sonny Boy would ask for the story of the beautiful fairy—and the poor prince. Sonny would never have the prince called otherwise, for his sympathy was all with him.

Without varying the story a great deal, the man could hold the child's interest to the last. Never did Sonny fail to be disappointed in the ending—always he wanted the fairy to come back to the poor prince—yet, she never did.

One evening Bryce was later than usual coming from the office. Somehow he had not worked too close to schedule the past few weeks. It was almost dusk when he stepped into his garden, for it was getting well in summer. He looked in the favorite haunts for his little friend, and then as he dimly caught sight of him, he took a roundabout way of approach to surprise Sonny.

Almost beside the lad he stopped. Sonny was kneeling on the grave of Bobs, the dead dog, and from his tiny lips was issuing a prayer:

"Please, God, send the good fairy to the poor prince," Sonny was praying. "Please send her back to him—for he won't be a selfish prince any more if you do."

"Sonny Boy!" All of the man's love for the boy was swollen up to that exclamation. John Bryce's heart was touched to the core, and as he stood there, a great wonderful light shining in his eyes, his whole soul cried out in answer to the sympathy of this wee boy.

Sonny Boy rose from his knees respectfully. He was too young to understand—never once had it entered his baby mind that the story of the beautiful fairy and the selfish prince was the colored story of John Bryce's own shattered romance. Yet, the intuition with which God endows infant souls told him that his big friend needed him at that moment, and without a word he went to him and placed his little hand trustingly in John Bryce's.

Very, very slowly, for he was trembling, Bryce leaned over, picked Sonny up, buried his face in the little fellow's embrace and sobbed.

That night the man made his resolution. He would adopt Sonny Boy. From that minute he would devote his whole life to developing that child into the wonderful man he deserved to be. There would be nothing Sonny would not have—nothing he would not have that would be good for a child; everything would be showered on him to bring him happiness. That would be John Bryce's retribution—that would be the way he would pay for being the selfish man he had been. And if she could know—she who was the beautiful

fairy of his story—wouldn't she be happy? As his mind pondered with that question, once again the vision of the girl of his past rose before him, in its familiar place opposite him at the table, and as he gazed at that vision he knew it was smiling approval.

Then came the news that shattered his dreams.

"I beg pardon, sir, but is the young master next door coming this evening, sir?" It was Bryce's man who spoke.

"I don't know Millson—or rather, I believe he is," Bryce answered, a trifle surprised at this interruption.

Millson fumbled about the table. He wanted to add something to what he had already said, but was undecided.

"What is it, Millson?" his employer asked.

"I was just thinking we wouldn't be having the young master with us much longer, sir," Millson was smiling affably.

"And why not?"

There was something in those words that brought chills to Millson—his smile quickly faded.

"Dora, the housemaid next door, sir, was telling me that the young master's mother was coming soon, sir, to take him away. Dora isn't sure, sir, but she thinks the lad's mother is to be married again, sir."

The news seemed to freeze John Bryce. Millson was not certain he had heard all.

"Has the child said anything to you about it, sir?"

"No!" Bryce thundered. "The boy wouldn't know about a thing like that." And he fairly leaped from his chair at the startled servant. Millson stepped back a pace.

"Hope it didn't disturb you, sir," he attempted to apologize, as he left the room, but Bryce did not hear.

It was like fate to end his dreams, was the first thought that came to Bryce's dazed brain. Fate always managed to deal a cruel blow at the most unexpected moment.

The lawyer reviewed it all in his mind. The mother was coming to take Sonny Boy away, just when he had planned to adopt the boy—but now he saw how hopeless his chances were, how hopeless they had always been—for, of course, no mother with a child like Sonny Boy would give him up. And she was to be married again—the boy was to have a step-father. Bryce thought of all the dreadful things he had ever heard or read of step-fathers, and since he had been reading fairy tales for Sonny's benefit, he had read some dreadful things about them.

They were taking Sonny Boy away—to what? The child was to be denied all the things that money could buy for him—the great things Bryce had been dreaming for him would be allowed to go by, and he, Bryce, was to be left alone. Sonny was to be just a memory in the future. The soul of John Bryce revolted. He wouldn't, he couldn't stand it. Sonny Boy had become part of his life, the greatest part of it, and he could not give him up now. The child's future was at stake. With him he would have everything, with his mother, perhaps he would be in poverty, certainly he would not be in riches. John Bryce made his second resolution that night—he would steal Sonny Boy. It was to be for the child's own good, in this thought he found comfort—and joy.

Once he had made an important decision, John Bryce had always been known to carry it out. Straightway next day, he began a systematic arrangement of his affairs. The night before, his cold, calculating mind had worked out the major points of his plan. He knew just what was to be done, and how to do it. One hundred thousand dollars would be sufficient capital to have at his command for

Continued on page 76

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Sonny Boy

Continued from page 75

fifteen years. That represented by no means a large portion of his wealth, but it was a sum he could easily secure in ready cash. He would take that away with him, and leave the bulk of his fortune to rest where it was invested until such time as he would return—and he had planned not to return until Sonny Boy was of age, and could not be taken from him.

Just as a man prepared for death, Bryce wound up his business. A trustee with full power to manage the estate was appointed; his clients would be cared for by Bryce's young assistant, in fact, the whole law firm which he headed was so organized, it could continue operation without him, so there was no worry on that score.

It was the departure from the city, the actual kidnapping of Sonny Boy that required the most thought—yet, John Bryce faced the difficulty in the simplest manner possible. Too many precautions for a get-away would defeat their own end by arousing suspicion, he knew. He decided to leave without making any great attempt to cover up his tracks. He announced at his office that he was leaving for a short business trip—three weeks at the most would be the extent of his absence, and he left the office, grip in hand, apparently to go directly to the station.

At dusk Sonny Boy was waiting at the accustomed place in Bryce's garden.

"Sonny Boy," Bryce had come in by the back way, unseen by the child. His coat was one he had never worn before, and his hat was pulled well down over his eyes. He had said the child's name in an undertone.

"Would you like to go for a ride in the train?" he asked. "I'm going, and I'd like to take you with me."

"Oh goody!" Sonny's childish heart was filled with instant joy. "Course I'll go. Hadn't I better get my things—my nightie, 'n my tooth brush?"

Bryce laughed. "No you won't need them, Sonny," he told the child. "I have everything you need packed away in my big trunk. We'll have to hurry."

Sonny's trusting little self did not doubt his big friend for a minute. The child did not stop to reason, he depended solely on the man who had been good to him. John Bryce had built on Sonny's faith to make the kidnapping easy, and it was easy.

Just a short retreat by the back way and they were in the crowd of the evening rush hour. Through it all, the big man piloted the little child, carefully and tenderly. More than once his restraining hand kept the boy from being jostled to one side or knocked down. John Bryce prided himself in his power to protect at this the biggest moment of his life, for now Sonny Boy was depending solely on him—and it would be that way right through life.

As John Bryce ploughed a path through those crowds for Sonny and himself, there was no one to notice the man and the little boy. A crowd never notices, never feels—it just shoves and pushes until it ceases to be a crowd. John Bryce knew that. There was no fear of recognition in his heart; he felt as safe as if he were in a strange city. So it was that the station was reached, the train boarded, and the first part of Bryce's plan was accomplished.

SEVERAL days later, in a city of the mid-west a man and a boy left the train. They did not go to a hotel—Bryce was in search of a private residence, and good luck favored him. A newspaper advertisement directed him to a furnished apartment to let. The tenants were leaving for another city. Bryce did not want to rent—he sug-

gested a sale of the household goods, and finally it was effected. There were two household servants employed by the former tenants, and they were persuaded to stay, an arrangement that was particularly agreeable due to the fact that they were a middle-aged married couple.

That night the new home of John Bryce was fully established.

The woman servant was a kindly person, and Sonny seemed attracted to her at once. The little fellow had not had a moment's restlessness from the time he had been taken from his home; never once had he questioned Bryce as to their destination, nor had he asked to be taken back. His happiness was complete with John Bryce it seemed—and Bryce's heart was glad.

At an early hour that evening Sonny showed signs of sleepiness. Bryce had built on that evening for an old-time story hour with the child, but he saw now that it would have to be abandoned; he realized Sonny was too tired after his journey. The woman noticed Sonny's heavy eyes too.

"Hadn't I better take the little fellow to bed, sir?" she asked.

"No," Bryce told her, good-naturedly. "I am going to put him to bed myself. That's something I want to do always. Sonny's all I've got, you see."

The good woman's mother heart went out to the big man who made this admission. He had not told her what relation the child was to him—but now she felt he must be Sonny's father.

"It's thoughtful of you, sir," was all she said to him, but Bryce knew by her tone she understood his great love for the boy.

When Sonny was all undressed, and Bryce had slipped him into the little silk pajamas he had bought specially for this first night in their new home, the big man gave the lad a genuine good-night kiss, then tucked him into bed.

"Good-night, Sonny," said Bryce as he put his hand on the button to turn off the light; "I'll be right near if you need me, old man."

"Oh!" Sonny sat bolt upright in bed, and Bryce halted his hand on the light button.

"What is it?"

"Sonny's forgotten to say - his prayers," the child exclaimed in shocked tones. "Wouldn't that have been awful?"

Bryce smiled. "Of course you must say your prayers," he told Sonny Boy as he helped the little fellow to the floor again. "Hadn't you better kneel up in the bed? It's warmer there."

"No," Sonny answered solemnly. "I always kneel right 'side my bed. It's only lazy prayers that are said in bed, and God doesn't listen to lazy prayers."

John Bryce felt a qualm of conscience as he thought of the many prayerless years passed in his life.

"Will you hear my prayers?" Sonny asked. "Someone always hears them."

Bryce nodded, and then Sonny, with bowed head, eyes closed tight and his little hands folded, began:

"Please, dear God, make Sonny Boy a good boy. Make John a good man" (Sonny had always called him that). "Bless dear darling Mother O' Mine, dear God, and bring her back to Sonny Boy very soon" (there was a pause) "and bless darling John too. That'll be all tonight, dear God. Amen."

Sonny was about to rise, but he remembered something else and quickly returned to his knees. "Please God, Sonny forgot to ask you to make the flowers grow on old Bob's grave—and do please God bless Mother O' Mine

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and don't let her worry about Sonny. Amen."

John Bryce had stood all through that prayer without moving a muscle. The child rose quickly from his knees and clambered back to bed but still the man did not move—it was as if Sonny's prayer had paralyzed him; his brain was refusing to act.

"You can turn out the light now—Sonny's not 'fraid of the dark here," came from among the covers. That brought Bryce from his stupor. He reached for the light button and the room was turned to darkness.

Good-night, Sonny Boy." There was a choking sob behind those words, but Bryce managed them bravely.

"Good-night," echoed the answer a bit drowsily.

Without making a sound, the man tip-toed from the room, and silently closed the door. Once in the library adjoining, he sank into a chair. All the color had fled from his cheeks, and his whole frame was shaking with agony. It was just a moment before he regained control of himself, then he settled down to fight it out. For a long time he sat there thinking, just thinking, but finally his lips shaped into the words of Sonny Boy's prayer—"Bless dear darling Mother O' Mine, dear God, and bring her back to Sonny Boy very soon—and do, please God, bless Mother O' Mine, and don't let her worry about Sonny."

Again and again John Bryce weighed those words over in his mind—again and again his lips faltered over them.

Then John Bryce woke up. The selfishness of what he had done was all too clear now. He had been a fool to think it was for Sonny's own good he had taken him away—what was there he could do, what was there his money could buy for the child, to repay him for the loss of his mother and his heritage of mother love? What were all the things Bryce had planned for the child compared with the joy the little fellow would feel when he was reunited with the darling Mother O' Mine who held the first hold on the lad's heart-strings? For the first time Bryce realized what a great wrong he had done to this little woman whom he had never seen.

The startling truth drove home. It was not for Sonny—not all for Sonny—that Bryce had taken the child away; it was for himself. What he had believed was unselfish devotion to the child's future was actually the most selfish devotion to his own hope for happiness—for life without Sonny Boy would not be life at all. Yet, there was his duty to the child, his *real* duty.

Without a sign of the excitement raging in his soul, Bryce hunted for a telegraph blank, found one in the library desk, then quietly sat down to write a message.

The telegram was addressed to the child's great-uncle. As Bryce wrote, he thought of the panic which must have raged when the boy's disappearance was discovered. His heart sickened at the thought of the misery his own rash act had wrought in that peaceful home—and what of the mother's anguish if she had heard of her child's kidnapping?

"Sonny Boy safe with me. Returning home with him tomorrow. Arrive Saturday at latest"

were the words of the message. They were sufficient to satisfy the anxiety of the boy's people; an explanation would have to wait until he returned, Bryce knew—and he wondered just how he could explain his folly.

After the message had been despatched, and Bryce was alone, it seemed as if his heart were bursting. The lump that had been forcing its way in his throat for nearly an hour came to the surface.

"Oh God," he felt himself saying, "Oh, dear God, I loved the little fellow so—I didn't think what I was doing—I only knew I wanted him for my own—I couldn't stand the thought of them taking him away from me—I couldn't think of being alone again—I loved him so, Oh God!"

Big man though he was, steeled though his heart had been against all sentiment for years, John Bryce broke down and wept like a little child.

It was well into the early hours of the morning when Bryce left his chair. He tip-toed back into Sonny's room, at the head of the bed he stopped. A moon-ray was shining across the pillow, and the little sleeping face lying so sweetly there, was smiling up at him, it seemed. The man gazed for several seconds, then he knelt at the bedside, and very carefully, lest he break the little fellow's sleep, he kissed Sonny on the forehead. He rose with a new joy in his heart—for John Bryce knew he had faced the biggest crisis in his life, and faced it unselfishly.

IT WAS early morning on the second day of the homeward journey. Bryce had risen and dressed, taken a peep at Sonny Boy, to find him sound asleep in the berth opposite, and then he had gone to the observation coach at the rear of the pullman to get a breath of morning air. It had been a restless night for him; each turn of the wheel brought him nearer home, nearer to the moment when he would have to explain his strange conduct—and what was worse, nearer to the moment of parting with Sonny Boy.

Somehow as the man sat there drinking in the good, clean, morning air, peace came to the soul of John Bryce. After all, he had measured up to the standard of a real man—his act in giving up Sonny Boy had proven he was worthy of a love that had once been his. Wouldn't she, she who had occupied his vision for many years, be happy in the knowledge that at least he had found his true self?

It was in this moment of his reverie that a gentle hand was placed on his shoulder.

"Aren't you John Bryce?" The question was asked very formally, yet very sweetly, Bryce thought afterward.

The man turned quickly. He had not heard that voice for many years, and now as he recognized it he could hardly believe his senses.

There was no mistaking her. There, smiling down at him, as young, as radiant as ever, was the woman of his romance.

"Grace!" The word came from his lips, yet his brain was almost stunned with a mingling of surprise and pleasure.

"Yes; it is Grace—and you *are* John Bryce," she laughed lightly, for she was amused at his amazement.

So there on the observation coach of this train these two came together again.

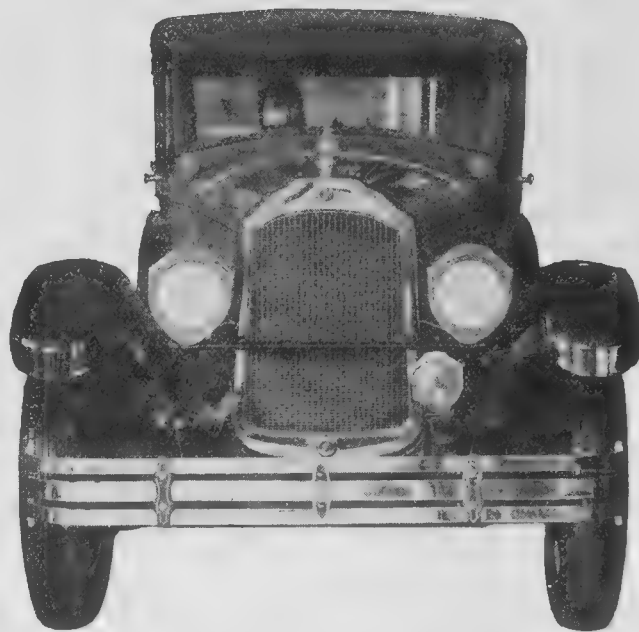
It took so very few words for him to hear her story. She was a widow; her husband had been dead for some time—and as she told John Bryce, she blushed and he thrilled.

"But you haven't told me anything about yourself, John," she rebuked him when he had learned her whole story by artful cross-questioning. "I am so interested to know about you—have you changed, John?"

It was that which caused him to unburden his heart to her. Almost before he realized it, he had told her all about Sonny Boy, the kidnapping, his decision to return the child. He had not had the courage to meet her eyes as he related what he had done—her scorn for his selfishness would be too hard to bear, he thought—but when he had finished, he raised his eyes to hers,

Continued on page 93

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Left—Mary Queen of Scots and the four Marys at the Scottish Festival at Banff: left to right; Mary Livingstone, Ruth Matheson; Mary Seton, Jeanne Dusseau; Mary Queen of Scots, Mary Frances James; Mary Beeton Ruth Walker; Mary Carmichael, Bessie James Right—The inter regimental pipers at Banff Gathering with Judges in foreground with Col. Alexander Fraser of Toronto as leader

The Call of the Piobreachd

By Bessie L. James

IT MIGHT have been at Balmoral, Braemar, or Oban—the scene enacted in the courtyard of the great grey castle standing high above the Bow River at Banff, that first Saturday morning of September. Led by Lieut. Charles Dunbar, D.C.M., the only regimental piper in the British Empire who holds the King's Commission, with the drummers of the 10th Battalion of Calgary, and twenty-five pipers, with pipes skirling, ribbons flying and kilts swinging, marched to the field where the Scottish games and contests were to be held. High above on the Keep floated the Royal Standard of Scotland, and about and above stood the great mountains, their gaunt greyness tempered by the soft clinging green of the fir and pine.

Magnificent they were, these men wearing the tartan of the famous clans of Scotland. Pride and dignity marched with them—pride of race, of traditions, and confidence in their own manly power behind the wild, inspiring music of the pipes. The flaunting tartans, but for the sturdy carriage of the Scot, would have meant defiance in the eyes of the watching hundreds. Round they swung, and down the tree-lined avenue. The Highland Gathering and Scottish Music Festival, the first of such wide scope to be held in Canada, was under way.

All that day, competitions in pipe music took place, and it was a revelation to the listeners. Courageous folk of Sassenach blood will say there is no music in the bagpipes, but none listening to the performance of these experts could help but feel that the lack was in himself. Clear and true rose the notes, resounding to the hills, with a compelling tone that tingled the blood.

Laments took on a new depth of sadness, while the reels were as urgent as any Irish jig. So interested were the spectators, that they tried to get the correct twist of the tongue for the sounding of Seann Triubhas with as much ardor as they did in the days of the war to learn the true pronunciation of the names of towns in the Balkans.

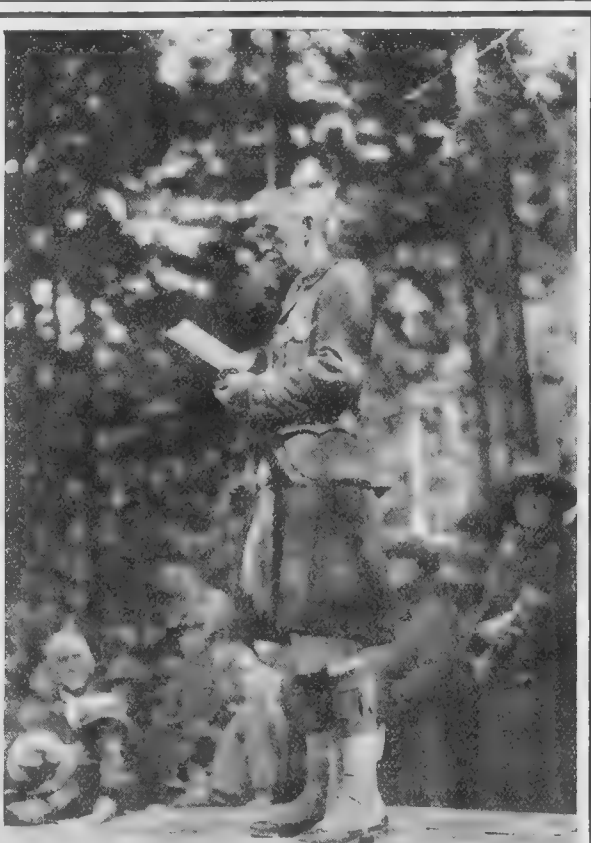
The athletic events drew large audiences. These contests were all of strictly Scottish character, such as the throwing of the hammer, putting the shot, and tossing the caber.

And bonnie, indeed, were the lassies who entered the dancing competitions, light of foot and agile of body. With wind-blown curls, they presented a picture of grace and assurance which was not clearly reflected in the faces of their anxious parents lining the fence.

Filling the great ball-room to capacity, with thousands of invisible listeners, lovers of Scottish music were enraptured by the programme of songs written between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries. Such artists as Jeanne Dusseau, J. Campbell McInness of Toronto and Davidson Thomson, known all over Canada for their rendition of folk songs, sweet singers, such as Mary Frances James of Montreal and Ruth Matheson of Winnipeg, sang the songs of the Court and the countryside. Folk singers of the Highlands and a group of Hebridean lassies, many of them members of Father McDonnell's new colony at Clondonald, gave to the audience a vivid impression of the beauties of the simple, soul-stirring, ear-haunting melodies to which the fishers of Auld Scotia have mended their nets and crooned their bairns to sleep down through the centuries.

With Mary Queen of Scots wearing the royal purple and pearls at the centre of the group, the tableau of the Queen with her four Marys, was rarely beautiful. Mary Frances James, as the Queen, sang two songs of the Queen's own writing in early French, set to music by David Rizzio. Her rendition had an enchanting effect on

Top—Major The Rev. C. W. Gordon, D.D., Author, Preacher, Soldier, conducts memorial service at Sun Dance Canyon at the Highland gathering held at Banff. Below—Blood Indians at Banff Hotel.



the large audience. Ruth Matheson in the costume of Mary Livingstone sang "The Four Marys," while Jeanne Dusseau, as Mary Seton, gave exquisite pleasure in two adaptations of very old songs. The open air service in the Sun Dance Canyon on Sunday morning was truly Scottish. High walls of stone on every side, with the sun moving through the mirk of the glen, to fall in fitful bars across the faces of hundreds of men and women, whose features bore the unmistakable stamp of the Gael. Many wore the tartan, all of them wore the look of serious

Continued on page 110

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A Dr. West's brush fits the inside curve of teeth as well as the outside. Wide-spaced tufts sweep clean all crevices between teeth—where decay starts. Special bristles, of premium quality, remain erect—their tips cleanse, polish, whiten all your teeth!

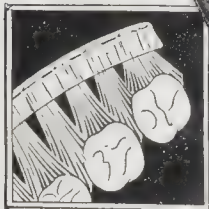
Use it two minutes each morning, two each evening. Brush always away from the gums. Employ any good dentifrice—the brush polishes.

An extra-durable brush, Dr. West's may still look all right, or seem usable, when use has impaired its special polishing quality. Don't risk that. After 90 days' use get a new one.

Find out how white your teeth can be. Get a Dr. West's brush at any drug store. Watch results.

Dr. West's
TOOTH BRUSH

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3 REASONS FOR
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Fits inside curve as well as outside. Sweeps interdental crevices clean. Special bristles remain always erect.

CAUTION! Each Dr. West's Tooth Brush is sterilized and sealed for your protection. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.

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Cuticura Talcum
Unadulterated
Exquisitely Scented

Hallowe'en Party from Start to Finish

By Dorothy Wright

Games

Oftentimes the guests prefer to dance than to play games, but for a few among the invited guests who do not care for dancing there should be some games provided. Ruth doesn't know a thing about telling fortunes but she knows all the boys and girls so well she is going to dress up as a witch with an orange-colored skirt (of crepe paper, perhaps) a black shawl and a witches high-pointed hat of black crepe paper with an orange band around. For hair, she will use some of the orange-colored crepe paper moss. She will sit at a table "where the light is low," and with a pack of cards meet out amusing fortunes to her unsuspecting guests.

The "ducking for apples" stunt is as old as Hallowe'en itself and may seem childish, but if there are any members of the party who are not entering into the fun whole-heartedly they will be led to the tub of bobbing apples and given an opportunity to win a prize if they can catch an apple with their teeth.

A very amusing game and one that everyone can join in is to divide the party into two equal parts, calling one sides the "As" and the other the "Bs." The "As" must do stunts to make the "Bs" smile or laugh and as soon as a "B" member smiles, he or she is eliminated. The stoic who holds out the longest without a smile wins the prize. It may take the whole corps of "As" to make the last "B" member smile. Then reverse the game, and let the "Bs" do their best to bring a smile to their opponents. There will be no feeling of strangeness or aloofness at the end of this game.

Refreshments

BY THIS time the guests are ready to eat, and stunts and games will have transformed the party into an informal one, so the girls agreed that a buffet



"The Funnyman's suit is of Crepe Paper Moss pasted to Compo-board"

black and orange, and to decorate mostly with crepe paper, because it is not expensive, is easy to arrange quickly, and because it can be had in black and orange, the chosen colors. It was also decided that to create an eerie atmosphere there must be lots of black cats, and owls, and witches, and bats among the decorations, all of which could be cut out of strips of decorated crepe paper and mounted on cardboard to stand, or to hang.

Some of the lights are to be hung with crepe paper fringe and cut-outs of black cats, with owls, etc., pasted at the ends of the strips. For the side lights, faces are being cut out of pasteboard boxes, the eyes covered with thin green paper and the nose and mouth with red. Orange or black crepe paper moss will cover the boxes without hiding the features. When the light shines through it gives a most cheerful and ridiculous effect.

In the hall, hovering about the staircase will be two ghosts — innocent enough, because one will be made of the family broom and the other of the mop. They will be draped with white crepe paper, and black features marked on. Then there are to be large and small pumpkins distributed about. These may be mounted cut-outs, or a round piece of cardboard, may be covered with orange crepe paper and the features marked on in black. Leaning up against the mantelpiece is to be a full-sized "Funnyman"—and this is where brother Tom has promised to help. He is going to cut the figure out of a piece of compo-board. The features will be of black and white crepe paper pasted on and then the orange or maybe it will be black crepe paper moss will be pasted all over the compo-board frame. In fact anywhere it seems possible to place a weird or ridiculous object or to make one out of a piece of furniture the girls intend to do so with the help of the two colors of crepe paper and the cut-outs. The face may be very cheerful or very sober, depending upon whether the corners of the mouth turn up or down.



"The black crepe paper streamers are twisted and grouped at the centre"

service would be most in keeping with the "spirits" of the evening. The table will be laid with a white cloth and here and there black cut-outs of witches, cats, and so on, will be pasted to the cloth. In the centre will be a large pumpkin, lined with waxed paper and piled high with apples. There will be chicken, cheese and jelly sandwiches, doughnuts, sweet cider, hot coffee, nuts and candy. Ruth and Eleanor, of course, will serve, and I am sure their guests with one accord will say they had a "wonderful time."

Use this coupon to order instruction booklet,

"How to Entertain on Hallowe'en"

Enclosed find 10c for which send me, postpaid, complete instruction booklet on "How to Entertain on Hallowe'en."

Name

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Mail all orders to Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

The Invitation

There are some traditions you probably know, For Hallowe'en parties, that just "ghost" to show

That strange apparitions will always appear

They know of our party and "specter" be here,

So we write To invite

You to come on Monday night
Ruth and Eleanor
285 Madison Avenue
October 31, 1927.

The invitations were written on orange color Bristol board in heavy black ink and at the top in the centre a skull and cross-bones were drawn in white ink. The size of the invitation was a subject of much discussion. Eleanor suggested that it be unusual—either ridiculously small or extremely large, which would have been permissible because the conventions can be put aside where Hallowe'en invitations and decorations are concerned. However, they used a 3x5 card because the invitation contained too many words to go on a very small card, and their time was too limited to get or make the proper envelope if the very large size were used.



The Decorations

BOTH the girls had so many ideas about the decorations that it was here Ruth's mother had to be brought in to decide a number of questions. Finally it was agreed to use two colors,



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it's a wonder!"*

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You can RENT a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher by the day or half-day at a very low rate from your grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store. Telephone NOW and make your reservation.

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PASTE or LIQUID ~ CLEANS-POLISHES-PRESERVES-PROTECTS

Well Dressed Women give their wardrobe a little time and forethought. Correct attire gives poise, and smartness is not costly. Choose individual designs that will emphasize personality.



Fashion's Latest Decree

MATERIALS of the soft drapable kind and those of sheer textures for afternoon and evening wear, lend themselves well to the flare which has created such a change in prevailing fashions. The slenderness of the hips is still retained.

Very pronounced is the flare made by a circular drapery at the closing of frock or coat.

Coats are cut with straight lines but show side flares.

The new ensembles have long coats.

The waistline is being placed above the hip either actually or in simulation.

The two piece dress is still popular but has a rival in the new one piece coat dress in which the flat back appears as an important feature.

In evening dresses, the silhouette may be slim and short, with uneven hem and fluttering draperies, or it may be in fitted style, with bouffant skirt portions and the hem almost at the ankles.

White is very chic for evening wear, but black is equally attractive, all blues, also pale pink, lacquer red, orange, chartreuse green, are good evening colors.

Metal lame moire, satin, velvet, taffeta and lace are all in use for evening dresses.

Black velvet faced with silver is a good combination for an evening dress.

For a day time frock one of navy blue or brown crepe de chine or light weight wool would be suitable. It could be a one piece coat style with surplice closing and shawl collar, or made in slip on style with a vestee or plastron and collar of white linen or crepe de chine.

Equally pleasing is a dress of flannel or jersey made with a blouse waist, and a skirt that is plaited across the front. The collarless neck is cut in square outline.

Checked woolen is smart for a one piece dress, and also good for a two piece model. One could have cuffs and collar of plain material.

Boleros and bolero effects will be shown in many shapings.

The bolero is always attractive and suitable for slender and mature figures. The Zouave is the newest form of bolero.

The blouse with the Voynet neck line is in great favor. It is pleasing and youthful. In jersey, crepe or satin it may be worn with a skirt of plaid or striped woolen. The skirt should have a plaited front and a straight back.

Allover lace in beige and black was used for a pretty afternoon frock.

A plaited skirt of crepella is smart with a double breasted jacket of velvet.

A street coat of suede cloth has the fronts shaped over the sides, with inserted pockets beneath.

Redingotes of velvet cut with a flare are being shown for early Fall. One attractive model has a centre panel of brocaded silk.

A youthful frock of silk crepe is made with a circular apron front, braid trimming is applied at the hips and over the back in V outline.

Sun ray tucks are used as a decoration or trimming on frocks of silk crepe twill or cashmere.

Pin tucking is also popular.

Tuck in blouses will be worn with cloth or flannel skirts.

Appliques in velvet and in satin are used to trim cloth and crepe dresses.

Cire ribbon is used for novel embroideries and other forms of trimming.

Velvet has first place as a dress material for the Fall. Not only plain velvets but lovely metallic velvets are to be used for entire dresses and trimmings.

Broad cloth is used for coats in black and also in wood browns.

Trimmings of gay plaid are lovely on school frocks of wool crepe or flannel.

Plaid and plain material combine attractively for bloomer dresses.



A New Dress for the Party

HOW much more you enjoy a party when you go arrayed in a fresh new frock! And you wear it twice as proudly when you plan and make it all yourself. Then you can have just the right color, just the right dainty materials and trimmings, just the little flare or jauntiness you love. It is every bit your own—distinctively becoming—different from any the other girls will have—the prettiest dress of all!

Once you might have thought you never, never could make a lovely frock yourself, but now the modern Singer has made all sewing a delight. You will find it so simple and easy to use, so quietly swift, so eagerly responsive to your slightest wish, that merely to sit before it is a temptation to sew. And when you arrange your materials and gently press a lever with your knee, the perfect even stitches form like magic. Or add easy-to-use attachments and you can trim your frock with ruffles, tuckings, bindings, edgings of lace, more perfectly than by hand and in one-tenth the time.

There is an easy way to prove to yourself what a modern Singer will do. The nearest Singer Shop will gladly send a machine to your home that you can use for a few days, in doing your own sewing. You may have your choice of the widest variety of models—electric, treadle and hand machines. Any one of them may be yours on a convenient plan by which you will receive a generous allowance for your present machine and your new Singer will pay for itself as you save.

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If you would know how delightfully easy it is to make smart, becoming clothes for yourself, send for a copy of "How to Make Dresses", just published, a new practical guide to the swift creation of lovely frocks. Simple, easy-to-follow instructions, with more than 100 illustrations. Worth many times its small cost. Only twenty-five cents at any Singer Shop, or send the coupon by mail.

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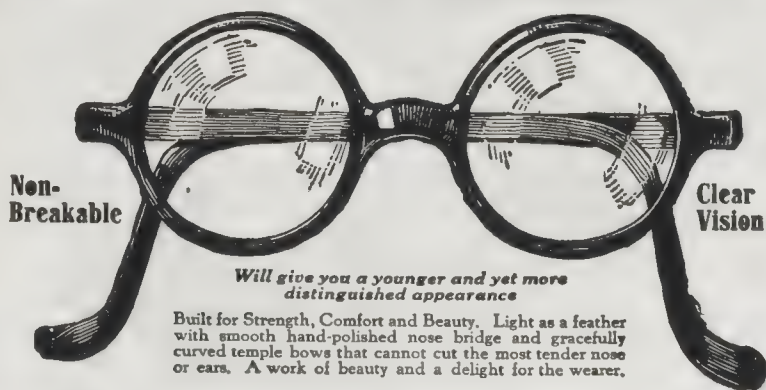
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A modern evening gown designed for Marian Nixon by Johanna Mathieson. It is a Robe de Style. Light bodice with close circular skirt of silver lame and silver lace and powder blue tulle skirt. The dress is over a knee length tight fitting silver skirt. The flower is of blue tulle. Miss Nixon wears it in one of her latest film successes "Out All Night".

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"Daisy Dell" All-Wool Felt Hats

THESE are the MOST WONDERFUL HATS in their class that have ever been placed before the Women of this country. When finished, they have all the style and smartness of an importation direct from the Paris Boulevards.

The hats come flat, stamped on finest quality all-wool felt, in the most popular millinery shades of the day and are correctly styled from every standpoint. Everything furnished except embroidery silk, as the colors for the finished hat are at the discretion of the purchaser.

Can be completely made up in less than an hour's time and their low price makes it possible for every woman to have a "chic and becoming" hat to match each of her costumes.

4891 comes in Rose with Hickory ornamentation.

4892 comes in Castilian Red with Black ornamentation.

4893 comes in Copenhagen Blue with Hickory ornamentation.

4894 comes in White with Castilian ornamentation.

4895 comes in Monkey Skin with Rose ornamentation.

4896 comes in Black with White ornamentation.

These hats are packed flat in special glassine envelopes to insure safe delivery.

Price of hats is only \$1.25 each, postpaid to any address, delivery guaranteed. Prompt attention will be given all orders.

The Western Home Monthly
 Winnipeg, Man.



Do You Know of Better Value or Anything More Distinctly Canadian Than The Western Home Monthly?

Smartly Different Designs Which Are Suitable for Many Uses

5895. Novelty cloaking with facings of plain woolen is here shown. The collar may be closed high or rolled open together with the fronts. The raglan shoulder is very comfortable. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the coat for a 12-year size as illustrated in the large view will require 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material together with 5/8 yard of contrasting material for facings at pocket openings, and on collar and fronts. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5910. Voile, georgette or printed chiffon would be good for this design. The plastron-collar may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 1 1/4 yard of 36-inch lining and 4 5/8 yards of 32-inch material if made with the plastron collar. If made without the collar 3 3/4 yards will be required. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1 1/2 yard, with plaits extended. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5933. Checked woolen and plaid, as well as wash materials are suitable for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. To make the dress for a 3-year size with long sleeves, will require 1 1/4 yards of 27-inch material together with 1/4 yard of contrasting material for facings on cuffs, belts and pockets. If made with short sleeves 1 1/2 yard of 27-inch material is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5917. Nainsook, crepe de chine, voile, radium silk or pongee would be pleasing for this model. The revers may be omitted. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. If the revers is made of contrasting material or lace, it will require 5 1/2 yard 9 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5908. Crepe and satin are here combined. One could have crepe satin and use the reversed side for contrast. The bolero and the sleeves may be omitted as shown in the small front view. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 1 1/2 yard of one material 40 inches wide for the upper part of the dress, and the facing on collar and belt, and 2 1/2 yards of another material for bolero and flounce portions. If the bolero is omitted 1 1/2 yard less will be required. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 2 1/2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5881. Novelty cloakings, polo cloth, camel's hair, tweed, also velvet, and satin may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 yards of 40-inch material together with 5/8 yard of contrasting material. For collar and cuffs of fur or fur fabric 1 1/2 yard 12 inches wide is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5911. Plaid or checked woolen or taffeta could be used for this model. It is also attractive for crepe and crepe de chine. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 3 yards of 40-inch material together with 1/4 yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 1 3/4 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5906. Tweed, jersey, velveteen, corduroy and wash materials are suitable for the development of this model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5009. Voile, dimity, crepe, silk and chambray are good materials for the little dress here portrayed and for the slip and drawers one could use cambric or lawn. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2-year size requires 3/4 yard of 36-inch material for the drawers, 1 1/4 yard for the slip and 1 1/4 yard for the dress if the dress is made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves 1/4 yard less is required of 36-inch material. If slip is made without ruffle 1/8 yard less is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Notice!

Any of these up-to-date patterns may be obtained for the small sum of 15 cents each from the Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. When ordering do not forget the necessity of stating the size correct.

5913! Figured silk and georgette are here combined. The vestee effect and collar are new and novel. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material together with 1/4 yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, vestee and belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

New—

FASCINATING in variety of colors and enriched with new original refinements, Eversharp again sets the standard for VALUE in writing implements. In the range for Fall, there is a pen and pencil for the purse and pocket of every Canadian.

In sizes, in color combinations, in variety of designs, there is spread for your choosing an array, to meet every individual taste and purpose. And as the originators of the desk set, Wahl announces now the most comprehensive range of styles and models in its history.



\$9.50

Rosewood Combination Set showing actual size of oversize light weight models.

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SLIM, tapered Wahl Desk Fountain Pens, attached to beautiful bases by a patented ball and socket joint which permits the pen to be moved to any angle most convenient. The patented humidifier cap keeps the pen point always moist for instant writing. Beautiful bases in Pedrara Onyx, Portoro Marble, Emeraldine Glass or Duco-enamelled Walnut. The desk set illustrated at \$10 is of Portoro Marble.



\$10.00

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To Grow Strong

requires good food. Clark's Pork and Beans contain in a most acceptable form the nutritious elements required and also the precious vitamins. Children usually prefer them to other foods.

Their cost, about 3c a liberal serving, makes them most economical.

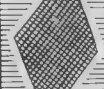
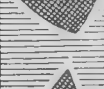
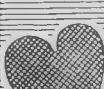
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The Perfect cutting of these cards makes them *easy to shuffle and easy to deal.*

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SPORTS PLAYING CARDS



DON'T FORGET that as a reader of "The Western Home Monthly" you are supporting a magazine published in the West for the West. Each issue is read by more than a quarter of a million of Westerners.

Federated Women's Institutes

Alberta Girls' Club

BANFF, the beautiful, proved an ideal spot for the fourth annual park convention of the Alberta Women's Institute Girls' Clubs. In a cool, shady spot on the side of Tunnel Mountain, the delegates, to the number of seventy-five, held their meetings, which were only half-day morning sessions. The afternoons were spent in hikes, swims and sports, while the convention concluded with a banquet at the magnificent Banff Springs Hotel, when Mrs. Nellie McClung, well-known author of Calgary, was the principal speaker. After the banquet, the girls enjoyed dancing in the ball room.

The convention programme was replete with inspirational and instructive addresses, demonstration talks and illustrated lectures. These included Miss Bess McDermid, of Syracuse, New York, the organizer and first supervisor of W.I.G.C.'s of Alberta, who gave three demonstration talks, on Interior Decorating, Clothes and Diet. J. W. McAllister, of the Extension Department of the University of Alberta, not only conducted the girls on the hikes, supervised the sports, but gave a most interesting talk on his seven years' experience as a teacher in a foreign community. Mrs. Wellington Huyck, president of the Alberta Women's Institutes, brought greetings from the parent body, and a twenty-five dollar cheque on its behalf.

The inspiration gathered from the magnificent mountain scenery, which yearly attracts tourists from all over the world, will stay with the girls all their lives. The first day's hike was an "easy one"—only three miles to Sun Dance Canyon, where the lights and shadows danced on its deep gorge. The next day was the strenuous seven mile climb up Sulphur Mountain, where the girls felt they were literally on top of the world, the day being finished with a drive to the still deep Lake Minnewanka and a boat ride on it. The last day was a driving day to Lake Louise, where the poppies were at their height of lavish bloom, then on to Field and the natural bridge, formed of rock cut through by the centuries of pounding of the Kicking Horse River—then on to Emerald Lake.

A feature of the convention that aroused great interest was the competition for prizes in a number of contests, the most important of which was the \$250.00 scholarship in one of Alberta's rural schools—this won by the Garden Prairie Girl's Club at Barons. In this competition each club was asked to enter articles in some six different classes; sewing—pillow cases and lingerie; posters on landscape gardening; essay on any subject pertaining to "home and country"; a booklet showing how to dress on \$200.00 per year; three unframed pictures; cooking—date loaf, fruit cake and strawberry jam; organizing new clubs; and the best club report of the year.

Hon. George Hoadley also donated six pictures, which were awarded as follows: to Wanda Nelson, Warner, for the best secretary's reports during the year; Hope Dillingham, Macleod, the best delegate's report; Arline McNeeley, Warner, second best athlete; Elsie Anderson, Warner, a guessing contest; Helen Bromley, McLennan, for best discussion; and Josephine Buck, of McLennan, for the delegate coming the longest distance.

Mary Robbins, Stony Plain, won the Jack Marshall silver cup for the best all around athlete, and Clara Johnson the box of chocolates donated by the provincial G.C. executive for the best group leader. In the impromptu speaking contest, in which there were seven entrants, and for which there were three cash prizes, the following were winners: Edith Edge, Three Hills, on "Hiking," \$5.00; Clara Johnson, Alliance, on Patriotism, second, \$3.00; and Mary Morrison, Delia, third, \$2.00, on the G.C. Camp.



Miss Margaret Calder, Dominion City, Man.
Winner of the Manitoba Institutes' Prize
Course in Home Economics

The election of officers resulted as follows: President Selma Eckstrom, Leduc, re-elected; vice-president, Aulta Barlow, Barons; secretary treasurer, Helen Bromley, McLennan directors, District No. 1, to be elected by the clubs in the far north; District No. 2, Gertrude Flood, Leduc; District No. 3, Edith Edge, Three Hills; and District No. 4, Alice Darling, Coutts.

Reports were brought by the following delegates: Milk River, Adeline Ellert, Blanch Lipkind, Three Hills; Edith Irving, Huxley; Mable Cox, Merna; Elsie Anderson, Warner; Jean Neil, Burdette; Gertrude Roebuck, Kirkcaldy; Ethel Phillips, Calmer; Hazel Benton, Highlandview; Hope Dillingham, Macleod; Ella Barlow, Barons; Alice Darling, Coutts; Dorothy Johnson, Dinton; Mary Robbins, Stony Plain; Lily Campbell, Olds; Pauline Ditttrick, Leduc; Susie Houston, Eagle Hill; Mary Morrison, Delia; Lillian Mueuse, Munson, Netta Limpert, Farrell Lake; Vulcan Lena Phillips, Manyberries; Jane Martin, Nanton; Dorothy Develle.

The Warner delegates, thirteen, inclusive of their supervisor, Mrs. Wm. Rogers, thought up an original and inexpensive way of attending the convention. They hired a truck, fixed it up with seats, and camped along the way. It took three days to reach Banff, and during their stay there, they were at the auto camp.

Another feature of the convention was the dress parade, when living models showed types of dresses used in the house, at school, on the street and at parties. These were judged by Miss Bess McDermid.

Other programme speakers included the president, Miss Selma Eckstrom, Leduc; Miss Jessie Macmillan, Home bureau secretary, who led two discussions, one on correct dressing and the other on "When the Knight Comes Riding by"; Mrs. J. F. Price, of Calgary, who gave some of the early history of Alberta; Gladys Ricker, G.C. publicity secretary, who spoke on "Ships that come in"; Dr. Robinson, of the Brett Hospital, on Health; Mrs. T. Arnett, Supervisor of Garden Prairie G.C., on Birds; Aulta Barlow, of Barons, History of Alberta; Mrs. T. H. Lonsdale, Banff, on War Reminiscences of Serbia; Helen Bromley, of McLennan on the Peace River Country; and Marie Ditttrick, of Leduc, on Community Service.

British Columbia Notes

Harrop and District W.I. held the annual flower show competition. The seeds had been purchased by the Institute and distributed to the members. It resulted in a very creditable display of

Continued on page 91



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Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 90



Some seventy-five delegates of the Women's Institute Girls' Clubs gathered on a shady spot of Tunnel Mountain for their fourth annual park convention this summer at Banff.

petunias, phlox and schizanthi. A gentleman living in the district, formerly a florist in England, consented to act as judge, and after placing the awards gave some very valuable hints on points used in judging, warning against the crowding of too many flowers into one container.

Cawston W.I. arranged for an ice cream sale at "Langside Gardens." A most interesting discussion, lead by the convenor or immigration, re new settlers, was the address for the afternoon. This resulted in a round table discussion, bringing out many points in which the residents could assist in the immigration policy. Mrs. W. D. Lang also gave a paper on Edgar Guest and his poems.

Valley W.I. held a very successful flower show on August 5th. This show was characterized by a great increase in the entries in gladioli. One entry consisted of 15 different varieties. British Columbia seems to be "a meet nurse" for the gladiolus family, the specimens growing to the greatest perfection in coloring, size and quantity.

Kaslo and District W.I.—The district conference of 1927 will be held in Kaslo. The August meeting had for the program a report by Miss Ruth Lind on her trip to the Canadian Pacific Exhibition at Vancouver, where Miss Lind was one of the members of the successful team competing in the girls judging competition.

Royal Oak W.I. complete arrangements and selection in specimens of work for the Institute exhibit at the Provincial Fair in Victoria.

South Saanich W.I. arranged for the serving of luncheon to the delegates of the World's Poultry Congress who visited the experimental farm August 27th. This Institute has sent one crate of loganberries and raspberries to the Queen Alexandra Solarium.

South Salt Spring Island W.I. have decided it is unnecessary to hold a district conference in 1927 in view of the provincial conference being held in May.

MacKenzie W.I. discussed bible reading in the public schools. District conference—This Institute is of the opinion there is no necessity for a district con-

ference the same year as the provincial. The Institute is considering ways and means of assisting the local hospital.

Aldergrove W.I. is assisting in the fair. Each member has agreed to make efforts towards the success of this local exhibition; the Institute out of the funds donating \$5.00.

Strawberry Vale W.I. decided the last meeting to make a start on the new hall with the \$600.00 already in hand.

Boswell-Sanca W.I. has made a donation of \$10.00 towards the fall fair. Plans for the regatta were discussed, and Mrs. Hepher and Mrs. Kennedy appointed to meet and make arrangements with the Farmers' Institute Committee. This Institute found itself unable to finance the public health nursing service the coming year.

Tarrys and Thrums W.I. discussed the need of dental clinics and the cost of a crippled child in the district getting assistance.

Keremeos W.I. are holding their annual flower show on Sept. 8th. Miss Snowden, the new public health nurse, was present at the August meeting, and appealed to the Institute for assistance in holding a baby clinic later in the year.

Burton W.I. have made final arrangements for holding an ice cream sale—proceeds for the Queen Alexandra Solarium.

Victoria W.I. took second prize in the Institute Exhibit at the Fall Fair in Victoria. The Institute is arranging for a tag day for the Queen Alexandra Solarium, to be held Sept. 10th. This is the third tag day held by the Institute for this purpose, the two previous tag days netting a total of \$3,000.

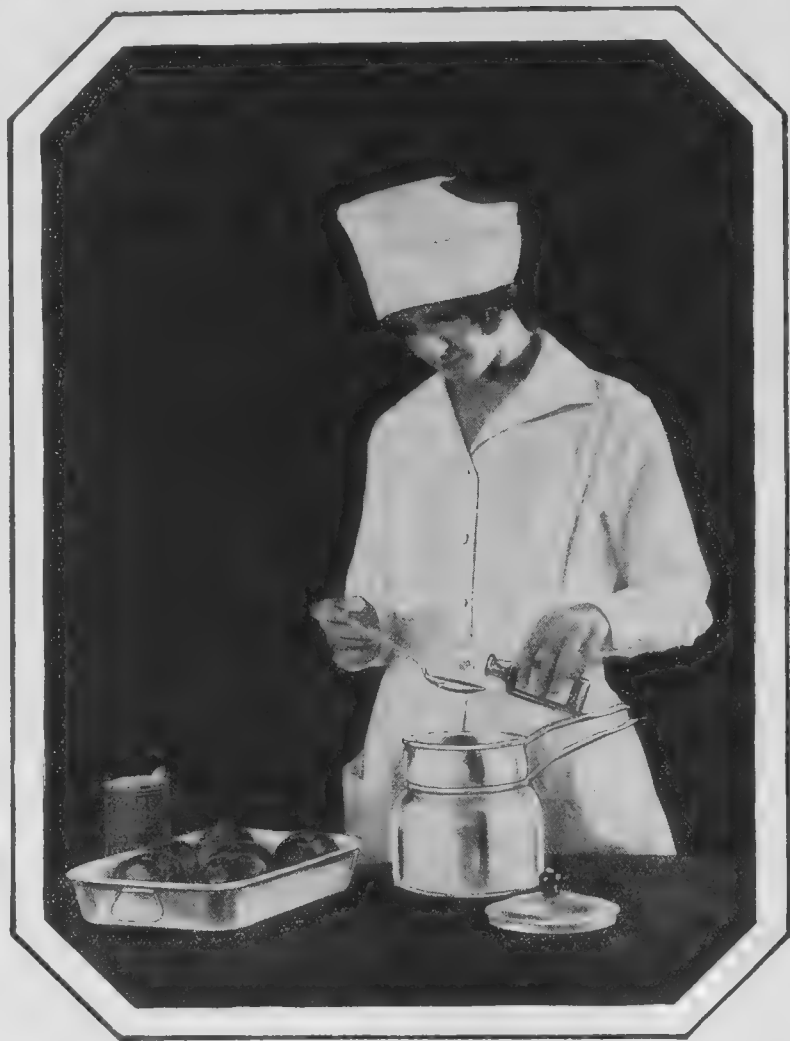
Strawberry Hill W.I. reported that the case of a crippled child had been taken to the doctor's office in Vancouver. Nothing definite had been decided upon; the child is to be taken again later. \$35.00 was voted toward the crippled children's fund. The quilt for the W.I. exhibit at the New Westminster Exhibition is completed. The convenor of Immigration and Settlement reported a new settler joining the Institute.

Continued on page 103



In attendance at the Biennial Convention at Wolfville, N.S. Lower row (left to right): Mrs. George Macdonald, Prince Edward Island; Dr. Annie Anderson-Dickson, Truro, N.S. (convenor of the new committee to enquire into the question of maternal mortality); Mrs. Ogilvy, New Brunswick; Mrs. Lusk, Luskville, Que.; Mrs. Beach, Cowansville, Que.; Miss Annie Stuart, Dominion President; Mrs. C. F. Robertson, Ontario's President; Mrs. David Watt, Birtle, Man., Honorary President of the Dominion Federation; Mrs. A. J. Chambers, Saskatchewan, Treasurer; Mrs. A. H. Rogers, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta., Recording Secretary; Mrs. Fadden, Huntington, B.C. In the middle of the back row is Mr. G. A. Putnam, Superintendent of the Ontario Institutes for thirty years, and to his right, but to the left of the picture, are Mrs. Patriquin, Wolfville, corresponding secretary; Mlle. LeBlanc, of the Cercles des Fermieres; Miss McCain, Superintendent Quebec Institutes; Mlle. Durand, Cercles des Fermieres; Miss Welldon, Superintendent New Brunswick W.I.; Miss Thomas, Convenor of Agriculture. Reading from Mr. Putnam's left you see Mrs. R. S. Woods, Brockville, Ont.; Mrs. H. M. Speechly, Winnipeg; Mrs. Langley, Richmond, Saskatchewan; Mrs. J. F. Price, Calgary; and Mrs. Huyck, Alberta.

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had determined to spend the winters in the city where he could complete his interrupted education. And it was at high school that Bob and Florence again met, when he once more became attracted by Florence's girlish beauty, and had, one night, bringing her home from a class party, proposed that she should come back to the farm with him as his wife, but as Florence had grown up to be a young woman now, all the girlish ideas of a sweetheart were changed from those of her early school days.

His disappointment at her startled refusal was short-lived, for even on the next day, although he had never admitted it to Florence, he felt glad that his impetuosity had not led to an engagement which could never have been a happy one for either Florence or himself. They still remained good friends but the subject of marriage was never again mentioned between them, though Florence unconsciously regarded his offer as one she could accept any time.

"I am very glad we were out," said Gladys.

"Oh, he always turns up, I don't know why," replied Florence.

"He appeared to me as a very fine fellow, and by his conversation anyone could see he is well educated," said the aunt.

"I just detest dancing with him," said Florence.

"Why is that?" inquired her aunt.

"Well, he is so clumsy and awkward."

"I don't know why he hangs around after Florence," said Gladys. "He is far too old for her."

"I only hope," she continued, turning to Florence, "you are not thinking of doing anything foolish."

"I think not, my dear."

Just then the telephone bell rang. The call was for Florence.

"Was that Bob you were speaking to?"

"Yes, dear."

"I thought so."

"He is going to call for us on Friday night with his car."

"It's very thoughtful of him, but cars don't seem to attract me in the least. I am not fussy about them. Probably I may be just a little bit old-fashioned in lots of things."

That evening in the ballroom, Bob Jephson in Florence's opinion was a changed man in many ways. He was so jolly and seemed to put his whole heart and soul into the dancing. He must have had private lessons somewhere.

Not once during the intervals between the dances he had with her did he mention anything about marrying. He danced several times with Gladys, which was more than he had ever done before. Of course Florence was not a wall-flower that night, by any means, for she was up every dance except one, which she sat out with Clifford.

The girls got a big surprise when they met Clifford Weston and his companion, Percival Raeburn. In fact the evening was full of surprises. Clifford had quite a number of dances with Florence but apparently Bob was not in the least jealous. She certainly was getting paid back in her own coin.

Bob and Gladys came along to Florence and Clifford as they were sitting out. "Are you going to stay till the finish of the dance, Florence?" asked Gladys.

"I don't think so," was the reply.

"After this next waltz I am going home. Mr. Weston has kindly offered to drive me. You might as well stay, Gladys, till the finish, as you seem to be enjoying yourself."

"I think I shall, as Mr. Jephson is

Kingston Row

Continued from page 22

willing to see me home. I have never enjoyed myself before at any dance as I have done tonight."

"Perhaps it's the lovely music we have which accounts for that," said Bob, jokingly.

"That may be," was the smiling reply.

It was past midnight when Gladys arrived home. Everything was still as she entered the bedroom quietly. The light of a small lamp on the dressing table showed Florence fast asleep in the armchair beside the window, but she awakened at the sound of the switch as Gladys turned on the light.

"Hello, dear, not in bed yet?" said Gladys.

"Not yet. I must have fallen asleep," replied Florence. "I felt so tired."

"So do I," said Gladys, as she sat down on the edge of the bed. "Bob brought me home. He thinks Clifford is a fine chap. They had quite a long chat. Clifford was wondering if you and I were related in any way, and Bob told him we were."

"Did he seem surprised, Gladys?"

"No, he didn't. In fact, Bob says that he believed it as we resembled each other."

"Oh, Gladys, I feel ever so glad. You have no idea how often I have wondered how I should break the news to Clifford as to how you and I were related."

"My husband, you know, was many years older than I, for I was only a girl of seventeen when we were married. He was not fond of dancing, yet he never stood in the way of his frivolous young wife's pleasures."

"Surely, Gladys, you were not frivolous?"

"No, dear. It was just to tease me that my husband would say so. Bob told me Clifford graduates next year."

"Yes, I know. He told me tonight."

"Was that all he said?"

"Well, no, he proposed to me."

Gladys had almost expected the reply. Yet for a few minutes she seemed unable to frame the question that hung on her lips, and it was in answer to the question in her eyes that Florence finally said: "I accepted him."

Gladys had a long talk with Florence about her future and it was with quite different feelings that they both retired to rest, Gladys conscious already of that new interest in Florence's life that would leave her without the companionship that she had learned to depend on.

The two girls were up early the following morning and at the breakfast table they both looked exceedingly happy.

"Well, girls, I hope you both enjoyed yourselves last night at the dance."



"We certainly did," replied Gladys. "I am so glad to hear that," said the aunt.

"Yes, Aunt, Gladys was up at every dance," said Florence, "and whom do you think we met at the dance but the two boys from California?"

"I am afraid," said Gladys, "there were many proposals made last evening."

"Gladys," exclaimed Florence, "why do you use the plural?" Was more than one proposal made?"

"There might have been, my dear," said Gladys, blushing. "It was just a slip I made. I might as well tell you, Aunt, Florence is engaged to be married to one of the two boys we met on Kingston Row—a Mr. Clifford Weston, who in a year's time will be Dr. Clifford Weston. That's if all goes well. He is from Miami, Florida."

"And what about Bob Jephson?" inquired the aunt.

"I had only two dances with him," said Florence. "He was Gladys' partner most of the evening, which was a big surprise to me. But I guess I should worry now. Now, Gladys, how would you like to be on a farm looking after the chickens, the ducks and the geese?"

"Why, Florence, I would just love it." Then they both laughed heartily.

"Probably if my husband had been on the farm instead of buying and selling stocks in Wall Street, he might have been alive today."

Little did Florence and the aunt think then that Gladys would give them the biggest surprise of their lives, as she did one morning some two months later when she quietly announced at the breakfast table that she was leaving the following morning for a trip to Victoria.

"How long will you be away?"

"Just about a month, or six weeks at the most."

"What kind of a trip is this, Gladys, anyway?"

"It's to be my honeymoon trip, my dear."

"Gladys, you don't mean to say that you're going to be married?"

"No, my dear, not 'going to.' I was married yesterday afternoon at the Parsonage."

"Oh, Gladys!" cried Florence, who was standing so near to her that a tendril of her soft hair touched her cheek. "Why did you not tell me before? I do hope you will be happy."

"I'm sure I will be, and I feel so glad, Florence; you have taken it all in good part."

"Why not, Gladys; it would be silly to take it any other way. Remember it would only be a short time anyway before we must separate."

"Bob wanted you to stay with us on the farm until you are married."

"Bob! You don't mean Bob Jephson, surely?" cried Florence, as she burst into laughter; "and so you have really got married first after all. Well, well, many congratulations, dear," as she kissed Gladys.

"Yes, Florence, Bob and I became engaged as we walked down Kingston Row that night from the dance."

"And so you have got your wish at last, Gladys, to be on the farm. It certainly is a funny old world we live in; there are nothing but changes."

THREE months later an announcement was made of the marriage of Florence Wren to Dr. Clifford Weston, of Miami, Florida. This announcement came as another surprise, in a way; as only a very few of the relatives actually knew of their engagement, but she was just following the example shown by her illustrious parent, who was now happy and contented on the farm looking after the ducks and geese—the life she had just longed for.

Sonny Boy

Continued from page 81

unafraid. She was crying, the tears had been in her eyes for more than half the narrative.

"I was a selfish beast, wasn't I?" he finished, half apologetically. "But you see, I love the little fellow—I guess that's why I am bringing him back—"

"It's wonderful of you," she declared, her voice filled with a mingling of pride and emotion. No wonder Sonny Boy loves you! He will always love you, John. I will see to that."

Bryce shook his head. "I don't think I'll see much of Sonny Boy, now. I couldn't hope for that, after what I've done. His mother—"

"His mother thinks you are one of the biggest, grandest men in the world—"

"I don't understand—" The conviction in Grace's words was a puzzle to Bryce—he had never seen her show excitement like this before.

"Can't you see," she pleaded. "Don't you know — oh, John, I am Sonny Boy's Mother—I am Mother O' Mine."

And then as John Bryce tried to gain his voice she added:

"Won't you take me to him, John—I want to see my little boy, oh, so much!"

THE END

THE COMING OF FALL

There's a few leaves falling and less birds calling

For summer goes;

There's a rust-like sheen on leaves of green

That autumn knows.

There's ripened cherries and wild rose berries

Where the rose has been;

And there's a look forlorn on the fields that are shorn

For the needs of men.

When the east turns pink and it's time to think,

There's a quieter dawn

For the songbirds sing to a summer king

And summer is gone.

But maturity flaunts all her ancient taunts

From magic fingers;

And colors die as the days go by

But their beauty lingers.

—EDNA WEST

THE OLD HIGHLANDER.

"To play again fine bagpipes

I have not got the strength," he said,

"These old Scot bones are full of pain

And I must bide upon a bed.

"I cannot wear my kilt again,

Nor sporran with its long goat's hair,

My brogues are empty of my feet,

My plaid lies idle on yon chair.

"But there's purple heather in a glass,

A wee spray picked from off the moor,

Grand comfort in the Good Book too,

Though some of it be eerie lore.

"The dog he licks my withered hand

And guards me as he would his sheep,

I ken he feels our parting near

As he sees the 'glooms' around me creep."

—VERA V. ROBERTSON.

Bossy's Epitaph

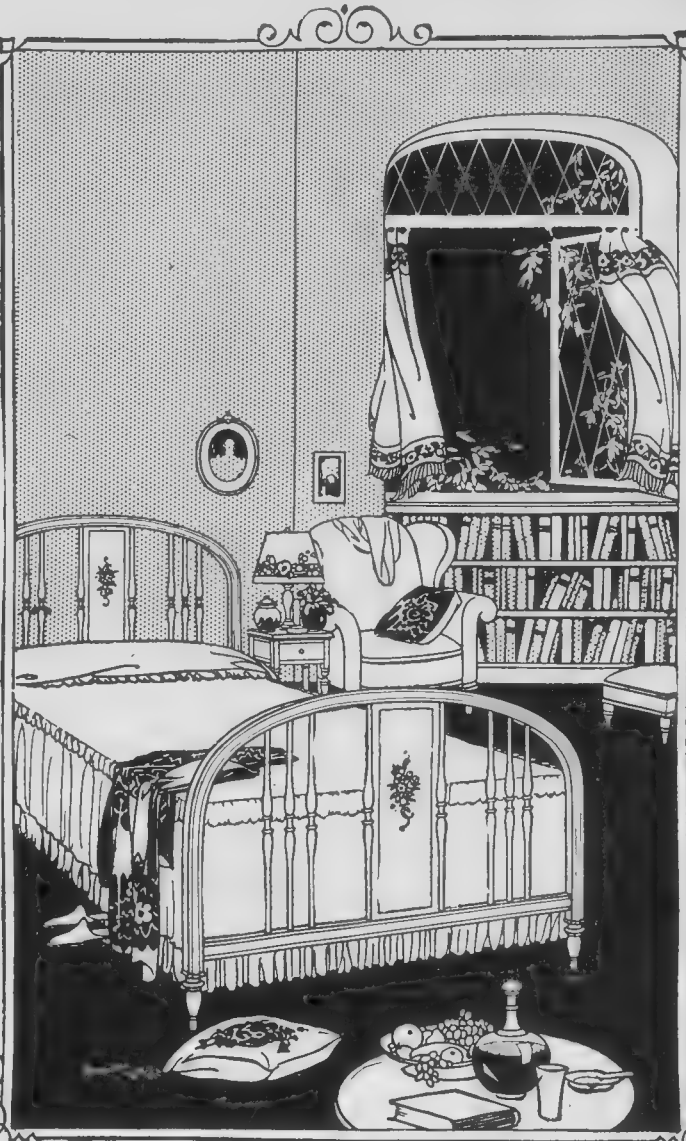
A farmer was trying hard to fill out a railway company claim sheet for a cow that had been killed on the track. He came down to the last item: "Disposition of the carcass." After puzzling over the question for some time, he wrote: "Kind and gentle."—Tawney Kat.

Quite Agreeable

"I only wish," said the teacher, exasperated by the naughtiness of one of her small pupils, "that I could be your mother for a week."

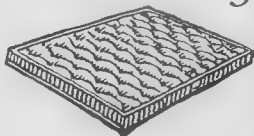
"All right," replied the youngster, coolly, "I'll speak to father about it."—Tit-Bits.

BUILT for SLEEP



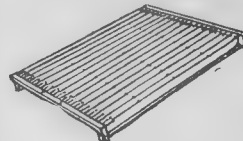
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It is an all-steel graceline bed, firm and solid and yet a fitting match for your finest bedroom suite. It combines beauty with perfect rest.

Notice the graceline frame and delicately turned one-piece spindles of the CHATEAU BED.

It marks a new advance in metal bed construction. In mahogany or walnut, or in any of the new art colors.



Look for this Seal on all Genuine Simmons Beds.

SIMMONS Graceline Beds

Mahogany, Walnut or Art Finishes

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A soft, feathery pillow, giving a lifetime of healthful sleep comfort. In factory-sealed beauty box—\$5.

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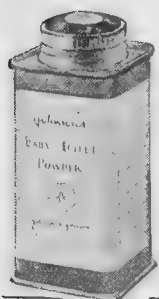
Now, while your baby's body is perfect, give him the care that will keep him always beautiful. Every day, guard his tender skin with Johnson's.

Make this simple hand test

Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion, using Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. There is no friction, no ensuing warmth.



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MONTREAL, CANADA



First, give your baby his daily bath with Johnson's Baby Soap. Then sprinkle his body freely with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Finally, relieve roughness, rash or any skin disorder with Johnson's Baby Cream.

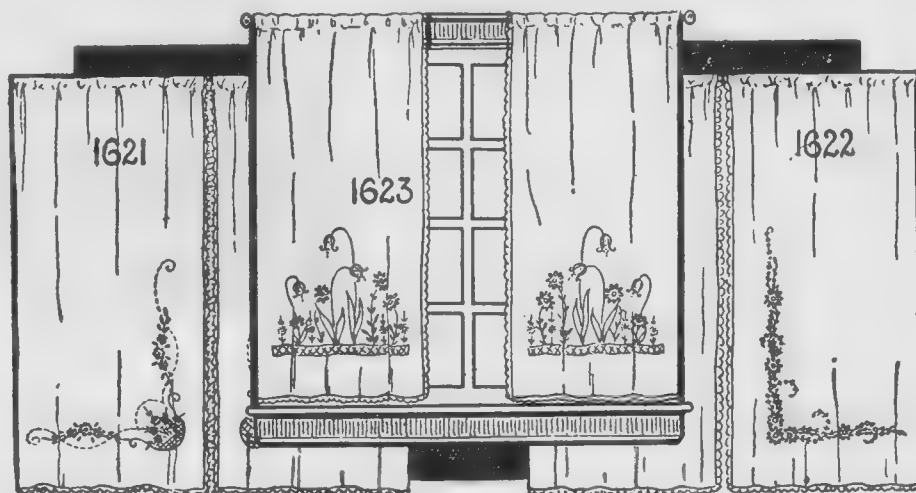
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These curtains are most suitable for the Kitchen, Pantry or Bathroom. And we present herewith designs that will appeal to every woman in the home. They are stamped on fine quality striped dimity, and are 18 x 36 inches in size. We are quoting a very low price on these curtains at fifty cents per pair, postpaid. Be sure to state number of curtains desired when ordering.



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This lovely hemstitched set on best Indian Head is sure to please. The many pieces include: scarf, 18 x 45 in.—65 cents; centerpiece, 18 in.—28 cents; centerpiece, 36 in.—88 cents; centerpiece 44 in.—\$1.25; centerpiece, 54 in.—\$1.75. Luncheon set consisting of one 36 x 36 in. lunch cloth and four 14 in. square napkins, \$1.60; napkins 14 in. square, per dozen, \$2.20; buffet set, 3 pieces,—65 cents; vanity set, 3 pieces, 50 cents; pillow cases per pair, 42 inches long,—\$1.40; pillow cases, 45 in. long, per pair, \$1.50.

The design finished in orange and yellow, with shaded lavender centers in the larger flowers and two shades of pink combined with blue forget-me-nots, green stems and leaves in the smaller flowers, is very artistic. A detailed working chart showing where each color is to be used, is furnished with each piece of material. Be sure to specify number and size of material desired when ordering from Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

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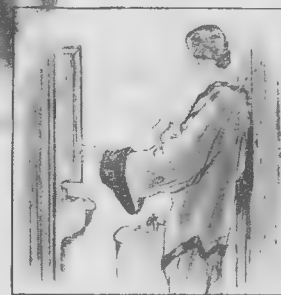
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COCONUT LAYER CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. 2 cups pastry
 1 cup sugar. flour.
 2 eggs. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon
 1 teaspoon salt.
 flavoring. $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk.
 2 teaspoons
 Magic Baking Powder

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly together, add flavoring; beat eggs very light and gradually beat them into the butter and sugar. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, and salt, add lightly to first mixture alternately with milk; turn into greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

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Can You Make Good Jelly?

WHAT housekeeper does not feel a thrill of pride in looking at rows of sparkling glasses of jelly, the result of her own labors? Modern science has made jelly-making a much easier and surer process than it was in the days of our mothers.

Only fruit in the best of condition should be used. That which is inferior may be used for jams, conserves, marmalade, or fruit butters. As fruit ripens, the flavor is gradually lost, and the pectin breaks down.

To make jelly of any fruit, there are three essentials—acid, pectin and sugar, in the right proportions.

Pectin is the property or substance in fruits, which makes it jelly. In certain fruits, such as currants, gooseberries, apples, cranberries, grapes, the white rind of oranges, lemons and grapefruit, it is present in large amounts. In others, among them strawberries, raspberries, rhubarb, etc., there is none. To make a jelly from these fruits, pectin from another source must be added. Pectin is a vegetable product, secured from oranges, lemons, grapefruit, and apple skins and cores. It should not be confused with gelatine, an entirely different product, of animal origin.

Acid is another essential factor in jelly-making. Currants, grapes, tart apples, oranges, etc., have enough natural acid. To others it must be added. Lemon juice is frequently used. Or one may use some commercial acid, such as tartaric from grapes, or citric acid, obtained from the citrous fruits. Care should be taken to not use too much.

The right proportion of sugar is the third essential in jelly-making. If there is a very large amount of pectin present in the fruit juice, nearly a cup of sugar for each cup of juice is desirable. For less pectin, three-quarters of a cup of sugar to each cup of juice, is better. In the former class are under-ripe grapes and currants. Apples and cranberries seem to be best with three-fourths as much sugar as juice. Beet and cane sugar give equally good results.

There are two simple household tests for pectin, by which the housewife can determine whether or not the available fruit is suitable for jelly.

I. Wood alcohol test:

1 tablespoon of cooled fruit juice.

1 tablespoon of wood or grain alcohol.

Mix well. A thick mass shows the presence of considerable pectin. A scattered jelly mass shows that it is less rich in pectin. In a few minutes the alcohol will dissolve the pectin. One must not forget that alcohol is poison.

II. Epsom salts test:

1 quarter teaspoon Epsom salts.

1 half teaspoon sugar.

1 teaspoon hot fruit juice.

Stir till dissolved. The pectin will be indicated in at least ten minutes. If the pectin test shows there is very little present in the juice, one can make delicious jelly by adding either a commercial pectin or one extracted at home.

Apple Pectin

Four pounds of sliced apples, or of cores and skins. Add nine cups of water, and boil rapidly for fifteen minutes, in a rather flat dish, to insure proper evaporation. Drain through about four thicknesses of cheesecloth. If it is to be kept for any length of time, it must be heated to the boiling point, then sealed in sterilized bottles.

Orange, Lemon, Grapefruit Pectin

Use either dried or fresh fruit peelings. Shave the yellow rind from the fruit, then the white peel, chop the white peel, and to each pound of fresh peel add eight cups of water, to a pound of dried peel, nine cups, and let soak for two hours or more. Measure the peel and water, and boil quickly till the volume is reduced to a little less than half. Stir often enough to prevent scorching. Strain through a jelly bag. To the pulp, after draining, add two more quarts of water, and boil again till reduced to a little less than half, and repeat a third time.



This is the month for good housekeepers to stock their pantry shelves with a generous supply for the oncoming winter

When using this pectin, it is frequently desirable to add a little lemon juice or tartaric acid, as fruits lacking pectin are frequently lacking in acid. Apple pectin usually is acid enough itself to give the desired flavor.

The amount of pectin required is about four to six tablespoons of pectin to one cup of juice, and three-quarters to one cup of sugar.

It is wise to follow the directions accompanying commercial pectin.

The actual cost of making jelly with or without pectin is the same—the chief advantage in using pectin is in the much shortened cooking process, which gives a better color and flavor, and in the ability it gives to utilize fruits otherwise not adapted to jelly making.

The Making of Jelly

Very juicy berries are washed and hulled, and put on the stove in a granite kettle with just a little water—about one cup to four of the berries.

Firm fruits such as apples and quinces, are washed, cut in small pieces, including the skins and cores, and cooked till tender in enough water to cover.

When the fruit is cooked, put it carefully in a jelly bag, and drain till tender. The bag should be made of closely woven material, to prevent tiny particles of fruit passing through it. Clear jelly depends on its freedom from particles of fruit. Closely woven cotton may be used, but flannel is preferable. A three-cornered bag with loop to hang it up by, is good.

Two or three extractions may be made of most good jelly fruits. Water is added to the fruit pulp, boiled, and drained again. Five extractions are frequently made if the fruit is very rich in pectin. The extractions may be mixed, or used separately. Each one will be a little paler than the last.

Only a small amount of juice should be used at a time, as it can be evaporated much more rapidly, and the flavor and color will be better. It is the long, slow boiling which produces the strong flavor. A wide granite kettle, which is considerably larger than the amount of juice, gives the best result.

Measure the juice, bring it to a boil and boil 4 or 5 minutes for currants, 10 minutes for other fruits, then add the sugar and continue boiling till it gives the jelly test.

Testing the Jelly

The surest test is the thermometer. It will jelly between 216°F. and 220°F. If no thermometer is available, dip a cool silver spoon in the boiling juice, and pour it slowly back again. If two drops sheet off the spoon together, or if a hair spins from the end of the spoon, it is done. It is well to lift the kettle off the fire while testing, to avoid over-cooking. If the jelly is not done in about 30 minutes, it is useless to continue the process, as it will not jelly after that a strong-flavored, syrupy product will result.

Pour into hot sterilized glasses and when cold, cover with melted paraffin. Store in a cool, dry place.

A perfect jelly—

1. Holds its shape and quivers when turned out of a glass. (For appearances sake, it should be put in glasses rather than pint sealers).

2. Is bright, sparkling, clear and transparent.

3. Is of delicate flavor.

4. Is tender.

5. Breaks with a clean, sharp edge.

Fruits rich in acid and pectin in the right proportion for jelly making:

Plum, Currant, Gooseberry, Raspberry, Sour Apples, Grapes, Blueberry, Cran-

berry, Cherries, Quince, Crab Apple.

Fruits with large enough pectin but must have the addition of acid:

Peaches, Sweet Apples, Pears.

Fruits with sufficient acid, but which require pectin added:

Pineapple, Apricot, Rhubarb, Strawberry.

There is no method of determining the amount of acid necessary, but it must be enough to taste sour. Lemon juice and tartaric acid the the most convenient to add.

The reason for heating the sugar before adding it to the juice, is that it does not "slow up" the boiling process so much as cold sugar would do.

Sugar crystallizes in jelly if too much of it is used, or if some is added about the end of the process.

The most common cause of failure in jelly-making is the use of too much sugar in proportion to the pectin. As the fruit ripens, the pectin decreases, so that too-ripe fruit does not make a good jelly.

It is better to skim jelly before the sugar is added, to avoid wasting the sugar. Skim again just before putting into the glasses.

Cloudy jelly is caused by particles of fruit pulp or fibre floating in it, due to too long cooking of the fruit, pressing it when draining in the bag, or using a bag of too-coarsely-woven material.

Tough jelly is caused by wrong proportions of pectin, acid, and sugar, and usually over-cooking.

The crystals in grape jelly are cream of tartar. It does not injure the jelly in any way. Their formation in jelly may be prevented by extracting the juice, bottling it, and making the jelly later in the year. The crystals will have separated from the juice, and may be strained out before commencing to make it into jelly.

Variations of Apple Jelly

Peach Jelly—Combine equal quantities of apple juice and peach juice.

Pear Jelly—Combine equal quantities of pear juice and apple juice.

Pineapple Jelly—Combine equal quantities of pineapple juice and apple juice.

Continued on page 98



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Mint or Geranium Jelly—Put two or three mint leaves or scented geranium leaf in the bottom of each jelly glass. Pour the hot jelly over it.

Plum Jelly

Use firm plums. Cut in pieces, cover with water, cook till tender. Drain. Use $\frac{3}{4}$ c sugar to each cup of juice.

Currant Jelly

Pick over and wash the currants. Use enough water to cover, cook till tender. Drain. Use a little more than half as much sugar as juice. Three extractions may very satisfactorily be made.

Grape Jelly I.

Cover the grapes with water. Two extractions should be made. Use $\frac{2}{3}$ c sugar to each cup of juice.

Grape Jelly II.

2 cups commercial grape juice.
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cups sugar.

1 cup commercial pectin.

Bring the grape juice and sugar to a boil. Add the pectin and boil one minute. Skin and pour into sterilized glasses.

Grape Conserve

Grapes 3c. Orange 1 (large).
Raisins 1 c. Sugar.
Broken nut meats 1c.

Remove the skins from the grapes. Cook the pulp, and rub through a sieve to remove the seeds. Combine the skins, pulp, orange, sliced, raisins, and an equal quantity of sugar. Cook till thick. Add the raisins, and seal in sterile glasses.

Rhubarb-Strawberry Conserve

Strawberries 1 qt.
Rhubarb $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.

Sugar 3c to 4c.

Cut the rhubarb in pieces, crush the berries, add the sugar, and cook till thick.

Rhubarb-Pineapple Conserve

Pineapple cubes, 1 qt.
Rhubarb 1 qt.

Sugar 4c.

Cook till thick.

Green Tomato Mincemeat

Chopped green tomatoes 3 pints.

Apples, chopped, 3 pints.

Apple juice (cooked) 1 c.

Chopped suet 2 c. Cloves 1 t.

Vinegar 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Allspice $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Seeded raisins 3 c. Mace $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

or a little more. Pepper $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Cinnamon 3 t. Salt 2 t.

Grape juice 1 c. Currants 3 c.

Orange (grated rind and juice) 1.

Lemon (grated rind and juice) 1.

Brown sugar 2 pounds.

Mix the chopped apples and tomatoes and let drain for an hour. Add the other ingredients and simmer $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours. Store in a stone crock or glass jars. This quantity makes about 4 quarts.

The Melon Season

The melon family is a huge one, of indefinite age. We know that Lucullus introduced the muskmelon into Rome, from Armenia. Almost every country grows some form of melon. Our best known ones are the watermelon, a native of Africa, and the muskmelon, which originated in Asia Minor. From the West Indies to the vicinity of Montreal, we are able to have them during most of the year.

The Egyptian melons are long, narrow yellow, shaped like a watermelon, and weigh from ten to twenty pounds.

The Spanish melons, from the West Indies, weigh from five to ten pounds, are oval, with a dark green skin marked with bronze, and sweet yellow flesh.

The French melon is short and broad, weighing about four to seven pounds, the skin heavily ribbed and netted, with a pale-yellow flesh. The choicest of them come from near Montreal.

The Honey Dew, a native of Africa and Asia, has been successfully grown in California, but is more difficult to market successfully than many other melons as it must be at the right stage of ripeness to be enjoyable. It is very delicious when perfect.

The Casaba is a melon similar to the Honey Dew, but more easily grown. It is raised in New Jersey as well as in California.

The cantaloupe is most widely grown and used. It has a hard-smooth skin with deep furrows running lengthwise. The Nutmeg Melon, with its soft netted skin, also goes under the same name.

The Rocky Ford is the favorite cantaloupe. It is small, about four and a half inches each way, the skin is a light olive-green, with a thick silver-gray netting entirely covering it, except where smooth stripes run lengthwise of the melon, and end in a small button. When fully ripe, the skin turns slightly yellow. The flesh is firm and smooth, dark green close to the rind, and shading to a deep salmon color around the seed cavity. The Baltimore melon is a long oval variety with a thick firm green flesh.

In selecting cantaloupes or musk melons, they are lightly pressed on one end, and if ripe, a slight springiness should be noticeable. When tapped, a hollow sound is heard.

Citron melons cannot be eaten raw. They are used for sweet pickles and preserves, and the candied citron for cakes and puddings.

Melons are especially desirable for summer desserts.

Muskmelons and cantaloupes are best merely cut in halves, with the seeds carefully scraped out with a silver spoon. They may be chilled in the ice box. The flavor is spoiled if the cavity is filled with cracked ice. Melon a la mode has a serving of ice cream or water ice in the cavity.

Watermelon is said to be good for the kidneys. At any rate it is one of nature's excellent purifiers, even though it has very little of food value. It should be served as cold as possible.

Watermelon Cocktail I.

Cut the pink flesh in cubes or in small balls with a French cutter, and pile in cocktail glasses, and sprinkle with chopped mint leaves, or stick a tiny spray of mint or parsley in the top of each serving for a garnish.

Watermelon Cocktail II.

Mix together 2 cups of watermelon cubes, and 1 cup of pineapple cubes, pour over them 3 tablespoons of sweetened pineapple juice, and let stand till thoroughly chilled.

Fruit Cup

Cubes of watermelon or cantaloupe 2c.

Powdered sugar 1 tb.

Lemon juice 3 t.

Peaches, cubed, 3.

Sprinkle the cubes of peach with the lemon juice, add to the melon cubes, sprinkle with the powdered sugar. Serve in glass cups—serve small amounts for the first course of a meal, larger servings for dessert.

Melon Salad

Make balls or egg-shaped pieces, or cubes of the melon, arrange with sections of orange, or lettuce leaves, and put a spoonful of mild dressing on it.

Sweet Pickled Watermelon

Remove the green rind and any pink portion from the watermelon rind. Cut in uniform pieces, and soak in a brine, using 1 tb. of salt to each pint of cold water. Let stand over night, drain, and boil in fresh water till the rind is soft. Drain well—weigh, and boil, a little at a time, for 20 minutes, using no more rind than the syrup will cover, in a syrup made of:

Sugar 3 pounds. Vinegar $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.

A few sticks of cinnamon.

A tablespoon of whole cloves.

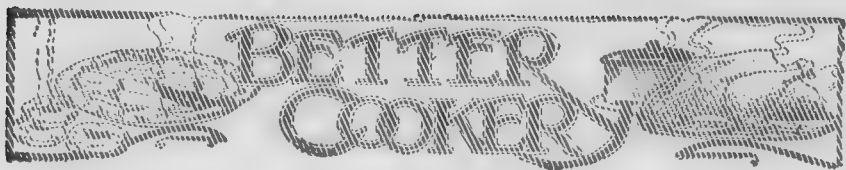
Boil 8 or 10 minutes. When all the fruit is cooked, boil the syrup down till slightly thick; strain over the pickle.

Summer Squash

Mashed—Wash the squash, pare, cut in pieces and boil or steam till tender. Season with salt, pepper and butter, and mash. If tender enough, the skin need not be removed.

Scalloped—Cut the squash in cubes, boil or steam till tender, season; put in a bake-dish, cover with cream sauce, then with buttered crumbs, and bake till the crumbs are browned.

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Continued from page 98

Baked Summer Squash, Southern Style

Boil or steam the squash, cut in halves, for ten minutes. Scoop out the centre, leaving a shell. Squeeze out the seeds, and to the pulp add 1c bread crumbs, 1 chopped onion, 2c cooked chopped meat, a little melted butter if the meat is very lean, salt and pepper, and one beaten egg. Pile in the squash shells, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake in a bread pan till hot, and the squash tender. Serve hot.

Some Dainty Desserts

French Ice Cream

Milk, 2 c. Cream, 3 c.
Sugar, 1 c. Eggs, 3
Flour, 2 tb. Flavoring

Scald the milk, pour it on the sugar and flour mixed together. Return to the double boiler and cook a few minutes, then add the beaten eggs, and cook till the spoon is coated. Cool, add the cream and flavoring and freeze.

This recipe may be varied by using different flavors, garnishes and varying amounts of eggs and cream to make it of different richness.

Almond Cream

Use almond extract and vanilla as the flavoring, and when partly frozen, stir in blanched and chopped almond meats.

Chocolate Ice Cream

To a recipe for plain ice cream add two squares of unsweetened chocolate, melted over hot water, then cooked with the custard, if a custard foundation is used for the cream. Vanilla is the best flavoring for chocolate ice cream. A little cinnamon may also be added if it is liked. For a Philadelphia cream, melt the chocolate, add $\frac{1}{4}$ c. hot water and cook to a smooth paste before adding to the cream.

Coffee Ice Cream

To the ice cream mixture add $\frac{1}{4}$ c. ground coffee steeped for 8 or 10 minutes in 1 c. milk in the double boiler, after straining out and discarding the grounds. Or to the ice cream mixture add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. black coffee.

Caramel Ice Cream

Follow either recipe for plain ice cream. Melt half of the sugar till brown, add half a cup of boiling water to dissolve the caramelized sugar, and add to the remainder of the ice cream mixture.

Fruit Ice Creams

Freeze the ice cream mixture to a mush, then add any desired fruit pulp, with a tablespoon of lemon juice, and sweetened if necessary. Among the favorites are:

Stewed or canned or fresh apricots;
Fresh or canned strawberries;
Fresh or canned peaches;
Pineapple, grated or cut in small pieces;
(If using fresh pineapple, it should first be scalded)
Bananas, mashed
Raisins, soaked in syrup
Cherries
Preserved figs, or chopped layer figs, stewed or raw
Preserved ginger, cut in pieces, and two or three spoonfuls of the ginger syrup
Orange juice
Raspberries, crushed, with 1 tablespoon of lemon juice.

Pistachio Ice Cream

Flavor plain ice cream with half as much almond extract as vanilla, which gives pistachio flavor, and color green, with a vegetable coloring. Chopped almonds and crumbs of macaroons may be added, if wished.

Macaroon Ice Cream

To plain ice cream may be added crumbs of macaroons, sponge cake, graham crackers, or brown bread. Sifted crumbs may be sprinkled over each serving, or may be mixed with chopped nuts.

Frozen Pudding

Make a cooked custard of milk, sugar, flour, and eggs. When cold, flavor, and add whipped cream, and any desired candied fruits, and nuts.

Frozen Pudding II

To custard ice cream add chocolate, candied peel cut in small pieces, and nuts chopped, and raisins and currants steamed till soft and plump. Soak the peel nuts and fruit in syrup for an hour.

Parfaits

Parfaits are ice creams to which whipped cream is added to give a velvety texture, and the mixture is frozen by packing in equal parts of ice and salt, instead of by turning the freezer. Usually a syrup of sugar and water is poured on stiffly beaten egg whites, as in making boiled cake frostings, which gives a perfect texture.

Plain Parfait

Sugar, 1 c. Egg whites, 3
Water, 2 c. Flavoring
Whipping cream, 2 c.

Boil the sugar and water till it threads, then pour on the stiffly beaten egg whites, and continue to beat till cool, fold in the whipped cream, flavor and freeze.

Cafe Parfait

To the above recipe add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. strong coffee.

Chocolate Parfait

Add two squares of chocolate to the syrup in the recipe for plain parfait. Flavor with vanilla.

Maple Parfait

Eggs, 4 Maple syrup, 1 c.
Whipping cream, 2 c.

Heat the maple syrup, and pour slowly on the beaten eggs. Return to the double boiler and cook till thick. Stir in the stiffly whipped cream and freeze.

Parfaits need to stand in the salt and ice mixture for about three hours.

Mousses

Mousses are of a mossy texture due to fine particles of ice in them. They usually have gelatine to give them body and are frozen without stirring in equal parts of ice and salt.

Fruit Mousse

To two cups of mashed pulp of fresh or stewed or canned fruit, such as peaches, bananas, apricots, etc. add 1 tb. lemon juice, and sugar to taste, and 1 t. softened melted gelatin. When it begins to thicken, fold in one pint of cream whipped. Pack in molds and freeze.

Fruit Mousse II

Fruit juice, 1 c. Sugar to sweeten
Cream, whipped, 2 c.

Use the juice of cherries, strawberries, grapes, or raspberries. Add the whipped cream and sweeten to taste. Pack and freeze.

Pineapple Mousse

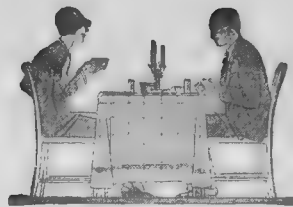
Pineapple juice, 1 c. Cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, 1 c. Cream, 2 c.
Lemon juice, 1 tb. Gelatin, 1 tb.

Make a syrup of the sugar and pineapple juice. Melt in it the gelatin dissolved in the cold water. Add the lemon juice and when the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the whipped cream. Pack in salt and ice for three or four hours.

Frappes

Frappes are frequently water ices, but occasionally those made with milk or cream, which are only partially frozen, and are of a soft, mushy consistency. They are not left to ripen, like other ices, but served at once; they may be served at the beginning of a meal on a very hot day, instead of a cocktail or soup, or may be used as a separate course in a formal dinner. The best-known frappe we have is cranberry, to accompany chicken or turkey.

Continued on page 100



In 76 Famous Tea rooms
the Managers say:

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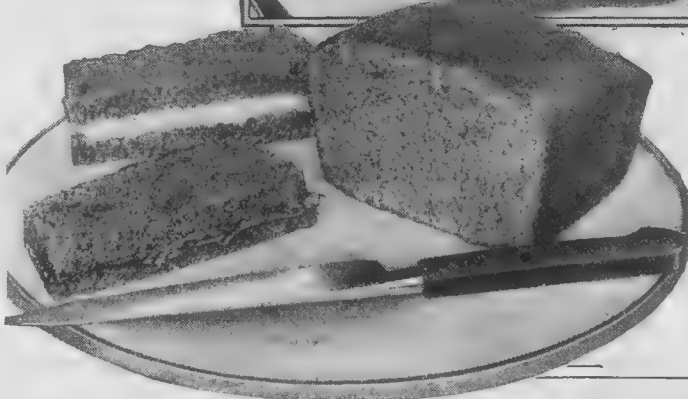
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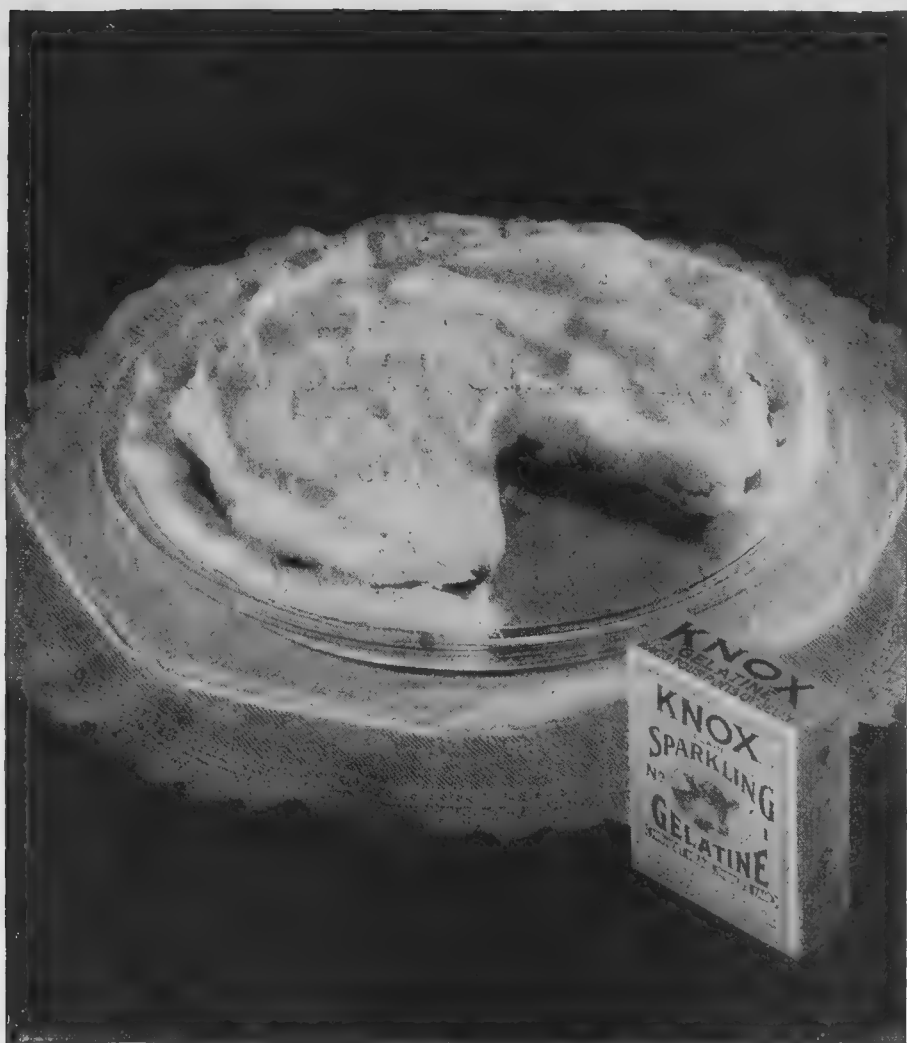
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BLACKBERRY PIE (Six Servings) (Illustrated Above)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
¼ cup cold water. ½ cup orange juice.
1 pint blackberry juice and berries, fresh, canned or preserved.
1 cup cream or evaporated milk, whipped.
Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes; add boiling fruit juice and when almost set, add berries and pour into previously baked pastry shell. When firm and ready to serve, cover top with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, sweetened and flavored, or with whites of eggs beaten very stiff with confectioners' sugar and a little flavoring. This recipe is for canned fruit, but fresh fruit may be used, adding necessary sugar. Use other berries in the same way.

APPLE-ORANGE PUDDING (Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
¼ cup cold water. ½ cup orange juice.
1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Few grains salt.
1 cup apple sauce. 1 cup sugar.
Few grains salt. Whites 2 eggs.
Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes; dissolve over boiling water and add sugar, salt, apple sauce and orange and lemon juice. When mixture begins to thicken, beat until frothy and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold or pile in glasses. Garnish with cooked apples (cut apples in eighths and cook in boiling syrup with a few red cinnamon candies). Serve with a custard sauce, whipped cream or whipped evaporated or condensed milk.

FRUIT BAVARIAN CREAM (Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
¼ cup cold water. 1 cup fruit juice and pulp.
1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Few grains salt.
1 cup cream, whipped. ½ cup sugar.
Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve over boiling water. Add fruit juice and pulp (use peaches, grape juice or any preferred fresh or canned fruit). Add sugar, and when dissolved and mixture begins to stiffen, beat and fold in cream. Turn into wet mold and chill. When firm, unmold and garnish with peach halves or any fruit. Whipped, condensed or evaporated milk may be used instead of the whipped cream.

TOMATO PERFECTION SALAD (Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
¼ cup cold water. 1 tablespoonful onion juice.
2 cups tomatoes, fresh or canned.
Few grains salt. 1 tablespoonful mild vinegar.
Few grains cayenne. 1 cup cabbage, shredded.
¼ cup of celery, chopped.
¼ green pepper chopped.
Nut meats, if desired.
Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Heat tomatoes with onion juice and seasonings for ten minutes; add soaked gelatine and vinegar and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. When mixture begins to thicken, add vegetables and turn into wet mold. When firm, unmold on lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise. If ripe tomatoes are used, simply squeeze the juice from them.



Continued from page 99

Cranberry Frappe

Make cranberry sauce according to any favorite recipe, rub through a sieve, pack in molds and bury for 4 hours in equal parts of ice and salt. Or partially freeze the sauce in a freezer.

Grapefruit Frappe

Make a syrup by boiling two cups of sugar and four cups of water. Add three cups of orange and grapefruit juice in any desired proportion, and one-half cup of lemon juice. This is good instead of a cocktail.

Gelatin is occasionally used in ices to give a smoother texture, and to prevent the formation of crystals when the ice stands awhile. Ice cream manufacturers call it a "binder." A teaspoon of granulated gelatin, soaked in cold water, then dissolved in a little hot water or stirred in hot syrup if it is used, may be added to any of the preceding recipes.

Sherbets or Sorbets

Sherbets have either gelatin or beaten egg whites added to them. They may be made of fruit juices and water or of milk. Being less rich than creams made with cream, many people prefer them in hot weather.

Milk Sherbet

Milk, 1 quart Sugar, 1½ c.
Juice of 3 lemons

Dissolve the sugar in the lemon juice, slowly add to the milk while stirring. Although it curdles, the frozen product is all right. It is easily made and very good.

Stewed Fruit Sherbet

Use any stewed or canned fruit, such as apples, pears, peaches, cherries, pineapple, dried apricots, rhubarb, etc. Mash

and rub through a sieve, and sweeten to taste; season with lemon juice and if wished, spices, and if needed, dilute with water. When partly frozen, stir in two well-beaten egg-whites to each quart of mixture, and finish freezing.

Fruit Pulp Sherbets

Partly freeze a mixture of two cups of any desired fruit juices, a syrup of two cups water and two cups sugar, and two beaten egg whites. Add the mashed pulp of bananas, ripe peaches, or cantaloupe, and finish freezing.

Rhubarb Sherbet

Wash and cut the rhubarb up fine, but do not peel it. Cover with an equal amount of water and sugar, and stew gently till tender. Strain. Add the juice of one lemon to each pint of juice, more sugar if necessary, and tint it pink if the rhubarb is not an attractive color. Freeze.

Peach Sherbet

Dissolve three cups of sugar in one cup of hot cream. When cool, add one-half cup of lemon juice and three cups of milk. Freeze not too hard, stir in two cups of peach pulp and let it ripen for an hour. When serving, garnish with slices of ripe peaches.

Apricot Sherbet

Whipped cream, 1 c. Orange juice, ½ c.
Water, 1 c. Lemon juice, 3 tb
Canned apricots, 2 c.

Make a syrup of the water and sugar, add the apricots, mashing the fruit. Add the lemon and orange juice, freeze to a mush, then add the whipped cream, and finish freezing, or pack and let stand two hours.

Recipes for Large Gatherings

By Phoebe Cole

THE hostess who is planning to entertain her club or sewing circle is always on the look-out for something new and different, for well she knows the treat it is to most busy women to sit down to a meal they have not had to plan and possibly prepare themselves.

It is in the salads and desserts that it is easiest to introduce novelties. Men do not usually care much for fancy salads but the average woman likes salads, and they may be made quite pretty and decorative with a little planning.

If you think some of your guests will not like an oil dressing, try either one of these dressings, which are delicious with a fruit salad:

Honey Dressing

(Makes about one quart)

Honey, 1½ c. Sugar, 2 tb.
Egg yolks, 6. Lemon juice, ½ c.
Whipped cream, 1½ c.

Beat egg yolks and add honey, sugar and lemon juice. Cook in a double boiler until mixture thickens. Chill thoroughly; when cold fold in whipped cream.

Golden Dressing

(Makes about one quart)

Orange juice, ¾ c. Lemon juice, ¼ c.
Salt, ½ tb. Sugar, 1 c.
Eggs, 3. Heavy cream, 2 c.

Heat fruit juices, salt and sugar in top of double boiler. Add eggs slightly beaten and stir and cook until thick. Cool and just before serving time add whipped cream.

French Fruit Salad

(25 servings)

Large oranges, 6. Bananas, 9.
Head lettuce, 3. White grapes, 1½ lbs.
Sliced pineapple, diced, 4 c.
Dressing.

Peel oranges very carefully (in winter try to buy navels, as they are in market then and are so firm and easy to handle) and separate pulp from each section. Peel and dice the bananas, squeezing a little orange juice over them to prevent discoloration. Seed and halve the grapes. Drain the pineapple. Toss lightly, so as not to make the fruit soft and mushy, to

mix in the dressing, which may be either a French dressing or mayonnaise, made with oil, a boiled salad dressing, a honey dressing or the recipe given above for golden dressing.

Sunflower Salad

(25 Servings)

Lettuce, 3 heads. Dates, 3 boxes
Large firm oranges, 18.
Chopped nut meats, 1½ c.
Dressing

Peel oranges carefully, separate into sections, and remove white membrane, leaving yellow meat exposed, and being careful not to break the sections. Arrange lettuce leaves on individual serving plates, and on each arrange orange sections like petals of a sunflower. Have dates stoned, chopped, mixed with nut meats. In centre of each sunflower place ball of date mixture. Pass the dressing after salad plates are handed around. This salad is especially effective when table or rooms can be decorated with yellow flowers, as it is nice to have foods and decorations harmonize.

Orange Waldorf Salad

(25 Servings)

Diced Apples, 2 qt. Lemon juice, ¼ c.
Diced celery, 1 pt. Raisins, 1 c.
Diced orange, 1 qt. Mayonnaise, 1 pt.
Lettuce, 3 heads, if obtainable.

Pare, core and dice apples, and pour lemon juice over immediately to prevent discoloration. Wash raisins, cover with boiling water and allow to stand five minutes to "plump," drain and dry. Peel the oranges and remove bitter white membrane, and cut into thick slices, then into small squares. Toss all lightly together with any salad dressing, and pile into a big serving bowl, or arrange in portions on individual serving plates. Lettuce is nice as a foundation if obtainable, but not necessary.

Jellied Gingerale Salad

(25 Servings)

Cold water, 2/3 c. Sugar, ½ c.
Lemon juice, ¾ c. Bananas, 6.

Boiling water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Gingerale, $4\frac{1}{2}$ c.
 Granulated gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
 Oranges, 6 large, or 10 small ones
 Broken nut meats, 1 c.
 Generous pinch of salt.
 Lettuce, if obtainable
 Fruit salad dressing.

Soften gelatine five minutes in cold water, then dissolve in boiling water, with salt. Add lemon juice, sugar and gingerale. Cool. When it begins to stiffen, fold in the prepared fruits and nuts. Turn into individual molds and chill. When ready to serve unmold on individual plates (on a bed of lettuce if lettuce is obtainable) and pass a fruit dressing.

Lemon Bavarian Cream

25 Servings)

Cold water, 2 c. Sugar, 4 c.
 Lemon juice, 2 c. Eggs, 6.
 Granulated gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
 Heavy cream, 1 qt.

Soften gelatine in 1 cup cold water. Put 2 cups of the sugar and the second cup of water with the lemon juice in top of double boiler. When heated add the egg yolks to which the remaining two cups of sugar have been added. Cook until thickened, stirring to prevent sticking. Remove from heat, add softened gelatine, stir thoroughly and turn into cold mold. When cold, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and whipped cream.

Jellied Pears

(25 Servings)

Cold water, 2 c. Dried pears, 2 lbs.
 Cold water, 4 qts. Sugar, 2 c.
 Lemons, juice of 3. Oranges, juice of 4.
 Granulated gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
 Whipped cream

Soak pears overnight in 4 quarts water, and cook till tender in same water next morning. Remove from liquid, take out cores, cut into small pieces and return to the liquid. Sweeten, bring to boiling point and add softened gelatine. Cool, add fruit juices, pour into molds that have been dipped in cold water, and chill till firm. Unmold at serving time and serve with whipped cream.

Prune Ice Cream

(25 Servings)

Prune pulp, 4 c. Sugar, 3 c.
 Lemons, juice of 3. Oranges, juice of 3.
 Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
 Heavy cream, 3 c.

Rub cooked prunes through a sieve to obtain pulp. Add remaining ingredients, mix thoroughly, fold in whipped cream last of all and freeze. Serve with crisp cookies or a sponge cake.

FLAVOR HINTS

FLAVOR is a very subtle thing, and yet it is very important if foods are to please the palate and give actual pleasure as well as nourishment. Flavor is what distinguishes really good home cooking from nondescript boarding house cooking, and it is what makes European cooking to seem so very unusual and delicious to the average American who goes abroad.

Someone has said that salting food is an art, and this we believe. Food that is too salty is repellant, yet food that lacks the proper amount of salt is flat and tasteless. The same thing is true of pepper and paprika—using just the right amount greatly enhances the flavor.

The European cook not only uses onion and garlic freely, but uses them with a great deal of skill and delicacy, thinking it not too much trouble to rub the inside of the salad bowl with a clove of garlic just to get a suggestion of a flavor. Europeans also use spices with great finesse and thereby gain piquant flavors.

It is more a matter of taking pains with the cookery than of spending additional sums of money, to get more flavor out of our foods. For instance, the housewife who is a bit lazy about watching the pots on her stove, will keep her pot roast well covered with water to avoid burning, and the result will be a pale gravy of no particular flavor. The housewife who will take pains to watch, will let it cook down nearly dry, just within an ace of burning, and her gravy will be a deeply rich brown with the most delicious imaginable flavor.

Here are a few flavor hints planned to make the average menu more interesting:

Honeydew melons and cantaloup are much more delicious if served with a bit of lemon, such as is served with fish or iced tea.

Slice a large, firm lemon lengthwise into six portions. The acid of the lemon brings out the flavor of the melon to perfection, and all the big hotels now serve honeydew this way.

Puddings and baked apples will have a more mellow flavor if made with brown sugar or granulated sugar that has been caramelized. To caramelize sugar, place the desired amount in a heavy saucepan and melt over a hot flame, until it is the color of maple sugar. Stir constantly.

Blueberry or huckleberry pies will be much more delicious if a tablespoon of lemon juice or two of orange juice is poured over the fruit, as both those berries are a little lacking in acid.

Bananas to be used in fruit salad or banana fritters will be found much more flavorful if peeled, split and covered with orange juice for an hour before using. The porous fruit of the banana will absorb the citrus juice and be much improved in flavor.

Whipped cream, like egg meringue, needs to be sweetened and flavored to attain its greatest delicacy. Use powdered sugar and a few drops of vanilla.

Hot chocolate or cocoa will be much better if flavored with a few drops of vanilla.

Apple sauce or baked apples are improved not only by brown sugar and a little butter for flavoring, but by a few slices of lemon or orange, rind and all, cooked in with them.

Gravies should be brown and rich looking as well as rich tasting. A pale gravy can be helped out in looks and taste by using a little beef extract paste to darken it.

Fish demands a tart flavor for contrast. A lemon garnish or a sour sauce should always accompany fish dinners.

THE SCHOOL CHILD'S LUNCH

EDUCATION and nutrition go hand-in-hand. Teachers find that the undernourished child cannot do as good work in the school room as the well fed child who is in perfect health.

It is important that growing children receive well-planned, well-balanced diet, administered at regular intervals. Some medical authorities also insist that there should be something hot at each one of the three regular meals, and great stress is laid on the hot noon lunch for the school child. It is true that children are likely to eat hot foods, especially in cool weather, with greater zest than they would approach a lunch of cold sandwiches, cookies or cakes. The hot noon meal is greatly to be desired when possible to be had.

Variety in sandwiches aids in keeping up the child's interest in the contents of his daily lunch box, when a cold lunch is necessary. Chopped nuts, dates and figs, various kinds of cheese, as well as jelly or jam, all make sandwich fillings that appeal to childish palates. If possible, never make the same kind of sandwich two days in succession. Minced meats are better for children's sandwiches than slices.

Simple cakes and cookies, not too rich, will not hurt the child. Sponge cake seems the most suitable for children, because it is not so rich as a buttercake. But fruit is the ideal dessert for the school lunch box, and of all fruits the orange easily leads in universal popularity and in helpful food elements. It is easily obtainable in all localities twelve months in the year, is easy to pack, keeps well, and most children love it. No other fruit contains so large a content of vitamins, that element so essential to proper growth sound bone structure, and vitality.

Two or three oranges a day will not hurt a child, as the mild acid of this fruit has an alkaline effect in the system and never causes acidity. In fact, modern medical science is discovering that orange juice is a remedy for severe cases of acidosis, rheumatism, and kindred afflictions, while it is being prescribed for babies suffering from scurvy and rickets. Oranges and orange juice are just as good for the growing child as whole wheat bread, Grade A milk, fresh green vegetables and pure butter fats, and should be given daily.

Grammar

Customer—"Is them aigs fresh?"
 Market Woman—"I ain't sayin' they ain't!"

Customer—"I ain't asked you, is they ain't. I'm askin' you, ain't they is. Is they?"

ONE YEAR FOR ONE DOLLAR

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PROVINCE

THREE YEARS FOR TWO DOLLARS

Of Interest to the Ladies

By Phoebe Cole

MODERN BEAUTY AIDS

NEVER before in history have civilized women revealed so much of their bodies as today, and so, naturally, never before have they needed so many beauty aids. For even the most beautiful woman usually needs to help Nature out a wee bit with art. Fortunately, good cosmetics and beauty aids that formerly only stage beauties and women of great wealth could afford are today within the reach of even the most modest income. Good perfumes are of course still expensive, but good soaps, tooth paste, creams, astringents, powders, rouge, non-perspirants, deodorants and depilatories are today extremely inexpensive.

The modern vogue of short skirts, sheer, light-colored hose, sleeveless frocks, one-piece bathing suits and bobbed hair brings to the fore one problem which formerly was a problem only to the occasional woman with hair on her face, but is today a real problem to nine out of every ten women; for even the fairest of Eve's daughters frequently have some slight growth of unwanted hair on forearms, legs, arm-pits, and back of the neck below the bob.

The razor is the last method on earth which the really fastidious, beauty-loving woman will resort to for solving this vexing problem of unwanted hair. For every cutting simply makes the hair come back more stiff and stubborn than before. Everybody knows that a young boy's first "beard" is merely a soft down; but a few months of shaving will make it stiff, bristly, dark and thick, so that he will have to shave every day. Besides encouraging the hair growth, the use of the razor is fraught with a certain danger, for the slightest cut, besides bleeding and looking unsightly at the time, may result in an infection. So, even though some well-meaning friend gave you a gold-plated safety razor for Christmas, don't use it if you really wish to discourage the growth of unwanted hair.

"But I am afraid to use a depilatory," some woman will say. "It must be so strong? I am afraid it would hurt my skin."

There is, of course, an occasional individual with skin so unusually sensitive that almost any bleach, lotion, non-perspirant or depilatory produces slight irritation. There are skins so sensitive that they get ivy poisoning merely from walking near the plant and having the invisible particles from the leaves of the ivy blown by the breeze upon face, neck and hands. There are persons who cannot eat strawberries without breaking out into a violent rash. But such cases are rare.

No manufacturer is going to risk thousands, often millions of dollars in putting on the market, and staking his reputation as well as his financial success upon, a product that has not been tested and tested again, an almost infinite number of times, and with varying types of people, to make absolutely certain that it is both efficacious and safe for the average person to use.

Today, the several excellent cream depilatories on the market are as safe and as easy to use, for the average person, as a tooth paste or a cold cream. Like non-perspirants, they should be used according to the manufacturer's directions. Naturally, he knows his product best, and in giving directions for its use he is trying to aid the consumer to get the very best results.

So no girl or woman need fear to use the dainty cream depilatories on the market, which are so very much daintier and safer than the razor, and so much less painful than the wax method of pulling out hairs from large areas at one time. The wearer of sheer, light-colored hose can treat her legs painlessly and successfully in ten minutes, with no after effect of pain, smarting or reddened skin. Forearms and armpits are as easily treated.

KEEPING BOBBED HAIR FIT

THE bob is by no means on the wane in this country, if statistics mean anything. Signor Peter Pace, the clever artist of the shears who presides over the ladies' barber department at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City, declares that he bobs on an average of a dozen new heads every day, and he is only one of Gotham's fashionable barbers. Others tell the same story.

But no woman who has bobbed will deny that while she adores her shorn locks and never means to let them grow again, they are a great nuisance to keep fit. Even though a woman's hair needed shampooing only every second or even



These Chinese Pajamas, worn by Marion Nixon, are made of heavy silk, hand-embroidered, with a border of silk in a darker shade

third week, when it was long, she soon finds that her bob needs a shampoo every ten days at the longest interval, or perhaps every six or seven days, because bobbed hair so soon becomes oily and unsightly.

To buy a shampoo so often means a considerable drain on the business girl's purse, so many girls and women are today learning to shampoo at home, and this is not such a hardship as the home shampoo was in days of long hair, which stayed wet for an hour or more.

Use the finest quality of soap, and use plenty of it; lather the head thoroughly, not only once, but several times, to get all the oil and dirt free from the hair. Plan to have several rinse waters, the first two hot, to remove every trace of suds; the last rinse may be either cold or luke-warm as you prefer, but to insure absolutely cutting any remnant of oil that may remain, it is wise to add the juice of two lemons to the final rinse water. This is a splendid tonic for the scalp and hair, and leaves a fluffy, glossy cleanliness, which is exactly what the woman with the bob desires.

KITCHEN COSMETICS

EVERY woman who has good sense tries to make herself as attractive as possible; this is not necessarily vanity, but in many cases humility. It is not necessary to patronize expensive beauty shops to get beauty aids, and the woman who has not much money to spend on creams and lotions will look about her own kitchen and find there a number of safe and efficient beauty helps.

Cornmeal is a most excellent cleanser and softener of the skin, particularly for the hands and the neck which may have got darkened from a fur neckpiece. Used with or without soap, the wet meal is just rough enough to clean the skin without hurting it. Use warm water first, then rinse with cold water. Olive oil or mutton tallow will heal chapped hands and prevent chapping.

The kitchen offers several good substitutes when the tooth paste tube goes dry. Saltbaking soda, or lemon juice are all good as a dentifrice. The humble lemon also is an excellent skin bleach, freckle lotion, and remover of fruit and vegetable stains from the fingers. Many women keep half a lemon handy at the sink or on the wash stand at all times, to remove vegetable stains from their fingers.

If the finger nails are brittle and break easily, rub in a little salad oil after the hands are washed for the last time at night; this will toughen the nail as well as give it a glossy shine.

A SIMPLE HOME-MADE TONIC

OUR fore-fathers did less dosing than we do, perhaps because there was no well-stocked drug store on every other corner, and perhaps because they had a nervous dread of calling in the "leech," whose pleasant specialty was blood-letting! But they made at home all manner of wholesome and helpful tonics, using often the herbs of their own gardens, or the fields and woods. It might be well if some of us today would rely less on the doctor's frequent visits, and seek health in fresh air, sane diet, healthful exercise and simple remedies to be found in our own kitchens. Hot water, lemon juice, baking soda—what better remedies has the doctor to offer for constipation, rheumatism, sour stomach? Thousands are today eating up mother's yeast cakes and finding benefit. Buttermilk has cured many a stubborn case of indigestion.

Here is a simple home method of making a most beneficial and pleasant-tasting citrate of magnesia. Buy at any drug store Magnesium Carbonate in powder form, and each morning on arising mix a teaspoonful of this powder with the juice of a lemon, fill up the glass with cold water, and drink. This may be sweetened with sugar if desired, though the magnesium neutralizes the acidity of the lemon and the drink is not unpleasantly tart without sugar.



This gorgeous negligee, worn by Jane Marlowe, Universal player in "Wild Beauty," is of orchid, cut chiffon velvet trimmed with maribou

By increasing the strength of this mild dose it can be made as strongly purgative as desired, but a stronger dose is seldom needed if the mild dose is taken regularly each morning by those whose sedentary habits have resulted in sluggish elimination.

A "DRESSING UP" PARTY

SOME of us may feel rather elderly when we look at ourselves in a mirror, and rather serious and settled when we think about our duties and responsibilities in life. But there are few persons so old or so settled that they cannot have a hilarious good time at a "dressing up" party. The hostess or club that wishes to give a party that is a howling success from the time the first two or three guests arrive and get a look at each other, should plan this sort of an entertainment.

A general costume party is not always advised, as there are usually two or three invited who feel obliged to make or rent such elaborate and expensive costumes that they quite awe the other guests and throw them completely into the shade. A "tacky" party, a baby party, a "kid" party or a country school party is more fun and imposes less trouble on the guests in getting up costumes. Or the hostess might set a

limit, say fifty cents or a dollar, as the maximum sum anybody is to be allowed to spend for materials for the costume. This plan taxes everybody's ingenuity and results in some very amusing costumes.

At one such party, given last summer on a small island, where there were no stores to go to for materials, one clever young man donned his bathing trunks and over them wore a tasty costume consisting of a nice clean barrel, slung from his shoulders by ropes. The effect was so startling and made such a hit that he felt well repaid for the sacrifice of not being able to dance all evening with any of the bathing beauties, lady cowboys, Topsy, Eva, Little Red Riding Hood, Sis Hopkins, the Merry Widow, Lo-Lo, the poor Indian maid, the Spanish vamp, and all the other lovely ladies present.

A country school party is perhaps the easiest of all to stage, and most fun. By this we mean that everybody is to dress in the way country school children are supposed to look—and do—in the movies. Of course the fact that many children who live on farms dress just as well and just as smartly as town and city children, and go rolling up to the "Little Red Schoolhouse" in comfortable automobiles, has nothing to do with the case. Just now we are trying to think of costumes that are easy to concoct and sufficiently exaggerated to be amusing. Anything that looks like a youngster in an "Our Gang" comedy will do.

When the guests arrive, give each one a lemon with a tiny slice cut off one end, and a long stick of candy. Of course every real "country kid" will know how to stick the candy into the lemon and then squeeze and suck for dear life.

All the old games of childhood, country dances, songs and stunts will provide all the fun needed. A spelling bee isn't a bad idea, if it is not carried on too long—just long enough to get a few big laughs. Very few adults can remember the names of the various state capitols if the name of the state is suddenly shouted at them, so fun can be had from holding "classes" and showing how much of our schooling most of us have forgotten!

When it is time for refreshments, the hostess should appoint two "lunch box monitors" to bring in the "eats." They should bring in a funny assortment of individual lunches—lunch boxes, tin pails, shoe boxes, paper bags, and packages—just the sort of conglomeration of packages that might be found in the cloakroom of a real school. Of course each contains the same items: paper napkin, plate and cup, and any refreshments the hostess chooses—sandwiches, potato chips, pickles, olives, salted nuts, cheese, cakes, fruit, cookies or doughnuts are suggested. Lemonade should be served throughout the evening from a big pail with a dipper. If desired, a huge ice-cream freezer may be brought in and the guests served directly from it. If the weather is very cold, a big pail of hot coffee or chocolate would be appreciated. But the serving must be very informal.

Try this kind of party on your crowd and see if you don't have a fine time at slight expense.

An egg that is slightly cracked can be boiled successfully if a tablespoon of vinegar be added to the water.

Grease spots can be removed from flannel by the application of a little French chalk. Afterwards hold the garments in front of the fire for a short time.

For Large Shoes

Cut a piece of velvet to fit the inside of each heel and glue in position. The velvet grips the stockings and help to keep the shoes firm and round the heels.

To Get Rid of Beetles

Mix together some flour and plaster of Paris and put it in places visited by the beetles. They will eat this and get poisoned. A mixture of borax and powdered lump sugar, used in the same way, is also effective, as beetles seem to have a great objection to borax. Use these remedies every night until the beetles disappear.

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 91

Manitoba Notes

Arizona W.I.—This Institute has discussed improving the method of teaching in the country school.

Arrow River W.I.—A member at Arrow River speaks on her trip to Ontario.

Austin W.I.—Linoleum is being purchased by this Society for the new community hall.

Balmoral W.I.—A delightful shower was held at the close of the W.I. meeting for a recent bride.

Bowsman W.I.—A sick woman was sent off to the Sanitarium by the Institute at Bowsman. The members made clothes for her.

Clearwater W.I.—A paper on "Transportation" was found very interesting.

Coulter W.I.—Eggs have been sent to the Gimli Camp, and fruit has been sent to a sick member.

Cromarty W.I.—The secretary reports two good papers on "The Care of Milk and Cream on the Farm" and "Accredited Herd System."

Dugald W.I.—This Institute has sent a box of groceries to the Salvation Army Camp, and also to a needy family.

Ebor W.I.—A demonstration on Wear-Ever Aluminum was enjoyed by the members of the Ebor Institute. The demonstrator showed how a whole meal can be cooked by steam.

Elkhorn W.I.—The Elkhorn Institute entertained the Virden members at one of their meetings, when interesting papers were given by both Societies.

Ellenville W.I.—Ellenville had planned on hearing the local doctor speak at their last meeting, but the rain made it impossible for him to come.

Elphinstone W.I.—The organizing of a tonsil and adenoid clinic was discussed, for the benefit of children whose parents could not afford to send them to a hospital.

Elva W.I.—Three different fresh air camps have been supplied with a crate of eggs from the Elva Institute.

Ewart W.I.—This Institute has also had a demonstration on Wear-Ever Aluminum. The demonstrator cooked lunch for them at Ewart though!

Gunton W.I.—The secretary reports quite a number of papers being given. The storing of vegetables for the winter was discussed by the members.

Hamiota W.I.—Plans are being made to re-furnish the W.I. kitchen at Hamiota.

Hartney W.I.—A number of fancy salads were displayed at the September meeting, when recipes for the same were given out. "Singing, saying or paying," was the manner in which the members responded to roll call.

Inglis W.I.—Favorite recipes are being contributed by the members at Inglis for the compiling of a cook book. Copies of this are to be sold, the proceeds going toward the hall fund.

Kenton W.I.—Lenore and Harding Institutes were represented at Kenton's August meeting.

Lidstone W.I.—The keeping of cream was the subject of discussion at Lidstone. Butter-making was also discussed.

Makaroff W.I.—We hope the Apron Social and Silver Tea held recently turned out a good crowd.

Mayfield W.I.—A Handkerchief and Apron Sale has been arranged for December.

Ochre River W.I.—Plans are under way for a bazaar to be held this fall.

Pipestone W.I.—"The Life of Schubert" was discussed by the members, and many musical items were contributed.

Roblin W.I.—Plans are being made for the annual fall bazaar.

Souris W.I.—The Souris Institute was thirteen years old on September 24th, when a Birthday Tea was held.

Congratulations, Souris!

Tilston W.I.—Ways of raising money for the rink were discussed. This is one of them: One member is donating the top for a quilt, another the lining, and the other members are donating 15c. each for the batting.

Waskada W.I.—A sketch of Luther Burbank was an interesting feature on the Waskada programme.

Whitewater W.I.—A crate of 15 dozen eggs has been sent to the Salvation Army Fresh Air Camp by the members at Whitewater.



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Let Us Talk About Home Comforts

Continued from page 30

that anyone will find very comfortable indeed; the circular back of the tub chair has that faculty of touching and supporting one all around that is very restful. Then there are trim little square chairs of modest price, with shallow back and arms and nicely padded seating space, but without the luxury of the deep springs that make the heavier chairs just that much more comfortable and durable. The coverings offered include all the fabrics of the moment; or you can buy your furniture with plain denim covers and add your own attractive slip-covers of cheerful chintz.

THE chesterfield of 1927 I found just as interesting as the chairs, and with the same improvements over their predecessors. Of course if one has the space for a big, three-cushioned chesterfield, with fine springs and upholstery, thick cushions, a back to lean against that allows one to "sink in" just far enough—there can be no denial of the fact that it is well worth its room. It is about the ultimate word in real comfort. But if space considerations enter, then we look for the same thing in our chesterfield as we do in the chairs—intensive cultivation of the space that is available. This is achieved in the same manner—the manufacturer reduces the depth and spread of the frame and keeps the actual seating space as large as possible. When any three-cushion chesterfield is too large, the two-cushion size will often work in delightfully.

Shapes are varied too, there are rounded ends to give variety to the square types; buttoned covers and unbuttoned; loose cushions or solid upholstery; slip covers or permanent.

No chesterfield interested me more than the one which, with no sacrifice of its day-time good looks, could be converted in the simplest manner into a thoroughly comfortable bed at night. It is a joy to the hospitably minded person who has no regular guest-room—and doubly a joy to the guest who finds, in truth, much greater comfort in this convertible bed than in the bed of rather doubtful comfort that is found in many guest rooms. A great many people have everyday need of all their rooms; they must often choose between holding the guestroom idle fifty weeks in the year to have it for an occasional guest, or giving it to some member of the family who really needs it and would enjoy it all the time. It seems a pity to me, to deprive the grown girl of all the joys of a room to herself, or the boys of a

workroom of their own, or the children of a playroom that would mean so much fun to them and so much comfort to Mother, when their toys and trappings would be concentrated in one place. I should much prefer to install one of these modern davenports, knowing that my casual guest can be made so very comfortable on it—or, for that matter, some member of the family who gives up a room to the guest, glad to do so in repayment for its unmolested use in the guestless days.

I have often spoken of the little comfort-touches brought into a room by small pieces of furniture—the little table beside a chair, the smoker for Father, the handy sewing basket with its equipment always at hand. Do you give thought for the short member of the family—and provide a little footstool? It can add such a decorative touch in the room, if you give it a covering of the needlepoint that has come out of the past to be so popular with us of late, or of gay wool-darned canvas or a bit of the chintz used in the room; and it will also be appreciated if the floor is the least inclined to be drafty.

SPEAKING of drafts, however—how many people suffer them, year after year, as something that must be borne, like darkness in the early morning and snow drifting across the walks? Yet there is usually a way to go after those abominable drafts and get rid of them. If poorly-fitted windows and doors are the cause, there are splendid kinds of weather stripping to be had—and small trick to put it on. Heavy curtains that may be really drawn across the window, well out over its frame, will also help materially in shutting out the cold air, in winter. Double windows on the exposed side of the house, and a storm door where necessary, are old-time helps for the inclement months.

It seems more natural to speak of these cold-weather comforts at this time than to think of summer equipment—but perhaps it would not be a bad idea for Mother to assert, while the memory of the past summer's sun is still hot upon her, that she wants an awning over the kitchen window next year; it is a great comfort if the window faces directly toward the east or the west. Dark blinds are a help, when there is a quiet time in which they can be drawn, but if the kitchen must be used during

the sunny hours, a projecting shade is worth many times its small cost.

COMFORTABLE lighting will have a great deal to do with your enjoyment of the evening hours during the next few months. It is not a great matter to look over your lamps—their kind, their placing, their shading. We have learned so much about lighting in recent years. We know how restful and relaxing it is, to have the light fall directly on book or handwork when we settle down for the evening, and so we have to a great extent lost interest in a light perched high in the ceiling, for any uses beyond the guiding of our footsteps. For the rooms we use we want the light right where the activity is!

This means several lamps in the living-room, so that people pursuing their interests in different parts of the room are well taken care of; this is as easy to arrange in these days of electricity, as when oil lamps held unrivalled sway; we have found that we can have a large number of baseboard plugs and other convenient outlets, at very small cost when the wiring is put in, and for not a great deal of extra expense even when they have to be added. So we can still have our table lamp, with its pretty shade to cast the light just where it is wanted—or the low lampstand, that takes its place beside chair or sofa. Comfort is not served alone—health, eyesight and efficiency are all aided by good light in the right places.

In the kitchen, the working areas should be equally well lighted, and those of us who love the luxury of reading in bed, can always use the excuse of the great convenience that it is to stretch out a hand and have light in a second, for any emergency!

Like the arrangement of the lights, placing of furniture is often of great moment in the comfort it gives. Don't overlook the fact that you will enjoy lounging in the window, in summer, rather than at the empty fireside—and that a mere change in the angle of this piece or that will mean taking it into or out of the sunlight, as may be desirable. I never leave a room arranged the same way all the year around—there are always seasons when important pieces are placed to greater advantage in one part of the room than in another—and the actual change of appearance is as worth while as the increased comfort.

deliver to the eye and ear antipodean events;

Astronomers will learn the distance and dimensions of the nearby stars, and nebula, but not of the entire universe.

The separation of energy and matter will be accomplished to a degree which will permit the generation of essential substances;

The food problems for a dense population will be solved through synthetic chemistry and the development of rapidly growing fungus.

The quality of citizens, rather than the quantity, will be recognized as the desideratum, and births will be limited to the number which can be cared for and properly educated.

The prohibition of all detrimental drugs and drinks will become a matter of principle;

Biology, pathology, chemistry and surgery will extend the span of human life by preventative rather than by corrective measures.

The definition of God and Good will be recognized as that which adds to the total happiness of the human race, and the definition of Bad—all subtractions from that total.—Scientific American.

"NOTHING PARTICULAR"

ARE not these remarks that we often hear or even make ourselves: "What happened today?" "Oh, nothing particular."

Perhaps if you were asked to give an account of the day you might say that besides your usual duties you had taken a walk and enjoyed the company of the birds and trees and coming signs of spring. You had stopped on the road, talked with a neighbor, or had stayed a short time at another's home. On the return journey you were stopped to have a ride down the tiny tots' toboggan slide, being steered by a teddy-bear knight as gallantly as though he were twenty-six instead of six. Nor was he satisfied with one slide; you must have more and more and also be treated by all his companions. So in the end you hurried home much later than intended, taking with you as a token of their appreciation several very sticky candies that came from very woolly pockets.

In the evening there being nothing particular to do you decided to turn out a long-neglected desk and rearrange some books in the book case, and began by looking over a few old books, and these reminded you of old letters and you went to the desk and took them out. Letters your school chums had written, of the days when you learned to skate and played hockey on the lake with makeshift sticks and puck. These incidents brought to memory many old pleasures and amusing times, one thing led to another until everyone was laughing and talking and later were surprised to find how late it was. There was no time for tidying or rearranging and papers and books were slipped back hurriedly. Then the telephone rang and to your answering "Hello" someone said: "Well, what have you been doing today?" and you answered: "Oh, nothing particular." Wouldn't it have been truer to have said: "Oh, many things; I have lived over ten or twelve years of my life today."

TO A GROUND THRUSH.

W. V. Newson

O Thrush, with the auburn breast,
Welcome to your last year's nest!
Near my window, neighborly,
Caroling your litany!
Cheer-o-lee, Cheer-o-lee,
Wakes the day for me!

Often in the morning dew
Have you fed your fledgling crew,
While your mate in branch nearby
Chants a paean to the sky!
Cheer-o-lee, Cheer-o-lee,
Lives my love for thee!

There by front of velvet lawn,
Will your summer food be drawn,
Now to pluck and now to pass—
What you hear beneath the grass:
Cheer-o-lee, Cheer-o-lee,
Lives the day for me!

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Yesterday

Man power built the pyramids;
The sweating bodies of galley slaves
propelled the ships;

The straining muscles of the ox broke
up the sod;

Human backs, bent by labor, gleaned
the fields and threshed the meagre yield
of grain;

Tired fingers, spurred on by duty, prepared
the fibre, spun the thread and
wove the cloth.

Distance was measured by footsteps—
days by the sun;

Communication awaited the will of
wind and weather;

Action was limited by weary muscles,
the mind by a horizon of fear, and safety
lay in stealth and concealment;

The forces of Nature were manifestations
of supreme anger or approval;

Pleasures were carnal, love was selfish
and life was short;

The future, a promise of punishment to
be dreaded while living, and suffered
when dead.

Today

Man commands electric power to build
his monuments.

The steam turbine, powerful as a
thunder-bolt, and obedient as a child,
propels his ships of steel;

The tractor plows his field;

The harvester gleans more thoroughly
than human hands;

The golden grain in quadrupled yield,
threshed and winnowed, is delivered by
iron hands commanded by the brain of
man.

Silk, cotton, wool and flax, by the
magic of intellect, move swiftly from
their birthplace to bobbin and loom,

Then, from a bath in liquid light,
emerge as raiment gossamer fine, brilliant
as the shimmering cloak of a
dragon fly, or fleecy as eiderdown, in
colors beyond the hope of Caesar, or the
dream of Cleopatra.

The genie thus responding to the wish
of Man, a machine needing the human
touch only when an accident disturbs
the harmony—

On wheels of steel and rubber tires
and air-borne wings, our bodies rest
while distance flies beneath our feet.

Radio, as fleet as light, brings distance
near and millions listen to the voice of
one.

The setting sun no sombre shadow
leaves, but in its place soft golden lights,
commanded by the will of Man, delays
the night and his children, from drudgery's
burden free, find pleasure in the
thus extended day.

The forces of Nature, now Man's
slaves, obey his will;

The pleasure of mental mastery is
first and consideration balances Nature's
stern demands.

The mind, no longer bound by witchcraft,
threat or dogma, reaches backward
into aeons of the past and forward

into cycles yet to come, and, free of fear,
acknowledges life to be a great adventure,
and Death but one experience.

Man's neighbors are his friends and
peace his heritage, disturbed only by
lingering remnants of primitive desire.

Life is measured by accomplishment
and if that accomplishment be for the
benefit of others the future is enjoyed
while living and the shroud of death is
love.

Tomorrow

The accomplishment of the past will be
recognized as but the index to future
achievement;

Human minds will synchronize and
co-operation will be the keynote;

Duplication, repetition and competition
will cease.

The futility of religious intolerance
will be recognized;

Purely financial success will become a
stigma and social mastery will be based
on mental achievement and generosity;

The development of a common language
will become an agency of peace.

Aerial transportation over land and
sea will be safe and commonplace;

Swift and destructive aerial engines
maintained by co-operating nations will
prevent selfishness from generating war.

The release and control of atomic
energy will emancipate the miner of
coal;

Sight as well as sound will override
the air, and radio, as quick as thought,

York Factory and Churchill— Past and Future

Continued from page 32

brought supplies, many presents and many bales of clothing from the kind Christian people overseas, to be distributed among the many who oftentimes were in need.

At other times, in different seasons of the year, a runner would come saying: "I see some specs; looks like travellers." Immediately our strongest telescope would be used; and then a cry would be heard: "They come! They come!" and probably some of the men would start out to meet them. A volley would be fired from one of the guns and there would be great rejoicing.

Twice a year the packateer brought in the mail, travelling up the coast line from York Factory. This mail had come through from Winnipeg, oftentimes at great hazard to the traveller. When the country is opened up, as it will undoubtedly be, a monument should be raised in memory of those brave men.

What do I see for the future of these wonderful old Posts of the Hudson's Bay? Great developments have been made along the route to Nelson, which is almost beside York Factory. We can travel within ninety miles by railway and in due time I believe the road will be carried through. A great deal of dredging has been done and wonderful efforts made to construct a harbor on an exposed low bank of the swiftly flowing river. There has been dredged a channel which runs out for miles through shoals into the deeper waters of the bay. Wharves have been constructed; warehouses and elevators will be built; homes will be built for the many who will flock in as the country is opened by the railway. The Hudson's Bay Railway will move further on until it reaches Fort Churchill where there is a very fine deep sheltered harbor which can be enlarged when needed. There are no ice rushes, but an anchorage sheltered from the gales. Ships may go in and out at their leisure. I see a city rise here which will probably rival Archangel. It is said to have a population of over 20,000 people owing to her seaborne trade.

Wharves, warehouses and elevators will be constructed; vessels will be in the harbor and carry out the grain which will be brought over an almost level grade from the provinces of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. It will be a short line to salt water and a straight water voyage to Europe. It will pay its way almost from the beginning.

I see no future trouble in the passage through the straits. What is wanted for safe navigation is wireless telegraphy, as we are informed that sometimes the north side is clear and at other times the south. As to the Bay itself, it is never completely frozen over, only along the shores and for a short distance out. Navigation would lose its terrors when these wireless stations are established on the shores of Hudson Bay and along the straits. I see no more difficulty than getting the boats out from Port Arthur and Fort William, and I have lived in both places for a short time.

There are millions of horse-power on the rivers that empty into the Bay. There are hills and levels rich in coal, copper, iron and gold. There may be also deposits of salt. Then there are the deep-sea fisheries, the whale fisheries, and the fishing on the lakes and streams. Add to this the fact that there are countless herds of caribou which pass yearly in the vicinity of Churchill. Altogether it is a wonderful country—this new Northland. One can picture development in all the lines indicated and can see in addition new industries opened up—musk-ox and fox farms—from Churchill to the Arctic, and westward to the MacKenzie.

And in the North I see a new life. The radio has already cheered lonely life in the farthest Eskimo village. I can see these people now in their funny fur clothing looking forward and waiting in their queer postures for the "voice from the sky." I can see them dancing in our modern way and singing our songs and choruses. Next there will come new dress, new modes of travel, new homes, new customs. There will be schools and churches and socials and festivals—all differing from those to which we are accustomed, but suited to the free life of the North.



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Send Your Answer Today
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY WINNIPEG - CANADA

Dear Subscriber:

Christmas is "just around the corner" and once again you are faced with the gift problem.

May we suggest that a year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly makes an excellent present. Last year many of our readers very quickly and effectively disposed of a great deal of worry and trouble by sending us a complete list of names and addresses of their relatives and friends.

That the experiment was successful is indicated by the fact that during the past few weeks we have received many letters inquiring whether our Special Christmas offer will hold good again this year.

As a matter of fact a subscription to a magazine is a very happy idea because a copy arrives at your friend's house, not once, but twelve times during the year and on each occasion the donor's thoughtfulness is remembered.

In each instance, of course, a handsomely embossed greeting card is sent to arrive on Christmas morning, explaining that the magazine will be mailed through your courtesy.

By all means take advantage of this offer which will relieve you of a lot of bother at the busy season.

Yours very truly,

The Western Home Monthly

Special Subscription Rates CHRISTMAS, 1927

One Subscription, with gift card.....\$1.00
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DURING the months of August and September the Dominion of Canada was visited by delegates to the Second "Triennial" Empire Mining Congress. The Congress consists in the first place of members of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy and is Empire-wide in its scope. To the original members there has been extended an invitation, roughly speaking, to all parties who are interested in mining. The first meeting was held in Great Britain three years ago, and the third meeting will be held three years hence in South Africa. The Congress has been examining the different districts of Canada and have expressed themselves as surprised and delighted with the progress which has been made. In this way the interests of the Empire are promoted and much credit is due to the originators of the Congress.

Practically all of the newspapers and magazines have featured the visit of this gathering whose members are amongst the most distinguished in their profession. Mining has received a great fillip from the visit of these experts and a new interest has been aroused, particularly in the province of Manitoba. It behooves us, however, to sound a note of warning, not with reference to the possibilities of mining in Canada, but more particularly with reference to the mining companies and syndicates which are now floated throughout the country. Practically everybody knows the saying attributed to Mark Twain that "A mine is a hole in the ground owned by a liar." Although this statement may be known, it is not always acted upon, especially when in the first flash of enthusiasm an individual has an opportunity of owning a gold mine. The chance of acquiring great wealth by discovery of gold has always been incentive to mankind.

Let us first of all warn all readers that the promotion of a mine is an extremely expensive and hazardous business. It is reported, and we believe on good grounds, that the Hollinger mine which is the outstanding mine in Canada, spent over 111,000,000.00 before they produced a single ounce of gold. That the expenditure was worth while, we will admit, when we remember that they are now producing around \$13,000,000.00 of gold each year, but for every Hollinger there are thousands of so-called mines which only gave back to prospectors grief, and caused the loss of large sums of money. Somebody has well stated that it takes a gold mine to find a gold mine, meaning by this that the expense of development and operation is stupendous.

In the second place, there is no absolute guarantee that the surface indications will continue at a lower level or that even in a good mine the amount of gold will continue to be of the same quality or quantity. Mines have a peculiar fashion of sometimes developing great quantities of gold when surface indications do not point to such quantities, and, conversely, of petering out.

As we have stated above, we do not think that anything causes the blood of man to flow more freely than the discovery of gold. For this very reason it is comparatively simple for company promoters to induce individuals to purchase shares in mines. The element of risk coupled with the enormous gains appeals to all, especially when the initial cost is stated to be low. The danger is that the initial cost is really only the beginning of the long and painful experience. The writer joined a syndicate recently on the understanding that the amount to be paid would be limited to a certain sum. Some prospecting was done and the results seemed to justify further work. A further demand was made upon the members of the syndicate equal to the amount first agreed upon to be the limit of each member's

liability. This was cheerfully paid. The assay reports continued to come in almost as good as before. More work had to be done and this entailed a further levy. This time it was paid, but not quite so cheerfully. However, on the theory that so much had been invested, another payment might be successful in rescuing what had been spent, the members paid up. This hope did not materialize and the syndicate is now faced with another demand. The consequence is that an appeal will have to be made to the public to raise money to develop further. The chances of success are problematical. The promoters of the original syndicate started in good faith without realizing fully that much money would be required before any gold was ever produced. The public will be offered an opportunity of participating in the fortunes of the syndicate without the important fact being disclosed that to develop any mine much money, yea, verily, much money will have to be expended.

Finally, it must never be forgotten that putting money in a mineral claim is an out-and-out gamble—speculation in its truest form. This remark is not to be construed as decrying mines in general. Today the province of Ontario owes a great deal of its wealth to the mineral development which was carried on in spite of opposition and cries of blue ruin. The same remarks apply to mineral activities in Manitoba, where it now appears as if a tremendous development will take place in the near future, particularly in the area where the Central Manitoba Mines Ltd. property is located. This does not remove the element of speculation. The average person should never think of investing a single dollar in a mine without being prepared to bid a long and perhaps a final adieu to his money. Particularly does this apply to women investors who can ill afford to lose hard-earned savings. Not only is such an "investment" a case of speculation, but it also takes a very long time for returns to materialize. Mines are not developed overnight. The San Antonio property in Manitoba, which has been making great progress in the last year, has been sixteen years in development and it is only now that there is a prospect of returns being made for the expenditure of large sums, arduous toil and many griefs.

We have not yet been able to analyze fully the results of the recent award of the Railway Board which will take place on or before September 12th. It appears that the British Columbia shippers and the prairie farmers will benefit by the new order but apparently not to the extent as was at first believed. The railways have been ordered to bring their branch-line rates to the level of the main line rates on grain, and flour eastbound to Fort William and Port Arthur, and Westfort, and to apply all these on all lines in the Prairie Provinces through equivalent mileage groupings. The rates to Victoria and Prince Rupert are to be the same as the rate to Fort William, but for the purpose of calculation the Board has decreed that the distance from Calgary shall be the same as from Edmonton although the latter point is really 124 miles further removed. It looks as if the railway companies will have to foot a loss of revenue without any compensation. The rate to Quebec by way of Port Arthur, Fort William, Armstrong over the National Transcontinental Railway is reduced from 34½ cents per 100 pounds to 18½ cents per 100 lbs. This reduction may possibly affect Canadian wheat which is now shipped via Buffalo and New York. It is anticipated that if this surmise is correct it will result in the Buffalo rate being cut. In any event the farmer stands to benefit.

Sunlight Vitamins and Apples

By Dr. Frederick Kincaid, M.R.C.S.,
L.R.C.P.

ONE of the special reasons why apples are such an important article of food, and why we cannot afford to omit them from our daily diet, is because of their abundant content of vitamins.

It is now known that vitamins are absolutely essential to our welfare and that, whatever else we eat, we must be sure to include foods which contain a sufficient amount of these vital elements. The exact nature of vitamins is not yet determined. They are not susceptible to ordinary chemical analysis like the other constituents of food; but it has been established that there is a remarkable connection between them and sunlight, and that they are, in fact, derived directly from the sun's rays.

Since we must have vitamins in our diet, it follows that the most valuable foods are likely to be those which, in their development, have had the greatest opportunity of absorbing from the sun. This is found to be the case and apples, which develop slowly whilst the fruit and the leaves are bathed in the life-giving rays, contain an abundant supply of essential vitamins. All living things derive the energy which activates them from the rays of the sun. Human beings depend on sunlight for their growth and health and an insufficient supply results in under-development, disease and death. The rays are absorbed by the blood as it circulates through the skin and immediately sub-jacent tissues and the energy thus collected is transmuted into other forms, such as heat, chemical changes, etc., and carried by the blood to all the muscles, nerves, organs and every part of the whole body.

Exactly the same thing takes place in the case of trees and plants, the blood in animals being represented by a substance known as chlorophyll. This substance, circulating in the leaves, absorbs the sun's rays and converts them into the required form of energy. It is through the action of the sun that the tree grows and develops its fruit, and the more sunlight the better the apples. But the leaves absorb more of this vital energy than is required by the tree for the performance of its own functions and a considerable balance is stored in the apples in the form of vitamins, thus enormously increasing their value as a food. A most interesting and instructive experience has been reported authoritatively from a large English school for boys. During one winter session the conduct and health of the boys was noticeably unsatisfactory. They became more and more slack in work and play and increasingly discontented and irritable. An unusual amount of sickness occurred and the general standard fell much below normal. Various attempts were made to explain and remedy the condition but without avail until, at last, a modern dietitian was consulted. To the uninitiated it seemed that the diet was satisfactory and that the boys were being well fed, but it was found by the expert that there was a deficiency of food containing one of the most important of the vitamins. It appeared that the boys had formerly made up for this deficiency by purchasing apples from a nearby store, but that this had been closed for some time with the result that the disturbing condition of their health had become more and more marked. Upon provision of a liberal supply of apples the whole trouble quickly disappeared.

Fragrance

A million scents in the world there are—
Perfumes of moorland, meadow, and sea.
But today, as I dozed in the seat of a car,
A wind of kindness wafted to me
A scent compact of a wonder of things:
Blackberries, underbrush, earth, dead leaves,
Mist, and fungi, and robin's wings,
Dew-hung webs that the spider weaves,
Yellowing bracken, moss, wet bark,
The message whispered along my blood,
And I knew that we passed, in the gathering dark,
A little, lovely autumnal wood.

—Teresa Hooley

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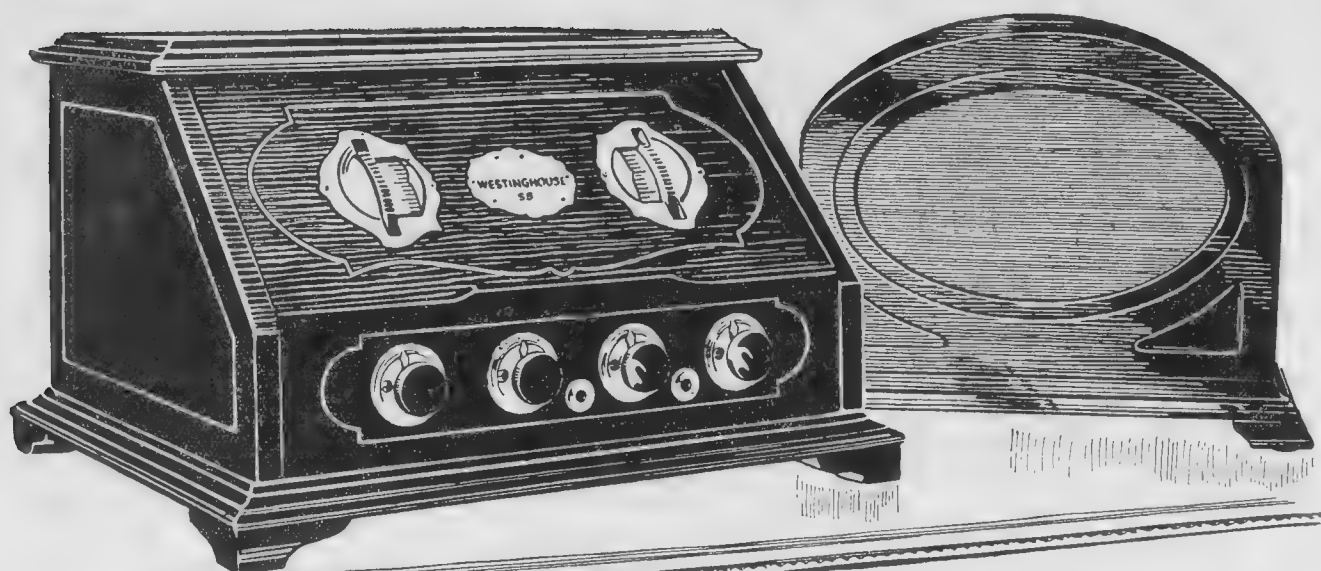
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Artistic Singing

By Arthur Mason

SINGING as an art has been cultivated from times of long ago, when the art of music was almost exclusively an art of vocal music. Doubtless, however, there were always singers whose singing was not in the least artistic, and who sang just for the pleasure of singing, or in order to express their exuberance of spirit. That kind of singing usually has been, and still is, by far the most popular kind. It is of great value to innumerable people—as a healthful and enjoyable medium of expression at least of their feelings, if not of their thoughts. And it is greatly to be hoped that we shall often be glad to sing—out of the fulness of our hearts—for conviviality's sake—because this is our only music—or for any other and similarly good reason.

Free-and-Easy Singing One Thing—

There is, nevertheless, an art of singing. It is an essential art. Without it, great vocal music could not exist, and one of the most delightful accomplishments attaching to the performance of music would be lost, a singing which has had in its service some of the most gifted exponents of music that musical performance has known, a singing that is the outcome of highly expert technical skill combined with first-class intellectual, and emotional, and imaginative powers.

Artistic Singing Another

It is an art which has been cultivated for centuries. The history of opera, a history which covers more than three hundred years and has given the world some of its most glorious music, was possible only by reasons of the thousands of artist-singers who have been capable of delivering the music of opera's composers with its fullest effect of beauty. Further, there is a great literature of songs other than the songs of opera, songs written by every composer who has written for the voice. And of those many songs every one that has been worth singing has been sung as it deserved only by singers who were cultivated artists. The great period of song-writing of the 18th and 19th centuries, in particular, gave us a succession of beautiful songs the musical artistry of which—as for example, in the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wolf—demands from their singers corresponding vocal artistry.

The Power of Great Singers

This art of singing, then, has had in its service a long line of artists who have brought to it great gifts not only of the voice but of personality, of mentality, of emotional and imaginative power. Only within recent years, unfortunately, has inventive genius provided, in the gramophone, a means of preserving to generations other than their own the singing of great singers. If we could hear the great singers of former times—whose powers are only feebly understood by us from the contemporary records of them—we should probably be as loud in our praise of their art as their actual hearers were. But at all events we have before us the power of the great singers of our own day. Most of us, it is true,

are unable to hear them in the flesh. But the gramophone, marvellously at work not only for the listeners of the future, but for us of this present, is making available to anyone who cares to hear them the voices, the technical skill, and the artistic capabilities of every singer of renown.

Different Kinds of Singing Artistry

That the great singers are artistic singers can be taken for granted. It is more important for us to believe that we too, who love singing, who possess even a little of the singing gift, and who wish to sing as well as we can, may be artistic singers, for though all the great singers are artistic singers, by no means all the artistic singers are great singers. In any human accomplishment, it is obvious, the rank of greatness is possible only to the small minority of the supermen and superwomen who possess the necessary gifts in great measure. In singing, those gifts comprise beauty of voice as foundation for the artistry which results from intellectual and emotional powers, and technical skill. Some singers achieve greatness because those powers and that skill themselves achieve a great beauty of singing. Others, possessing these attributes in lesser measure, own the energizing gifts of personality, or of imagination, by means of which their singing possesses its best appeal. The great singers of the florid arias of Italian opera, for example, are famous wherever their beauty of voice and technical skill are of sufficient calibre to make their singing of that music extraordinary. The great singers whose songs are settings of dramatic or lyrical poetry, and the great singers of music-drama, triumph by reason of voice, and skill in its use, plus intellectual appreciation of and power to express the emotional lights and shadows of the words and music they sing.

All Singers Can Be Artists

Given, as said, a touch of the singing gift, most singers can become artists who strive after a truly expressive use of their voices. It is as hard, no doubt, to be a really artistic singer as it is easy to be an inartistic one. The song that is sung must be a song of quality, not a mere tune, carrying meaningless words. The voice need not be more than pleasant as long as the brain and the heart behind it are in good working order. Technical skill in great or lesser measure there must be, for that is the key which opens the otherwise closed door of the art of singing. Some widespread misconceptions of singing must be abandoned—that a loud voice, or even a good voice, makes a good singer, that a triumphantly delivered top-note has anything to do with singing as art, that to be able to troll a ditty to the complete satisfaction of an unmusical audience is to be able to sing well. These things have their place. But artistic singing is in another category altogether. To achieve it takes time, and calls for patient effort. But, on the other hand, it is so delightful an accomplishment that to make it his or her own is worth to every singer all the effort it needs.

Sunday

T. Paxton, in Chambers Journal

A quiet morn,
A peaceful day,
Cool, gentle shade
Where people pray
In a little church
On a little hill—
Good people come
To do God's will
On Sunday.

A quiet noon
To walk, or rest,
Young folk and old
In Sunday best.
A little talk
Down by the stream,
A little thought,
A little dream,
On Sunday.

A quiet e'en,
The distant chimes
That softly peal
Their silv'ry rhymes.
Flowers are folded,
Stars are bright,
And little prayers
Breathe soft "Good-night"
To Sunday.



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The Call of the Piobreachd

Continued from page 82

devotion and spiritual exaltation which is the peculiar possession of the Scot on the Sabbath morn.

Piped to the log pulpit, Dr. Charles W. Gordon, better known as "Ralph Connor," wearing the kilt, led the service and preached the sermon. Led by the Scottish Choir of Calgary, under the direction of Harold Eustace Key of Montreal, the glorious music of the old psalms and paraphrases rose and fell in sonorous measures up the gorge, to echo and re-echo over the shoulders of the peaks. With each psalm, the flood gates of feeling opened and the music took on the majesty of religious ecstasy, dignified by that restraint so peculiar to the hardy northern folk.

During the playing of "The Flowers of the Forest" by Pipe-Major James Hamilton, a scarlet-coated mounted policeman appeared at the mouth of the canyon. His coming brought back to mind the stories told by our forefathers of the covenanting days of long ago, when the appearance of the red-coat on the Scottish hills set dismay in the hearts of the worshippers. But there was no dismay here—the red-coat was a comrade, perhaps even a fellow-Scot, drawn to the scene as others had been drawn.

It was a wonderful service carried through with grave dignity. The people sang the National Anthem, and filed back in pregnant silence through the narrow opening of the canyon into the full sunshine which streamed in benediction down the grey mountainside to the swift-flowing river in the valley below.

AS PART of the festival, permission had been given two of the great Indian tribes to participate. Banff has seen many Indian days, but never so magnificent a spectacle as that presented by the Bloods and the Stoneys. Arrayed in their picturesque adornments of feathers, beadwork and fine deerskin, the braves with their squaws and little children performed the songs and dances peculiar to their tribes, most of them of a ceremonial and religious character. The men were of fine physique, and their agility in the various dances proved that the lives they lived were no sedentary ones. There is a peculiar rhythm in the tom-tom music of the Blood, and strange syncopation which must call for much practice by the singers.

The Stoneys from the Morley reserve gave interpretations of their tribal ceremonies in the ballroom Sunday night, aiding Juliette Gaultier de la Verandrye, who has spent most of the summer gathering up Indian melodies. A fine background of Indian paintings, hedged about with small trees helped greatly in the realism of the scene. That the Stoneys delighted in their own performance was obvious, and their pride in Mlle Gaultier's musicianship must have pleased that artist greatly. Most amusing was the interest shown by the Bloods, who attended the evening concert and were seated on chairs or on the floor to the left of the stage. They were very critical, trying to cloak their interest with an air of tolerant boredom, but nods of the head and a tapping of moccasined feet told the Stoneys they had done a fine bit of work.

Piping the well-known "Highland Laddie," Neil Sutherland of 12th Signal Pipe Band of Regina, won first place in the inter-regimental competition for the trophy offered by E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This was the foremost competition of the Festival, and was held early on Monday morning. Pipe Major James Hamilton of the Canadian Fusiliers, London, won second place and Lieut. Charles Dunbar, D.C.M. of the Argyll and Sutherlands, Hamilton, third. Pipe Major Alex. McPherson of the Toronto Scottish, wearing the Atholl Grey, also shared in the honors. The judges of the piping and dancing were: Col. Alexander Fraser of Toronto, Donald MacMillan of Detroit, Pipe Major Hosie of Medicine Hat, Walter Fyfe of Wayne, Alberta, and Pipe Major William Pow of Calgary.

Cash prizes of one hundred, fifty, and twenty-five dollars were awarded the winners.

The best dressed Highlander present was judged to be Malcolm Graham of

Regina, with George MacBeth of Kamloops second, and William Hosie of Medicine Hat third.

Just as evening fell, Chieftain Randolph Bruce, Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, with his niece, Miss Helen MacKenzie, presented the prizes. Before the presentation, the competing pipers formed up and paraded before His Honour, piping the "Lass 'o' Gowrie"; and after the salute, "Scots Wha Ha'e" in a manner that thrilled. The Lieutenant Governor, the judges and the committee were later piped across the courtyard to the hotel, and in guard of honor formation, saluted His Honor as he passed through to the rotunda.

THE final concert of Scottish music, of the period commencing with the Jacobite Rebellion, was one of the most notable ever given in Canada. The beautiful Hebridean songs were sung in solo by Norman Cameron and Mrs. John McAuley, Winnipeg, and by two groups of folk singers. The Canadian Pacific Male Voice Choir of Calgary thrilled the audience with stirring battle ballads. The dainty lassies who had won the dancing prizes stepped with the graceful abandon of victors worthy of their laurels. Those truly great artists, Jeanne Dusseau and J. Campbell - McInnes, brought fresh inspiration with the old lilt and laments set to the poems of Robert Burns. Ruth Matheson, whose fine contralto voice contained all the native mysticism and inexpressible quality of the Highland race from whom she has descended, caught and held her audience with her splendid character interpretation of "Call'er Herrin" and "Call'er ou," while in "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "Flora MacDonald's Lament" she revealed an understanding of Jacobite aspiration that was sweet, wild and sad. W. Davidson Thomson outdid even his performance of Saturday night, his rendition of "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar" being a genuine triumph.

This concert was a fitting close to the Scottish Festival. Ralph Connor expressed his own and the appreciation of all who were privileged to be present. He ventured the hope that this would be merely the first of a long list of Scottish gatherings at Banff.

THE unavoidable absence of President Beatty was regretted, though the duties devolving upon him were most gracefully discharged by Lieutenant Governor Bruce, whose rich Scottish doric and majestic appearance captivated all. To him and Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, a Scot from Montreal with a genius and a passion for the music, literature and sports of the homeland, the credit for the success of this remarkable gathering is largely due.

Now You Ask One

Statisticians at Ottawa have worked out Canada's national wealth at \$2,525 per person of population. We should like to ask "When and where can we collect our share?"—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Pride of Possession

"Cook tells me you want to go out to-night, Mary. Is it urgent?"
"No, mum, it's mine."—Tid-Bits.

Bridge Maxims

Money makes the game go.
The wages of bridge is debt.
Jack of all suits is master of none.
A fool and his aces are soon parted.
It's a long suit that has no returning.
A woman is known by the trumps she keeps.
An honor is not without profit, save in the dummy.
A good partner is rather to be chosen than great hands.
Take care of the trumps and the tricks will take care of themselves.

Cheerful Bystander

Badly Bruised Boxer—"I can't 'ardly see 'im, now."
Second—"Never mind—"it 'im from memory."—London Opinion.

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St. John—Dec. 10—Athenia	Belfast, Liverpool, Glasgow
Halifax—Dec. 11—Athenia	Belfast, Liverpool, Glasgow
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climbing on the sofa, clinging to the walls, here and there. They were more and more by the minute. It seemed to me that they were in layers, as if the black waves down there were rising higher. It is certain that they were climbing the sides of the pewter pitcher, and already were running around the edge. I could hardly bear my cramped position any longer. What if I were to jump down and leap for the door? Run down the steps and out of the house?

But I had the feeling that I would sink up to the knees in those black waves. I knew that it was unreasonable, knew very well that the ants covered the floor only a fraction of an inch. Nevertheless I felt as if I would go in to the knees. A stumble, slipping in the crushed mass, falling in the midst of them—the black living sea swarming over me!

Now, for the first time I became worried. I would not look at the ants any more—I closed both eyes. But that piep, piep of the mice which they were eating alive—and this gruesome odor of carrion and garbage. It seemed to me almost as if they had taken fast hold of me, as if my body, my own breath was emitting this disgusting odor.

My head swam. I reeled—opened my eyes again, stood straight with the very last atom of will-power.

Then I saw how the blackies were coming into the water. They hung on the edge of the pitcher, one after the other, and dropped into the water as they built a bridge over to me—just as they had constructed a ladder from the back of the chair to the top of the table.

I could almost figure how long it would take them to get there—

And again I became dizzy. The fearful squeaking of the mice rang in my ears, the disgusting stench was sticky in my nostrils. My eyes smarted at sight of the black swaying waves; I thought that I felt the ants crawling all over my body and biting me in a thousand places. It seemed to me that my mouth was filled with black things—my tongue was parched, twisting with the awful struggle. Fear, fear—and a cold sweat. One loud shout of despair—then I jumped!

I do not know why I did not do this sooner. Nor do I know why I did it just at that moment. My bed was very close, hardly a yard from the washstand—I might have saved myself long before.

I made one leap into the middle of the bed. Without thinking I crept under the sheet and wrapped myself in it. I gasped—breathed—all danger was past. I knew that I was here. The four bed-posts stood in pewter saucers filled with kerosene—not a black beast dared come near.

I closed my eyes again, held my nostrils. Still that squeaking, but weaker, slowly weakening. Other rustlings I heard, which I could not explain to myself—from other creatures done to death, like the mice.

Then came the sharp cry of a bird. At once it came to me that this was the blackbird in its cage, belonging to the Indian woman. Would they eat him too—I wrapped my head in the covers—only to hear, see, smell nothing more.

The next morning the old woman brought me my breakfast to the bedside. She had great difficulty in awakening me—she did so most unwillingly, only because I had given the strictest orders. At once I thought of that night and the ants; I looked around, but saw nothing strange.

Had I dreamed all that? I asked the old woman if she had noticed nothing during the night.

She nodded, smiling. Certainly, the Tepeguas had been there. She knew it at once, whenever her bird screamed at night. Tepeguas had put in an appearance. She appeared highly pleased over their visit; no more vermin in the house, not a rat or a mouse, not a lizard, a spider, a centipede, lice, nor cockroaches. The bungalow had been eaten clean. The Tepeguas were excellent house-cleaners.

"But your bird, your blackbird?"

She laughed. Him? What could they do to him? His cage hung from the ceiling on a thin wire. No, he ate the Tepeguas—that was the reason he was so glad and screamed when they came in. She had gathered a couple of handfuls of them, and brought them in; a few that had remained behind lying near a snake, of which nothing but the skeleton remained.

Poor snake, thought I, such a beautiful creature, with his blue markings and golden eyes. I had caught him a few days before in the forest, and put him into a wooden box, under the steps leading into the bungalow.

But now I must get up. My guide was below, waiting with the horses. When I came back in the evening all would have been washed up; strong-scented flowers would be there, so that I would not notice the odor of the Tepeguas.

Since that time I have received several visits at night from these wandering armies. They were never pleasant.

Those living with us in the house, the insects of all kinds, rats, mice, birds, reptiles, must perceive the odor of the oncoming army of wandering ants before we do; at least they become greatly excited before humans see or smell anything. They try to escape, which is not so easy, for the insect Huns absolutely surround the house and enter it from all sides.

THE LAKE

*I know a lonely lake
Like a small land-locked sea;
Above its pebbly strand
There grows no tree,
Upon its watery gray
A white fleet sails.
How cold it is, how pure,
That lake where the wild swans
White in a world of gray
Spread their strong pinions;
How light how spirit clear
It seems to me.
I know a lonely road
That winds by the lake's shore;
Oh desolate wild way
Let me once more
Tread thy lone path and see
The white swans sail.
—Julia Bolton, in the Irish Statesman.*



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As a child, before taking Virol, the life of William Coppin, of 72, Stanton Street, London, Eng., was despaired of. He is now a remarkable example of Virol's bone and muscle-building properties.

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SAME BOY A YEAR OLD.

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The Classified Department

Devoted to the Advertiser of Limited Funds This Page Offers a Wonderful Opportunity to Place Your Message Before Some 350,000 Readers. The Cost is 7 Cents Per Word. Minimum \$1.00 Per Insertion. Special Rate of Six Insertions for the Price of Five. Cash With Order.

AGENTS WANTED

WE PAY \$48 A WEEK, furnish auto and expenses to introduce our Soap and Washing Powder. Buss-Beach Company, Dept. A85, Chippewa Falls, Wisc. 10-27

AGENTS—EITHER SEX—\$75 WEEKLY EASY selling our line of Cleaners and Pineasy Clothes Pin Bags. Real sellers. Unusual high commissions. Free samples. P. A. Lefebvre & Co., Alexandria, Ont. 10-27

LINE UP with the old established Barton Tailoring Company if you want to give your customers 100% pure wool, and perfect workmanship, as well as prompt service—24 hours from the time we get the order if necessary. We pay the highest commissions and we sell at the lowest price, men's tailored to measure clothing. We have an opening in your territory for a real worker. Write Barton Tailoring Co., Dept. 104, Box 241, Montreal. 10-27

AGENTS, if you are not selling shirts—you are losing money. Shirts and neckwear sell every minute of the day. Higher priced lines not so easy. Write today for your sample outfit of Famous Lionel Custom Quality Dress shirts—work shirts—windbreakers—neckwear and outdoor clothing. Absolutely Free. Experience unnecessary, don't lose any time. Write Lionel Mills, Dept. A-18, Box 1404, Montreal. 10-27

WE WILL GIVE YOU A SUIT FREE if you will sell others like it at handsome profits to you. We will tailor you a suit from the finest of fabrics, cut as you like it, fitted to your measure. Showing it to your friends will bring orders. Start at once, making big commissions. Spare or full time. Free selling sample case supplied as well. This is a real opportunity. Write now, right now. Wilson Bradshaw Company, Dept. W-10, 1183 Bleury Street, Montreal. 10-27

AGENTS—READ THIS. Forde Suits and Overcoats made to measure at \$17.50 delivered. Absolutely no competition. Guaranteed \$25.00 and \$30.00 values. Real full lined tailored garments from fine worsteds and all wool tweeds—not 'cotton' work garments. You sell three to one against all higher priced lines. Experienced salesmen can make real money with this line. Part time agents can sell their friends and neighbors and earn easily \$10.00 daily. Free suit or overcoat if you mean business. Wonderful selling outfit free. Write for yours today. Forde Clothing Co., Dept. 112, P.O. Box 2384, Montreal. 11-27

AUTO TOP TRIMMINGS

AUTO TOPS AND TRIMMINGS—Seat Top and Radiator Covers. Upholstering and Trimming. Winnipeg Top & Trimming Company, 780 Portage Ave., "The Auto Top Shop." 12-27

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GOOD CLEAN USED FURNITURE. New samples. Ranges our specialty. Reputable brands. Largest assortment. Shipments to all points. Write for catalog. Gofine & Co., 332 Ellice Ave., Winnipeg. Established 1891. 11-27

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MINKS—Best foundation stock. Stanstead Fur Farms, Stanstead, Quebec. 1-28

RAISE MUSKRATS; mink, raccoon for big profits. Write Fur Farms Bureau, London, Ontario, Canada. 10-28

SILVER FOXES—"Notes from my Diary," booklet form, sixth edition, price 25 cents. A little treatise of practical information, boiled down, and printed in simple language. Thousands of testimonial letters testify to its value. Dr. E. A. Randall, Truro, N.S., Canada. 11-27

HELP WANTED

WANTED, persons to grow mushrooms for us all winter. Earn upwards of \$25 weekly, using waste cellar spaces. Illustrated booklet sent for stamp. Dominion Mushroom Co., Toronto 3. 10-27

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 2190 Broadway, New York. 3-28

LADIES WANTED to do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamps for particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal. 10-27

WANTED—Girls—women, 16 up. Learn gown making at home. \$35.00 week. Learn while earning. Sample Lessons Free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. P526, Rochester, N.Y. 10-27

EARN \$25 WEEKLY UP at home clipping newspapers and addressing envelopes. No canvassing. Everything furnished. Spare or full time. Particulars for stamp. Gillies Mailing Service, Box 8, Sydney, Nova Scotia. 11-27

EARN \$25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers; magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details FREE! Press Syndicate, 1046, St. Louis, Mo. 11-27



FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN WANTED For railroads near their homes — EVERYWHERE. Experience unnecessary. Beginners \$150-\$250 monthly. Also clerks wanted (which position?). Railway Association, Box M-20, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. 9-27

MUSIC

MUSIC LESSONS BY MAIL. Courses for Violin or Piano. A practical method by a successful teacher, showing how, in your own home you can quickly learn to play either of the above instruments. Write for particulars to The Progress School of Music, 1769 York St., Regina, Sask., Canada. 10-27

NURSING

PRIVATE NURSES frequently earn \$30 a week. Learn by personal correspondence. Catalogue No. 9 free. Royal College of Science, Toronto, 4, Canada. 11-27

PERSONAL

VARICOSE ULCERS, Eczema, Running Sores, etc., healed while working. Many testimonials. Easy Self Home Treatment. Write to Nurse Dencker, 610 1/2 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. Mrs. Roy Baxter, Windsor, Ontario, writes: "It is wonderful the good your ointments have done me. I have never had anything like it. I have been doctoring for years to cure the ulcer on my leg but nothing seemed to do it any good until I got your ointments, etc. 12-27

SILK REMNANTS, 12 YDS, \$5.00

BEAUTIFUL RAYON SILKS IN THE LOVELIEST PATTERNS AND DESIGNS 12 yards \$5. Each Remnant not less than 3 to 4 yards long 36 to 40 inches wide and of the very best quality and weave. **SEND NO MONEY.** When parcel arrives pay your own Postmaster \$5 and few cents postage. And that is not all. These Rayon Silks are of the very best quality and are sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. Unless you are exceptionally well satisfied, return them and your money will be refunded at once. Just write a letter, but do it now while good assortment on hand. And please show them to your neighbors and friends. Canadian Remnant Co., 420 St. Paul West, Montreal. 10-27

FOR SALE

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER, we have it. Write for catalogue. Camera Supply Co. Box 2704, Montreal. 12-27

CONCENTRATED FOOD prevents or kills every disease. Remit 30c to RIVERS, Kentville, N.S., for sample and particulars. 4-28

IF YOU REQUIRE sanitary rubber goods, write for catalogue and price list. Safe and Sanitary Rubber Works, Dept. H., 51-61 Rozel St., Montreal. 3-28

SOLVE CHRISTMAS shopping problems. Join our Chocolate, Cigar and Specialty Club. 3% interest on deposits. Catalogue free. Victory Specialty Company, Room 22, Bourcier Bldg., Montreal. 10-27

YARNS—MACHINE AND HAND KNITTING—"Old Tyme" "All Wool"—"Silk and Wool" 85c a pound up delivered. Samples free. Stocking & Yarn Shops, Department W, Orillia, Ont. 2-28

SANITARY GOODS for all purposes. Write for Price List and Free Sample Offer. Verdun Laboratories, 260 Desmarchais Boulevard, Verdun, Montreal, Que. Dept. 5. 1-28

CLOTH REMNANTS

We offer a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths, men's shirt lengths, boys' suit lengths, odd lengths and pieces of all kinds, latest styles, colorings and materials. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Big value bundles at \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00, postpaid. The Remnant Store, New Glasgow, Que. 11-27

RUBBER GOODS, PRESCRIPTIONS, DRUGS, SUNDRIES, HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES unobtainable elsewhere—also Women's Correspondence department under direction experienced nurse. Ruttan's Pharmacy, Winnipeg. 2-28

PEACH'S AMAZING OFFERS, New Export Guide Free. 500 illustrations. Curtains all Makes. Sunfast Nets, Muslins, Casements, Cretones, Linens, Underwear, Laces, Rugs, Carpets. Direct reduced prices. S. Peach & Sons Ltd., 658, The Looms, Nottingham, Eng. 12-27

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LEARN TO WRITE STORIES. We teach you how. Canadian Writers' Service, 13 Lineham Bldg., Calgary. 1-28

STORIES, SCENARIOS, Plays, Poems, criticized, revised, typed. G. Arthur Hallam, Manuscript Man, 13 Lineham Bldg., Calgary. 1-28

Northern Slavonic Poetry

Continued from page 63

Lithuanian Poetry

LATVIA'S twin republic Lithuania is almost identical in size and population. Their languages are also very closely related; but while Latvia is Protestant, Lithuania is overwhelmingly Catholic. From the Middle Ages down, Lithuania has lived through much stirring military history, especially during nearly four centuries when its rulers were also kings of Poland.

Lithuania has a number of gifted poets such as Donalitis (1714-1780) and Anton Baranowski (died 1902); but the country is even more noted for the wealth and beauty of its folk-songs or "dainos," with a specimen of which I close:

"O little maple tree so green
Beside my father's gate,
Full soon you shall no more be seen,
This season brings your fate.

"I and my brothers purpose now
To fell you to the ground"—
"And what thing you make from my
bough?
What from my body round?"—

"From your green boughs a sledge we'll
hew
To drive a tawny steed,
And from your trunk a black canoe
To ride the lake with speed."—

"Content! Yet I shall shed hot tears
If sent too far away;
And if neglected through the years,
I shall in grief decay."—

"Fear not! My faithful trips, I pledge,
Are to my brothers true,
In winter by the pony sledge,
In summer by canoe."

The Silver Range

Continued from page 62

that morning. In his heart he was happy; happier than he had been for a long time. He decided that, after all, a man was more of a fool to curb his temperaments than he was to give way to them. By looking at life through a strictly practical and dispassionate eye he had been missing one of the greatest pleasures in the world. But what would his friends think of this? "Hang them!" he laughed good-humoredly. "I've found another."

Late that night when the cold moon again tinted the range with silver and shone upon the backs of the grazing steers, the same impassioned howl issued with a puff of chilled breath from the throat of a silver-rimmed shadow crouched by the Pillars of Time, and the sound seemed to shiver the myriads of stars in the dark blue well above. For many nights after the same fleeting shape, limping slightly, paused and sang to the waning moon before descending to the white bones of a dead yearling bull. Every time Hardy heard the voice as he lay in his bed he smiled, for he had surprised his neighbors by issuing rigorous orders to all and sundry not to shoot a tawny-grey coyote that roamed the hills alone on three good legs. Sentimental? No, just human.

Tideyness Begins at Home

Most people know that the seventeenth century Puritans tried to abolish Christmas. But not so many may be aware that in more recent times an attempt was made to alter the name of the festival.

A somewhat militant M.P. introduced a Bill into the House of Commons to substitute "tide" for "mas" in all such words as Christmas, Michaelmas, Candlemas, and so on, which had too popish a flavor for his taste.

The member's name was Massey-Massey, and Daniel O'Connell smothered the Bill with ridicule by suggesting the reformer should begin with his own name and call himself "Tidey-Tidey."

Announcement to Classified Advertisers

Commencing with the January, 1928, issue of The Western Home Monthly a slight increase in the classified advertising rate will go into effect. This has been made necessary through an increase of some 12,000 subscribers in the past year. The growing popularity of Western Canada's only magazine means that although you are paying out slightly more for an advertisement you are reaching more homes for your advertising dollar than ever before. The new rate will be 10c a word, minimum insertion \$1.50, and still the cut rate on orders of six insertions for the price of five.

SMALLPOX IS UNNECESSARY. YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN NEED NOT GET IT

VACCINATION is inoculation against smallpox. It prevents the disease. The doctor makes a little scratch on the arm or leg and applies a small amount of fluid called virus. In a few days the scratch becomes inflamed if the vaccination "takes." The sore is protected from dirt and must not be touched by the hand. If it is injured in any way or becomes dirty, a doctor should be consulted.

In many cases smallpox is increasing among children, because of the neglect of vaccination. The best time to vaccinate first is in infancy, or at the latest, before the child goes to school.

In Edmonton, during a recent period of twenty-one months, there were 390 cases of smallpox. In many families the outbreak began with the unvaccinated children, who then infected their parents. Thirty-nine cases from 30 to 75 years of age had not been vaccinated since infancy, and in practically all of them the scar had almost disappeared. Ninety per cent had never been vaccinated at any time. Vaccination would have protected them.

Facts About Vaccine

The vaccine which is used for vaccination is prepared under conditions of absolute cleanliness. All production is under government control. The fluid is carefully protected in glass tubes until it is applied to the arm or leg.

Facts About Smallpox

Smallpox is an acute contagious disease. Fever, headache and backache are characteristic symptoms in the beginning, usually accompanied by sharp chills, nausea and vomiting.

Firm red pimples begin to appear on the face and hands and then develop on other parts of the body. These change into pustules which either dry up or discharge. The fluid which they discharge has a very disagreeable odor. The pimples cause pock marks.

Vaccination Protects

In the 1924 epidemic in Windsor, Ont., and neighboring towns, there were no cases among those vaccinated in the last twelve years. There were only ten very mild cases with no deaths among those vaccinated more than twelve years ago. In all there were sixty-seven cases with thirty-one deaths—just 48 per cent of the victims unnecessarily sacrificed. In Windsor alone, among those never vaccinated at all, 70 per cent of the smallpox victims died. The Medical Officer of Health states: "This is the most severe epidemic of smallpox in Canada since the 1885 Montreal epidemic. The value of vaccination as a means of prevention has been proved as never before."

Smallpox is increasing in frequency and severity. During the first half of 1924, in seven Canadian provinces, there were 1,837 cases as compared with 714 in 1923. During the same period of 1924, there were, in seventy-eight Canadian cities, 766 cases as compared with 315 in 1923. For these seven provinces as a whole, in 1924 the disease was twenty-eight times as fatal as in 1923. In the seventy-eight cities, it was ten times as fatal. Vaccination would prevent all this.

Howlers

From the Manchester Guardian: A selection of howlers from the Christmas examinations:—

The chief occupation of the inhabitants of Perth is dying.

Rhetoric is a form of arithmetic.

An epitaph is a horse with the head of a man.

An epigram is a man who goes from one country to another.

Proposition is for a country to have no alcoholic drinks in it.

In France the pheasants sleep on mattresses.

The Magna Charta forbade any taxis.

Thrift Campaign

"I hear you give your little boy a quarter every week for good behavior, Ignatz."

"Sure, but I fool him. I told him the gas meter was a little bank I bought him."—The Open Road.

Glorious October a Month of KODAK Days

Don't miss these Picture opportunities



Picture opportunities never wait. Keep your Kodak handy and be ready for pictures whenever they happen.

COOL, crisp October days—an ideal time for picture making. Many of the most beautiful pictures seen in Kodak albums are those snapped at this time of year. Soft, golden October lighting affords wonderful picture possibilities. Whenever you step out-of-doors for a leisure hour, take your Kodak along, fully loaded. Don't let this gorgeous month go by unrepresented in your picture records. Kodaks \$5 up . . . at your dealer's.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

STOP! REMEMBER

The November Issue of the Western Home Monthly contains the first installment of Petor Rousseau's literary triumph "The Truant Soul". Do not miss the opening chapters of this most exceptional story.

SOMETHING TO LEARN

A Little Song of Life

Glad that I live am I;
That the sky is blue;
Glad for the country lanes,
And the fall of dew.

After the sun the rain,
After the rain the sun;
This is the way of life,
Till the work be done.

All that we need to do,
Be we low or high,
Is to see that we grow
Nearer the sky.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

I Never Saw a Moor

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in Heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickinson.

(Some people seem to think there is no Heaven because they have never seen it. Emily Dickinson thinks this is a foolish idea because there are many things in the world we believe in but have never seen.)

A Little Chat With Bobby Burke

Dear Boys and Girls,

How are you? Happy and busy after your holidays? I hope you all had jolly days, lots of good outdoors picnics, swims, and such good times. Bobby Burke had a rather wonderful holiday and visited many strange and beautiful countries—England, with its thatched roofed cottages covered with roses, its lovely lanes with hedges on both sides, and its winding roads roofed with trees. Its great cities, its mighty palaces, and ancient schools.

At Eton we saw the boys in their high silk hats, long trousers and black coats with the wide white collars that are known as Eton collars. In the old buildings where they go to school many famous names are carved on the walls, for all the rooms are panelled with wood, and every boy who goes to Eton has his name carved. They used to do this carving themselves and some of it is pretty poor, but now a man does it for them, and the names are all in orderly rows. Here are names famous in history and in all the great things of the world. Oxford too is a city of schools and colleges, and no one can tell you how beautiful those colleges are, but perhaps some day Bobby Burke will try and tell you a little about some of them.

Then Scotland, the land of cakes and heather, where highland cattle, with their long curving horns and mild eyes, wander over the hills that are purple with the little flower that means Scotland to us.

And Holland, where there are still many girls cumbered with many petticoats, and laced up bodices, and stiff white caps; where boys and men alike in the country places still clatter by in wooden shoes; where every boy and girl and man and woman appears to ride a bicycle (one quarter of all the people in the country do). Where streets are often canals of water, and the traffic consists of huge barges or flat bottomed boats instead of trucks and motors. Where fields of flowers lie like great patches of color in the shadow of many windmills large and small, from tiny things you would like to pick up and take home with you, to giants that flap great sails in the air.

Belgium you all remember was the little country that stood in the pathway of the great German armies when in 1914 they tried to conquer the world. There are many battlefields in Belgium where Canadian boys fought and died for their country and their country's honor, and there are thousands of white headstones which mark the places where they lie. In the city of Ypres stands a magnificent gate, erected as a memorial by the British government to the 40,000 men who fell in that great battlefield, and whose bodies were never found.

In France there is not only the gay and beautiful city of Paris, with its magnificent bridges, its wonderful buildings, its long tree lined streets where people sit outside under bright awnings and have their meals on the sidewalk, but there are great forests such as Fontainebleau, where in the old days kings and their courts hunted the wild boar and the deer; there are palaces of such beauty that I could not describe them in many pages,

and there are pretty villages with odd little houses buried under trees and vines. In France, too, there are lovely churches, and picture galleries of such size that it would take you many hours just to walk through them.

Then Switzerland—just like all the pictures you see, only twice as beautiful and interesting. Great black, snow capped, mountains; green valleys with tiny toy like houses scattered through them. Cow bells tinkling in the high pastures sheep grazing on the hillsides; cold rushing rivers, whose beginnings are in great ice fields known as glaciers; tiny misty waterfalls coming from great heights; blue lakes like jewels, with white sails like flecks upon them; little railways that pull you up 3000, 5000, 6000 feet to the tops of the mountains where you can see for miles; little trains that run with electric engines and have no soot to spoil your temper and your clothes. The home of Toblers and Peters' chocolate and many other good things to eat; the country whose navy is a joke, do you know why?

And last but not least before we came home—Italy, the hottest and one of the most beautiful countries in Europe. Oh such cathedrals as we saw, and such picture galleries! Such miles and miles of olive groves and grape vineyards. Such fields of tomatoes! And speaking of tomatoes you should eat Italian spaghetti prepared in Italy, it's much better than mother makes! We went to Venice, and not only went out in a gondola but saw the King of Egypt, and all the canals illuminated for him, and flags flying, and bands playing, and heard sweet Italian voices singing. We had all our meals outdoors in Venice under a grape arbor and were wakened every morning by an Italian band. We saw armies of the famous Black Shirts, and you should see the dressed up policeman in Italy, with their turned up Napoleon hats and red cockades and silver buttons and red braid on their blue clothes. And in Rome, we saw the catacombs, and many gruesome but many lovely places. Shall I tell you more about them next month? I am sure some of you would like to hear. I hope I haven't talked too much and taken up too much space. Good bye for now, more next month, if you like.

OUR SUMMER COMPETITION
STOP! LOOK! AND LISTEN!

Well boys and girls I am really very proud of you. You have done well every one of you, and shown again that the Cosy Corner is a good place to sharpen wits, and eyes and ears. I am only sorry that I did not write my own little talk to you in the form of a Stop! Look! and Listen!

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

for you will find that I did all three on my holidays, and I hope well enough to interest you.

I am sorry that it will be impossible to print the whole of any diary, but we shall give you extracts from the prize ones and perhaps one or two others.

The first prize, oh dear how can I decide, there are several people should have first prizes, for there are several books that are very good, and none of them are poor—however I really think that the prize of a camera will go to Ellen Coles, Hawarden, Sask., but a prize of a fountain pen will go to Eileen M. Kerr of Carlyle, Sask., for not only is Eileen's diary good, but it is all illustrated with black and white cut outs, and with little printed poems which she has pasted at appropriate places.

Honorable mention and a gold button goes to Annie Birchall of Elkhorn, for a diary illustrated with her own drawings; to Margaret Nystron of Clanwilliam, Man.; Pearl Barker, Innisfail, Alta.; Maurice Gaetz of Red Deer; Philip C. Perry, 2224 Cameron Street, Regina, who is only eight and sends a very neat diary; and Muriel R. Perry, of the same address, who is a very observant little girl and a neat one, and Agatha Holfeld of Dafoe, Sask.

These are a few of the extracts from the prize winning books. "A little colt of golden brown with a white star on his forehead, romped back and forth much to the annoyance of its mother who was busy feeding. Nearby in a pond an old duck scolded her ducklings, twelve in number, at a great rate."

"I stopped, looked and listened in the schoolroom. It was examination time and everything was silent except for the incessant scratching of the pens. The teacher sat looking on with an anxious frown on her pretty face. The two o'clock train choo-choo-ed into town with a whistle and clanging of bells."

"A strawberry patch lay at my feet filled with luscious berries. Wild roses, wild tomatoes and wild peas were near. The roses were pink and some were bleached almost white. The tomatoes were reddish orange, and the wild peas yellow. I saw a car in the distance and, if my ears were working at all, I think it was a Ford hitting on three. The telephone line could be seen on the left side of the road, they also could be heard as a slight breeze whistled through them."

"I stopped, looked and listened in Third Avenue Methodist Church, Saskatoon. My it certainly is a wonderful building! It is the largest building in Saskatoon. On the outside it is a brownish sand-stone, with many turrets. Around it are

gardens. Away up in the uppermost turret is the bell. The main part is very large and has a balcony above. The pipe organ is a great attraction."

"I stopped, looked and listened at the Saskatoon fair. Some people seemed to enjoy the merry-go-round very much. The alligator looked interesting, but also sort of mysterious."

"I stopped, looked and listened as a storm came up. The sky seemed strangely darkened as if something tragic were going to happen. This darkness however seemed filled with different colors. Lightning flashed from one cloud to another. Thunder far and near echoed and re-echoed, in the gathering dusk. Then a terrific wind began to blow, the rain came down in sheets, and was suddenly replaced by hail."

From Eileen Kerr's Diary

"I saw the maple leaves out and the green poplars not far away. A woodpecker perched on a fence post sent off a quick rattle tattle. Wood violets peered from under a tree, and young choke cherry trees waved in the breeze."

"This morning I went out to ring the Mission House bell to let the Indian school children on the reserve know it was half past eight and time to leave for school."

"As I pulled the bell rope I noticed that when the rope went up and the 'dong' sounded, it wasn't as loud as when the 'dong' sounded again as it came down. I found that's because I pulled it down, but nothing pulled it up."

"It was all beautiful but the chickens had to be fed and as I went to get the feed I heard a commotion in the chicken run. The rooster threw up his head and commanded. The little chickens scurried for shelter and the hens cackled and stopped eating. What was disturbing them? I was puzzled for an instant and then, 'Oh you rascal I cried 'Kitty-Owl, Kitty Owl,' our pet owl on the garage roof answered with a crackling of his beak and a funny little squeak. He's a big horned and only two months old."

"I stopped looked and listened at the little lake by the mission where we have a new boat."

"My sister is rowing. I have learned too. A lot of funny little bugs raced around in the water. They seemed to be playing tag because they would swim straight for a minute and then zig zag a little."

"It seems just one mass of trees about The Heart only there are almost thirty little gems of lakes dotted around. On clear days eleven towns can be counted."

From Maurice Gaetz's Diary

"As I dug between the rows of vegetables for fish worms, I noticed a robin on the same errand. Perhaps it was a father bird gathering food for his mate. A bee buzzed by but did not visit the garden as it was too early in the season for him to find anything of interest there."

"I found a few ripe strawberries. I also gathered some wild roses, lady slippers and shooting stars. A bee seemed to think he had more claim on the roses than I did. I heard the frogs in the pond singing 'knee deep, knee deep, but I didn't wade in to see if they told the truth."

"As I went for a walk in the fields, a prairie chicken made her appearance in the grass almost at my feet. At first I thought she was wounded by the way she flopped around, but I noticed the grass moving and then I knew she was trying to distract my attention while her family hid."

"I went picking raspberries. The bushes were plentiful and so were the berries. In the tall timber they seemed to be larger than in the sun. I found a hornet's nest, but not until they found me."

"We stopped near a creek to mend a puncture. I could see the minnows swimming around in the water. There were quite a number of birds nests there."

Something Received

A photograph of Ruth Scouler of Vancouver with her father's cousin and two little friends. Ruth is the dark haired girlie who is sitting down.

A letter from Violet Stenberg of Valbrand, Sask., Violet is twelve and would like letters from boys and girls in the Cosy Corner.

Also several answers to Merry Mount Puzzles. These are just for your own fun, not to send in to the editor. There will be one every month for some time, and I am sure you will appreciate them all the more when you know that the lady who writes them is blind, and that she



Virginia Gray as Little Eva and James B. Lowe as Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" being produced by Universal



Certainly they must have the most wholesome of food—and a hot, nourishing beverage with their school lunch. A GENUINE "Thermos" School Lunch Kit gives them just what you would feed them at home—including the HOT soup or drink KEPT hot and appetizing by the "Thermos" Bottle. Be sure it's genuine "Thermos," though, for only from the genuine can you get true "Thermos" service.

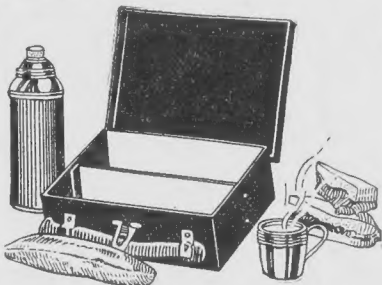
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makes all these happy things in her mind for you boys and girls, and out of her darkness comes a laugh for you.

These puzzles are just for your own fun. You need not send answers to the Cosy Corner—there are no prizes given for them.

Last, but by no means least, are two very nice little poems from our poet friend Lina Williamson of Loon Lake, Sask. I shall print one for you this month, and Lina shall have a gold button with the very best wishes of the Cosy Corner.

In The Garden

The flowers shine in glowing line,
In colours of the rarest,
And down the rows the baby goes,
And plucks those he thinks fairest.
He loves their hues, their golds and blues,
Their flame and scarlet glowing,
Their rose and white, and azure bright,
And poppies gayly blowing.
To mother he, that she may see,
Brings the fair flowers shining,
In sweet delight at colours bright
As those the warm west lining.

Lina Williamson (15)
Loon Lake, Sask.

Merry Mirth's Flower Poem

(Supply flowers to make the rhyme)

Two happy maids—two Maud's and two
Mazies,
Walked through the field of blooming
white—
As soon as this fair June day closes,
We will water all the—
We will bring the nurses patients,
Lovely bouquets of—
Ruth embroidered tiny eyelets,
Blanche embroidered dainty—
In pretty frocks we walked for blocks,
Just to see the—and—
Audrey's thoughtful lover Milas,
Brought her mauve and purple—
This pretty hat is fair Cecillas
Daintily trimmed with blue—
This stylish hat is dark Helena's,
Gaily trimmed with bright—
We listened to the work of Masters,
Near the many coloured—
Of all the pretty garden plots,
I love the blue—
In the path the lovers met,
By the fragrant—
The swimming girls had great aspersions,
When they gathered gay—

Puzzle Paul's Talented Trio

A Premier, a senator, a soldier of war,
Two husbands, a lover, a tenor so sweet.
An artist, a poet, three chessmen of skill,
A father, an author, an uncle named Pete,
A horseman, a skater, a rower of fame,
Makes this wonderful trio complete.

Tongue Twisters

Frank Fraser found fowl flocks flocking
frantically for shelter.
Rosy Ruth rushed rapidly round Ruskins
rustic road.
Terrence tell Thomas to tell Thompson to
take Trevor's troops to Turner's tunnel.
Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
Did you ever read verse with a rhyme in
the middle.



Ruth Scouler of Vancouver and
some of her friends

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CHILDREN busy at school, romping about at play, use up energy faster than ordinary food can supply it. They need the extra nourishment Ovaltine gives them. It digests easily and quickly builds strength and energy.

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Back Pages of Life

THERE was occasion recently to look up some information which could be obtained only from the illustrated magazines of the 1890's. That is not very far back. The *Philosopher* was living then and very interested in life. But in turning over those magazines of thirty years ago, he was struck by how much he had forgotten of the life of that time and the things that were familiar to everybody then. Go back to the newspapers of 1900, and even of 1914, and you will be surprised in the same way—not only by the women's costumes but by many other things. The mind is a unique and noble human attribute. But how strangely tricky it can be in remembering and forgetting!

The Best Type of Canadian

"WHAT are the characteristics of the best type of Canadian?" asks a correspondent. First, honesty, in the broadest significance of the word; if you prefer, make it integrity of character, or uprightness, or perhaps better still, genuineness. Second, courage; indeed, courage, both in daring to withstand the wrong and to fight for the right, is an essential part of genuineness. Third, intelligence, meaning mainly common sense and the ability to work with others. What else, in addition to these three, is really necessary?

As the Twig is Bent

IT HAS been said that the way to ensure for a child the best possible development physically, morally and mentally is to begin with his grandfather. That being impossible, the best that can be done is to begin as early as possible with the family, that is to say, the home. It is only rarely that a child is better than his, or her, home influences. A boy, or a girl, may grow up to be smarter than his, or her, parents—but his, or her, moral strengths and habits of life will be mainly those inherited and acquired and developed in the home. The *Philosopher* has a friend who expressed his idea of the wrong kind of home environment by a story of a father who said to his little son and daughter when he found them quarreling: "Hey, —, you kids keep quiet! Buster, if you don't quit swearing at Maudie and slapping her, I'll knock your — block off—hear me?" This is hardly to be recommended as a motto to hang on the parlor wall, but for some people it might be a good story to commit to memory.

Leadership

SPEAKING in London recently, Lloyd George said that "the men whom the Canadian people hold in honored memory as 'The Fathers of Confederation,' were real national leaders." That utterance of a man whose genius for leadership was proved in the Great War in a way that will be remembered as long as human memory endures is one which suggests several thoughts. A citizen cannot be

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The Western Home Monthly

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more highly spoken of by his fellow-citizens than when they speak of him as a "leader." If he is truly a leader, he is a rare and valuable citizen, indeed. The most celebrated phrase in the Declaration of Independence, framed by the founders of the commonwealth of our neighbors to the south, says that all men are born equal. But the plain truth is that human beings are born unequal, even the children of the same father and mother. Not a common bringing up, nor any adjustment of educational methods can do away with the inequality. There is a wide range of degrees of the differences between human beings, and the true leader is a very exceptional person.

An Ignoble Emotion

TO BE saddened by the inescapable is a mistake. To pity oneself is worse. When *The Philosopher* was a student at the University of Toronto long ago, the venerable, white-bearded Dr. George Paxton Young was Professor of Metaphysics there. Dr. Young, in lecturing, often expressed himself with special earnestness. His old-fashioned Scottish way of speaking then came out strong. He is dead these many years, but *The Philosopher* can hear his voice, as if it were only yesterday, saying: "The igno-o-ble emotion of self-peety!"

Rolling Stones and Moss

MANY a proverb tells only a half-truth. It may be a fact that a young man who has not made up his mind about what should be his life work is wasting his time by going from one occupation to another and will never get anywhere on the long straight road. On the other hand, while it is true that becoming a rolling stone does not at all ensure success to a young man or woman, there are varieties of very useful moss to be gathered in rolling—such as experience, adjustability and breadth of view. New environments can bring new developments of the individual, but they are not always invariably for the individual's good. It depends upon what the present environment is; what the changes are to be, and most of all, upon the character and capacities of the individual.

Civilization's Meaning

A GREAT truth was spoken by John G. Glassco, manager of the Winnipeg Hydro-Electric System, when he said in an address recently that "never before have men achieved such wonders in making natural forces serve their needs." But the inmost meaning of this truth, we must remember, is not measureable in material terms. When we consider what the human race is accomplishing, creating, constructing, discovering and inventing, advancing with unceasing energy from conquest to conquest over the powers that are in Nature, can it all have any meaning, if it does not mean progress toward the betterment of mankind, the lessening of evil and the increase of good in the world?

THIS WOMAN HAS EARNED \$2,247.00~ in her spare time at home

WHEN Mrs. E. Gauvreau of Quebec answered an ad of ours, she little thought this simple act would mean over Two Thousand Dollars to her. Yet our records show that we have already mailed her pay-cheques totalling \$2,247.00.

And here is exactly what Mrs. Gauvreau does to earn this money. In the privacy of her own home she knits wool socks for us with the Auto Knitter. Every week without fail she mails in a parcel of work, and every week without fail we mail her a pay-cheque. In addition to this, we keep her supplied with the yarn that she uses.



If you have spare time to yourself, even an hour a day, we would like to show you how, without leaving home or neglecting your other duties, you can have extra money always coming in.

HERE at last may be the very thing you have been looking for—a private way of earning money. Auto Knitting is truly an ideal occupation, because it offers a means of utilizing hours and half hours that might so easily be lost.

Our Home-Earning Plan briefly, is this: You knit socks for us at home with an Auto Knitter—filling in whatever spare time you have. For every pair of standard socks you send to us—standard meaning knit to a uniform size—we pay you a fixed guaranteed price and keep you supplied with the necessary yarn. There is no selling or canvassing. Simply knitting socks and sending them in.

Can you imagine a cleaner-cut or more business-like way of earning money? Auto Knitting is unlike any other money-making plan you have ever heard about.

It Does Not Matter Where You Live

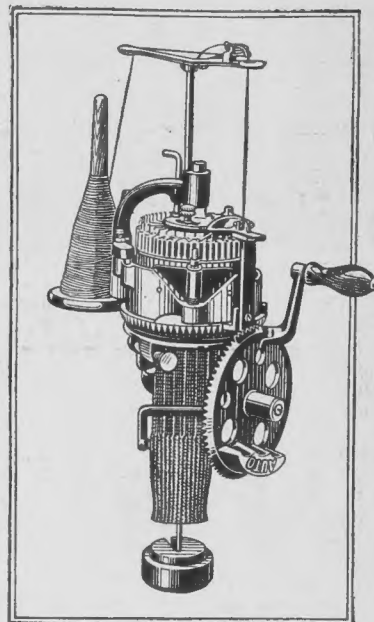


As everything is done by mail it does not matter where you live. Out in British Columbia Mrs. A. Colmer writes: I can truthfully say that I have made at least \$1,500 with my machine." And from Alberta, Miss E. McPhillamey says: Being the eldest of the family I thought I would like to earn

money. With my Auto Knitter I have made over \$1,000." Down in Nova Scotia, Mrs. E. Shaw writes: "We were like a good many others who did not know how we were going to tide over the winter, but with the Auto Knitter we earned \$567.00." And here in Ontario, Mrs. G. Poole says: "I have had my machine over four years and I would not part with it for anything. Last winter I cleared \$525 in my spare time." And we have hundreds of such letters here in our office from men and women who have shared in the benefits of our Home-Earning Plan.

Yarn and Cheques are Sent to You

THE thing that appeals to those who take up Auto Knitting is the independence it affords. They know before they start just what they will be paid. They know that they will be kept supplied with yarn. And best of all, they know that there is no canvassing or selling. Then too, the work is light, clean, and easy. The actual knitting is nothing more than turning a handle and making simple needle changes. Young people, old folks, even children, work for us. A letter received three months ago from Miss Grace Lawson of Ontario says: "I am sixteen years old and I have been knitting since 1925. I now average eighty pairs of socks a week." And from Saskatchewan, Mr. E. Covey writes: I am fifty-nine years old and the Auto Knitter has enabled me to accomplish a great deal. And what a man of my age can do, surely anyone can do."



Wage Contract and Full Particulars Free

At the beginning of this ad we told you how Mrs. Gauvreau sent us her name and what it has meant to her. And now we are going to ask you to do the same. We want you to know of the pleasant and profitable place we have for you as one of our workers. We want you to know of the substantial amounts your spare time will earn. And we especially want to send you facts and figures proving all that we claim. Simply send your name using the convenient coupon below. A few moments spent doing this can mean hundreds of dollars to you. There isn't the slightest obligation on your part, and you will be delighted with what we send. Clip and mail the coupon this very day.



The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co. Limited
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Dear Sirs—I am in a position to devote my spare time to working at home for you. Kindly send me full particulars about getting started. It is understood that this does not obligate me in the slightest way.

Name.....

Address.....

Province.....

NOTE: If you would like to see the beautiful work done on the Auto Knitter, enclose One Dollar, and two pairs of pure wool socks will be sent you. Please state size.
Publication—Western Home Monthly, Oct. 1, 1927

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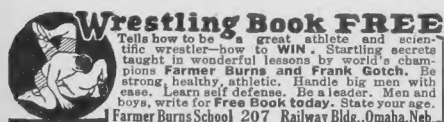
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What the World is Saying

Human Carelessness Is Endless
It is amazing how careless some men are in driving cars that are only half paid for.—Niagara Falls Review.

Feminine Chin-Lifting
Who ever saw a woman who really needed outside aid in lifting her chin?—Victoria Colonist.

When Dignity Vanishes
The hardest job in the world is to look dignified when the front wheels are shimmying.—Moose Jaw Times.

A Case of Equal Rights
Plump ladies in short skirts and stout golfers in plus fours have a perfect right to smile at each other.—Toronto Telegram.

True
The trouble when you are going is that most of the forks in the road of life have no sign post.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

This Spectacular Age
Think of the many generations of men who have lived and passed on without having had the chance to see the displays of garters that are an every day matter now!—Miami Tribune.

Imitating a North American Buzzer
"A certain South American insect," says one of the scientific magazines, "has a white light at its head and a red light at its tail." Remarkable, if true. Has it a horn also, and rubber tires?—Fargo Tribune.

But Vancouver Island Is In B.C.
Writer refers to "the rugged west coast of British Columbia." Are we to understand, then, that British Columbia's east coast is not so rugged?—Border Cities' Star.

A Motoring Mishap
A motor-car recently ran over a man's wooden leg. It is only fair to point out, however, that the motorist didn't know it was a wooden leg.—London Humorist.

Old-time Memories of the Future
Some day in the future one old resident will say to another. "Do you remember how we used to go down to the landing field of an evening to see the transatlantic airplanes come in?"—Detroit News.

A Remarkable Affair, Indeed
A forty-two-year-old Indian has run from Milwaukee to Chicago in 19 hours and 17 minutes. If he had been running in the opposite direction we could understand it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Awakening Experience
Sometimes we wonder if any of those poets who write about the drowsy humming of the bee had ever been stung by a bee. If so, they would get rid of this drowsy idea.—Indian Head News.

A Chicago View Of It
There is much to be said for the view that automobiles are ruining the younger generation. At the same time there is the fact that in many cases the younger generation are ruining the automobiles.—Chicago Tribune.

The Mail of a Dog Star
Of 4,545 fan letters received at the Warner Bros. Studio, 536 were written to Rin Tin Tin. It's encouraging to learn that there are a few movie-goers who place brains above brawn.—Neepawa Press.

A Region with Many Advantages
With a small store in the community, a post office and twice-a-month mail service, with prospects of a weekly mail, with free air and water and wood for the hauling, wild meat in the woods, wild berries to be gathered, fur-bearing animals saying "Catch me if you can," with spare time to think of the past and time for plans for the future and work for all to keep busy, and still time for play, there are worse places to live in than the Whitmud and Clear Hills settlement.—Clear Hills item in Peace River Record.

One Might Almost Think So
It seems to be only a question of time until some aviator hops off this little globe entirely.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

If It's a Shining Example, No
Could there be a better example of old-fashioned simplicity than an unpowdered feminine nose?—Saskatoon Star.

A Nightmare
"China has not waked up yet," writes a professor of history. What a dream China must be having.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Family Cars, Of Course
When better autos are built, the rear seat driver will be enclosed in a sound-proof case.—Brantford Expositor.

Determined Not To Look Her Age
Many a woman who 25 years ago was fair, fat and 40, is now sleek, slim and 60.—Kitchener Record.

How Many to a Quilt
One flapper has found a use for her discarded bathing suits. She is working them into a crazy quilt.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

A Perplexing Question
Not knowing what styles will be 25 years hence, it is a little hard to say where the child ought to be vaccinated.—Halifax Mail.

Much Fiction Nowadays Isn't
It seems to be pretty well established that the story of Mary and her little lamb is pure fiction.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Not Much More Than a Decade Ago
Does anyone recall the time when little girls used to play at being grown up by wearing long dresses?—Ottawa Journal.

Ye Editor's Freakish Wit
The other day a Massachusetts woman was struck by lightning while washing dishes. We have always believed that washing dishes was dangerous, and here is the proof.—Prince Albert Herald.

What Management Will Do
You can get a lot out of a backyard garden if it is handled properly. We know a man who already this season has got three batches of green onions and three of the neighbor's chickens out of his.—Brandon Sun.

A Land Abounding in Whiskers
The Soviet has now forbidden the importation of safety-razor blades into Russia. We hear that an enterprising British firm has sent a shipload of garden shears instead.—London Opinion.

Social Item
In one of the South African tribes the husband has a finger taken off at the first joint when he loses a wife through death or divorce. If that custom prevailed in this country some of our swellest citizens would be unable to button their shirts.—Los Angeles Times.

Scottish, English, Welsh, Irish?
Havelock Ellis says that the Scotch are the best endowed mentally, then the English, Welsh, and Irish in the order named. But if the Irish are the best endowed pugnaciously, the Welsh vocally, and the English socially, what good does their superior mental endowment do the Scotch? Yet we suppose that under pressure the Scotch will admit that Mr. Ellis is correct.—Regina Leader.

All Four Names Would Fit Widely
The goat raisers in British Columbia have an official organ they call The Bleat. This is a good idea. For instance, the hog raisers might call their paper The Squeal and the cattlemen name theirs The Moo. Then there are the sheep raisers—ah, the sheep raisers, they might call their paper The Blah. And it would do for a lot of other citizens who do not raise sheep.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Strength in Resistance
The person who can withstand the high-pressure salesman shows the power of mind over patter.—Kansas City Star.

A Question
Some day there may be one car for every person. But will there ever be one for every filling station?—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Preparedness
A drug store advocates preparedness with this sign above its soda fountain: "Take a brick home. You may have company."—Buffalo Express.

A Libel on the Jurors
An eastern jury of women brought in a verdict in 20 minutes. The despatch doesn't say where the sale was held that day.—Vancouver Sun.

A Statistical Demonstration
There is one motor car for every eleven persons in Canada. And the other night we saw the eleven of them riding in it.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

While It Lasts—
Ignorance is bliss. The happiest travellers are those who haven't enough mechanical knowledge to know the fix their car is in.—Regina Post.

So Do the Many Motor Turnovers
The question of the annual turnover of the motor business presents many aspects of serious importance.—Journal of Commerce.

Now You Ask One
Statisticians at Ottawa have worked out Canada's national wealth at \$2,525 per person of population. We should like to ask "When and where can we collect our share?"—Woodstock Sentinel Review

Doubtless
A \$300,000 reproduction of the Roman Coliseum is being built by a California motion picture studio. When it is completed, Christians will be imported at a similarly great expense.—Lethbridge Herald.

An Exhibit the Show Lacked
There was something missing at the recent Household Show. No husband was shown with holes in his socks. No home is complete without one.—Winnipeg Free Press.

When Lady Astor Forgot Herself
The other day Lady Astor told a Labor member in the British House of Commons to "shut up." Where does she think she is—in Winnipeg City Council?—Selkirk Record.

A Fascist Tendency in Small Boys
Mussolini has decreed that even Italian small boys must wear black shirts, to show that they, too, are Fascists. In this part of the world the average small boy does not take long to attend to that for himself.—Red Deer Advocate.

The Desire to Look Youthful
Woman look younger today, according to a careful observer, because they wear fewer clothes than in the old days. Some of them, we think, are trying to look like mere children.—London Advertiser.

Beyond Possibility of Question
Mr. J. Middleton Murray, in a recent London "Spectator," writes a cute little article on "The Future of Marriage." That is one thing that absolutely has a future, and a big one.—Toronto Globe.

Keep the Spirit Young
When a man ceases to find some keen interest in his work, he is getting old for his job. When a woman's heart is not thrilled by the possession of a new hat or a pretty dress, she may as well take a bonnet and shawl.—Guelph Mercury.

How Times Have Changed!
In the old days it took the wool of two sheep to clothe a woman. Nowadays it can be done from the wool of one sheep with enough left over to make a couple of horse blankets.—Brockville Recorder-Times.